Lancelot THE March

WORKS

His OF THE Book

Famous and Worthy Knight, Sir *DAVID LINDSAY* of the *Mount*, alias Lyon, King of Arms.

1735

Newly corrected and vindicate from the former Errors wherewith they were corrupted: And augmented with sundry Works, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

JOB VII.

Militia est vita hominis supra terram,

Vivit etiam post funera virtus.

See an account of Sr. David Lindsay in Warton's History of Poetry V. 2. p. 295

EDINBURGH,

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IT hath pleased GOD in all Ages, to raise up faithful and worthy Men, of singular Gifts and Graces (especially in the Time of greatest Defection) to bear Witness to his Truth, and to rebuke the World of Sin: As Noah for the Space of an Hundred & Twenty Years, before the Deludge came upon the old World, to preach Repentance. Lot in Sodom, whose Soul they vexed with their sinful Deeds. Moses, the Ruler of his People, sent of GOD to threaten Pharaoh, for their Oppression, resolved to suffer with GOD's People, rather than to commit Sin. And all his Prophets, from Time to Time, to reprove and correct the Enormities, not only of the Jews, but also of the Gentiles for their Sins. And in the time of the Gospel, how many notable Men of all Nations, have given their Bodies to be cruelly tormented for the Cause of CHRIST? And in our own Nation, among many other learned Men, it pleased his Majesty, even in the Time of palpable Darkness, to stir up this Author Sir David Lindsay, albeit a Courtener, and exercised about Matters of Estate; yet a Man of such Sincerity and Faithfulness, that he spared not, as well in his Satyrical Farses and Plays, as in all other Works, to Enveigh most sharply, both against the Enormities of the Court, and the great Corruption of the Clergy, that it is Wonder how he escaped their bloody Hands, they having such Power in that Time, as they practised in shedding the Blood of GOD's Servants, Mr. Patrick Hamilton, Robert Forrester Gentleman, George Wisehart, and Walter Mill, with diverse others, who gave their Lives for the Testimony of GOD's Truth: And yet this Author ended his Days in Peace, for all their cruel Menacing. This lets us see the wonderful Power and Providence of the Almighty, that albeit he suffer the Wicked to execute their Cruelty upon some of his Saints, yet he preserveth others, that their Enemies have no Power to touch one Hair of their Heads, but as it pleaseth His Majesty to permit them. For further Commendation of the Author, his own Work shall testifie his Brother. I will not detain thee, good Reader, any longer from the perusing of the same.

A PR

A PROLOGUE

Of the miſerable Eſtate of the World, betweem Experience *and the* Courteour.

MUſing and marvelling on the Miſery,
From Day to Day in Earth which doth encreaſe,
And of each State the inſtability,
roceeding of the reſtleſs buſineſs,
Whereon the moſt part do their mind addreſs
nordinately on hungry Covetice,
ain Glore, Deceit, and other ſenſual Vice.

But tumbling in my Bed I might not ly,
Wherefore I went forth in a *May* Morning,
omfort to get of my Melancholly,
ome-what before freſh *Phebus* up riſing,
Where I might hear the Birds ſweetly ſing:
nto a Park I paſt for my Pleaſure,
ecord well by Craft of Dame Nature.

How I received Comfort natural,
or do deſcribe at length, it were too lang,
melling the wholeſom Herbs medicinal,
Whereon the dulce and balmy Dew down dang,
ike Orient Pearls upon the Twiſts hang:
how that the aromatick Odours,
roceeded from the tender fragrant Flowers.

Or how *Phebus*, that King Etherial,
reetly ſprang up into the Orient,
cending in his Throne Imperial;
hoſe bright and boreal Beams reſplendent,
uminate all unto the Occident,
mforting every corporal Creature,
hich formed were on Earth by Dame Nature.

Whoſe donk impurpur'd Veſtment nocturnal,
ith his imbrowdred Mantle matutine,
left into his Region Autoral,
hich on him waited when he he did decline,
ward his Occident Palace Veſperine;

And rose in Habite gay and glorious,
Brighter than Gold or Stones precious.

But *Cynthia* the horned Nights Queen,
She lost her Light, and led a lawer Sail,
When once her soveraign Lord that she had seen
And in his Presence waxed black and pale,
And over her Visage cast a misty Vail.
So did *Venus* the Goddess amorous,
With *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Mercurius*.

Right so the old intoxicate *Saturn*
Perceiving *Phebus* pow'r his Beams bright
Above the Earth, then made he no Sojourn,
But suddenly did lose his borrowed Light,
Which he did never show but in the Night.
So Pole Arctick, Urses, and Stars all,
Which situate are in the Septentrional.

(To erring Ships that are without all Guide,
Convoying them upon the stormy Night)
Within their frosty Circle did them hide,
Howbeit that Stars have none other Light,
But the Reflex of *Phebus* Beams bright.
That Day durst none into the Heavens appear,
Till he had circuit all our Hemisphere.

Methought it was a Sight celestial
To see *Phebus* so Angel-like ascend
Into his fiery Chariot triumphal,
Whose Beauty bright I could not comprehend:
All Care of worldly Things did from me wend,
When fresh *Flora* spread forth her Tapestry,
Wrought by Dame *Nature* quiet and curiously.

Painted with many hundreth Heavenly Hews,
Glad of the rising of that royal Roy,
With Blooms breaking on the tender Bews,
Which did provoke my Heart to natural Joy:
Neptune that Day, and *Eolus* held them Coy,
That Men of far might hear the Birds sound,
Whose Noise did to the starry Heavens redound.

The pleasant Pown punzeing his Fethrem fair,
The mirthful Mayes made great Melody:
The lusty Lark ascended in the Air,

Numb

Cumbring her natural Notes craftily.
The gay Gold-spink, the Merl right merrily,
The Noise of the noble Nightingales,
Redounded through the Mountains, Meads and Vales.

Contemplating this mirthful Harmony,
How every Bird dreſt them for to advance,
To ſalute Nature with their Melody;
That I ſtood gazing almoſt in a Trance,
To hear them make their natural Obſervance
So royally, that all the Rocks rang,
Through Repercuſſion of their ſugred Sang.

I loſe my Time, alas, for to rehearſe
Such unfruitful and vain Deſcription:
Or write into my rural ragged Verſe,
Matter without Edification:
Conſidering how that mine Intention,
Been to deplore the mortal Miſeries,
With continual careful Calamities.

Conſiſting in this wretched Vale of Sorrow:
But ſad Sentence ſhould have a ſad Indite:
So Terms bright I like not for to borrow:
Of mourning Matter Men have no Delite,
With rouſty Terms therefore I will now write,
With ſorrowful Sighs aſcending from the Spleen,
And bitter Tears diſtilling from mine Een.

Without any vain Invocation,
To *Minerva*, or to *Melpomene*:
Nor yet will I make Supplication,
For help to *Clio*, or to *Calliope*.
Such marr'd Muſes may make me no Supply,
Proſerpine I refuſe and *Apollo*,
And right ſo *Euterpe*, *Jupiter*, and *Juno*.

Which been to pleaſant Poets comforting:
Wherefore becauſe I am not one of tho:
I do deſire of them no ſupporting:
For I did never ſleep in *Parnaſſo*,
As did the Poets of long Time ago:
And ſpecially the ornate *Ennius*,
Nor drank I never with *Heſiodus*.

Of *Greece* the perfect Poet ſoveraign,

Of *Helicon* the Source of Eloquence,
Of that mellifluous famous fresh Fountain:
Wherefore to them I ought no Reverence:
I purpose not to make Obedience
To miscreant Muses or Mahometrie,
Before time used into Poetrie.

Hoping *Rhamnusia*, Goddess of Despite,
Might be to me a Muse right convenable:
If I desir'd such help for to indite,
This mourning Matter, mad and miserable:
I must go seek a Muse more comfortable,
And such vain Superstition to refuse,
Beseeching the great GOD to be my Muse.

By his Wisdom all Manner of Things were wrough
The high Heavens with all their Ornaments,
And without Matter made all Things of nought:
Hell in mid Center of the Elements,
That Heavenly Muse to seek my whole Intents
The which gave Sapience to King *Solomon*,
To *David* Grace, and Strength to strong *Samson*.

And of poor *Peter* made a prudent Preacher,
And by the Power of his Deitie,
Of cruel *Paul* he made a cunning Teacher;
I must beseech right lowlie on my knee,
His high super-excellent Majesty,
That with his Heavenlie Sp'rit he me inspire,
To write nothing contrarie his desire.

Beseeching eke his soveraign Son Jesu,
Which was conceived by the holy Spirit,
Incarnate of the purified Virgin true:
And into whom the Prophecy was compleat,
That Prince of Price, most humble and most swee
Which under *Pilate* suffered Passion
Upon the Cross for our Salvation.

And by that cruel Death intolerable,
Loos'd we were from the bonds of Belial;
And moreover it was so profitable,
That to this Hour came never Man nor shall
In the triumphant joy Imperial,

Of Life, though they were never ſo good,
But by the vertue of his precious Blood.

Wherefore in ſtead of the Mount *Parnaſſo*,
Swiftlie I ſhall go ſeek my Soveraign:
To Mount *Calvary* the ſtraight Way ſhall I go,
To get a taſte of that moſt freſh Fountain:
That ſource to ſeek, mine heart may not refrain
Of *Helicon*, which was both deep and wide,
That *Longinus* did grave into his Side.

Foom this freſh Fountain ſprang a famous Flood,
Which redolent River through the World runs,
As Cryſtal clear, and mixed is with Blood;
Whoſe Sound above the higheſt Heavens dinns,
All faithful People purging from their ſins:
Wherefore I ſhall beſeech his Excellence,
To grant me Grace, Wiſdom and Eloquence.

And bathe me with the dulce and balmy Strands
Which on the Croſs did ſpeedily out-ſpring
From his moſt tender Feet, and heavenlie Hands;
And grant me Grace to write and dite nothing
But to his high Honour and laud loving.
Without his help there may no good be wrought
To his pleaſure, good Works, Word, or Thought.

Therefore, O LORD, I pray thy Majeſtie,
As thou didſt ſhow thine high Power divine,
Firſt plainly into *Cane* of *Galilee*,
Where thou converted Water into Wine,
Convoy my Matter to a fructuous fine
And ſave my ſayings both from ſhame and ſin,
Take heed, for now my purpoſe I begin.

A DIALOGUE

Of the miſerable Eſtate of the World, between *Experience* and the *Courteour*.

INto that Park I ſaw appear
An aged Man that drew me near,
Whoſe Beard was well three quarters long:
His Hair did over his Sheulders hang,

The which as any Snow was white,
Whom to behold I thought Delite:
His Habite Angel-like of Hew,
Of Colour like the Saphyr blew.
Under an Holin he reposed,
Of whose Presence I was rejoiced,
I did him salute reverently,
So did he me right courteously,
To sit down he requested me
Under the Shadow of the Tree,
To save me from the Sun's Heat,
Amongst the Flowers soft and sweet,
For I was weary with Walking,
Then he began to fall in Talking:
I asked his Name with Reverence,
E. I am, said he, *Experience*.
C. Then Sir, said I, you cannot fail
To give a desolate Man Counsel:
You do appear a Man of Fame,
And sith *Experience* is your Name:
I pray you, Father venerable,
Give me some Counsel comfortable,
E. What been, said he, thy Vocation,
Making such Supplication.
C. I have, said I, been to this Hour,
Since I could ride, a Courteour:
But now, Father, I think it best,
With your Counsel to live in rest;
And from henceforth to take mine Ease,
And quietly my GOD to please,
And renounce Curiosity,
Leaving the Court, and learn to die,
Oft have I sailed over the the Strands,
And travelled through divers Lands,
Both South and North, East and West,
Yet can I never find where Rest
Doth make his Habitation,
Without your Supportation.
When I believe to be best eas'd,
Most suddenly I am displeas'd:
From Trouble when I fastest flie,
Then find I most Adversity.

Show me, I pray you heartily
How I may live moſt pleaſantly,
To ſerve my GOD of King's King,
Since I am tyr'd of travelling,
And learn for to be Content,
Of quiet Life and ſober Rent:
That I may thank the King of Glore,
As if I had a Millrion more:
Sith every Court been variant,
Full of Envy, and inconſtant:
Might I without Grief live in Reſt,
Now in old Age, I think it beſt.

E. Thou art a great Fool, Son, ſaid he,
That to deſire which may not be,
Longing to have Prerogative
Above all Creatures that live:
Sith Father *Adam* create been
Into the great Camp *Dameſcen*,
Might no Man ſay unto this Hour,
That ever he found perfect Pleaſure:
Nor never ſhall, till that he ſee
GOD in his divine Majeſty:
Wherefore prepare thee for to travel,
Sith Man's Life been but Battel.
All Men begins for to die,
The Day of their Nativity:
And journally they do proceed,
Till *Atropus* cut off their fatal Threed,
And in the ſhort Time that they have
Between their Birth and the Grave,
Thou ſeeſt what Mutabilities,
What miſerable Calamities,
What Trouble, Travel, and Debate,
Seeſt thou in every mortal State.
Begin at poor low Creatures,
Aſcending thon to Senatours,
To great Princes and Potentates,
Thou ſhalt not find in no Eſtates,
Since the beginning General,
For in our Time now ſpecial,
Nat tedious reſtleſs Buſineſs,
Withoutten any Sickerneſs.

C. Prudent Father, said I, alas,
You tell to me a careful Case:
You say, that no Man to this Hour,
Hath found on Earth no perfect Pleasure,
Withoutten infortunate Variance,
Since we been thral to such Mischance:
Why do we set our whole Intents
On Riches, Dignity, and Rents,
Sith in the Earth been no Man sure,
One Day without Trouble t' endure.
And worst of all when we least ween,
The cruel Death we must sustеen:
If I your Father-hood durst demand,
The Cause I would fain understand.
And eke, Father, I you implore,
Show me some Trouble gone before,
That hearing others indigence,
I may the more have patience.
Fellows in Tribulation,
Been wretches Consolation.

E. Said he: After my small cunning;
To thee I shall make answering:
But orderly for to begin,
This Misery proceeds of Sin:
But it were long to be defined,
How all Men are to Sin inclined.
When Sin abundantly doth reign,
Justly GOD maketh punishing:
Wherefore great GOD into his Hands,
To daunt the World with diverse Wands,
After our evil Condition,
He makes on us Punition:
With Hunger, Dearth, and Indigence,
Sometimes great Plagues and Pestilence:
And sometimes with his bloody Wand,
Through civil Wars by Sea and Land.
Concluding all our Misery,
Proceeds of Sin allannerly.

C. Father, said I, declare to me
The Cause of this Fragilitie.
That we be all to Sin inclin'd,
In Work and Word, and in our Mind:

I would

I would the Verity were ſhown,
Who hath this Seed amongſt us ſown:
And why we were condemn'd to dead:
And how that we may get remead.
E. Said he, the Scripture hath concluded,
Men from Felicity are denuded,
By *Adam* our Progenitour,
Sometime of Paradiſe poſſeſſour:
By whoſe moſt willful Arrogance,
Was Mankind brought to this Miſchance,
When he was Diſobedient,
In breaking GOD's Commandment,
By ſoliſtation of his Wife,
He loſt that Heavenly pleaſant Life,
Eating of the forbidden Tree:
There began all our Miſerie;
So *Adam* was Cauſe radical,
That we are fragil Sinners all.
Adam brought in this Nation,
Sin, Death, and eke Damnation.
Who will ſay, that he is no Sinner,
CHRIST ſaith, he is a great Lyer,
Mankind ſprang from *Adam*'s Loins.
And took of him, Fleſh, Blood and Bones:
And ſo after his Qualitie,
Are all inclin'd Sinners to be.
But yet, my Son, deſpair thou nought,
For GOD that all the World hath wrought:
Hath made a ſoveraign Remead,
To ſave us both from Sin and Dead,
And from eternal Damnation;
Therefore take Conſolation:
For GOD, as Scripture doth record,
Having on Man miſericord,
Sent down his only Son Jeſu;
Which lighted on a Virgin true,
And clad his high Divinity,
With our poor vile Humanity:
Then from our Sins, to conclude,
He waſht us with his precious Blood,
Howbeit through *Adam* we muſt die,
Through that LORD we ſhall raiſed be.

And every Man he shall relieve,
Which in his Blood doth firm believe,
And bring us all into his Glore,
The which through *Adam* been forlore,
Without that we through Lack of Faith,
Of his God-head incur the Wrath:
But who in Christ firmly believes,
Shall be relievʼd from all Mischieves.
C. What Faith is it that you call firm:
Sir, make me understand that Term.
E. Faith without Hope and Charity,
Availeth not, my Son, said he.
C. What Charity is, that would I know,
E. Said he, my Son, that shall I show:
First, love thy GOD above all thing,
And thy Neighbour without fayning.
Do none Injuse nor Villany,
But as thou wouldst were done to thee.
Quick Faith without charitable Warks
Can never be, as write best Clerks,
More than the Fire until his might
Can lack the Heat, or Sun lack Light.
If Charity into thee fails,
Thy Faith nor Hope nothing avails.
The Devil hath Faith, and trembles for Dread,
But he lacks Hope and Love indeed.
Do all the good that may be wrought,
Without Charity, avils nought:
Wherefore pray to the Trinity,
For to support thy Charity.
Now have I shown thee as I can,
How Father *Adam* the first Man,
Brought in the World Sin and Dead
And how CHRIST JESUS made Remead:
Which in the great Day of Judgment,
Shall us deliver from Torment,
And bring us to his lasting Glore,
Which shall endure for evermore.
But in this World thou getst no Rest,
I make it to thee manifest:
Therefore, my Son, be diligent,
And learn for to be patient,

And

And into GOD ſet all thy Truſt,
All Things ſhall then come for the beſt.
C. Father, I thank you heartily,
Of your Comfort and Company,
And Heavenly Conſolation,
Making you ſupplication,
If I durſt put you to ſuch Pine,
That ye would pleaſe for to Define,
And make me clearly underſtand,
How *Adam* brake the LORD's Command:
And how through his Tranſgreſſion,
Waſt puniſht his Succeſſion.
E. My Son, ſaid he, wouldſt thou take Cure,
To look upon divine Scripture,
Into the Book of *Geneſis*,
That Hiſtory thou ſhalt not miſs:
And alſo ſundry cunning Clerks
Have done rehearſe into their Warks,
Of *Adam*'s Fall ornately,
A thouſand Times better than I,
Can write of that unhappy Man:
But I ſhall do the beſt I can,
Shortly to ſhow that careful Caſe,
With the Support of GOD's Grace.

An Exclamation to the Reader, touching the writing in vulgar and material Language.

GEntle Reader, have at me no Deſpite,
Thinking that I preſumptuouſly pretend
In vulgar Tongue ſo hie Matter to write,
But where I miſs, I pray thee to amend;
To the Unlearn'd I would the Cauſe were kend,
Of our moſt miſerable Travel and Torment.
And how in Earth no Place is permanent.

Howbeit that diverſe devote cunning Clerks,
In *Latine* Tongue have written ſundry Books,
Our Unlearn'd knows little of their Warks,
More than they do the raving of the Rooks:
Wherefore to Calliats, Cartiers, and to Cooks,

To

To *Jack* and *Tom* my Rime shall be directed
With cunning Men howbeit that it be lack.

Though every common Man be not a Clerk,
Nor hath no Leed, except their Tongue maternal,
Why should of GOD the marvellous heavenlie Wark
Be hid from them? I think it not fraternal.
The Father of Heaven, which was and is Eternal.
To *Moses* gave the Law on Mount *Sinai*,
Not into *Greek* nor *Latine*, as they say.

He wrote the Law in Tables hard of Stone,
In their own vulgar Language of *Hebrew*,
That the Children of *Israel* everie one
Might know the Law, and to the same ensue:
Had he done write in *Latine*, or in *Grew*,
It had to them been a savourless Gest:
Ye may well know, GOD wrought all for the best.

Aristotle nor *Plato*, I heard sane,
Wrote not their Philosphie natural,
In *Dutch* nor *Dence*, nor Tongue *Italiane*,
But in their most proper Tongue maternal,
Whose Fame and Name doth reign perpetual.
Famous *Virgil*, the Prince of Poetry,
Nor *Cicero*, the Flower of Oratry,

Wrote not in *Chaldie* Language, nor in *Grew*,
Nor yet in the Language *Saracen*,
Nor yet in the natural Language of *Hebrew*,
But in the *Roman* Tongue, as may be seen,
Which was their proper Language, as I ween.
When *Romans* reigned Dominators indeed,
The ornate *Latine* was their proper Leed.

In the mean time when that these bold *Romans*,
Over all the World had the Dominion,
Made *Latine* Schools, their Glore for to advance,
That their Language might be over all common:
To that intent, by mine Opinion,
Trusting that their Empire should ay endure:
But of Fortune always they were not sure.

Of Languages the first Diversity,
Was made by GOD's Malediction,
When *Babylon* was builded in *Caldie*.

Those

Thoſe Builders got none other Affliction,
Before the time of that Punition,
Was but one Tongue, which *Adam* ſpake himſelf,
Where now of Tongues there be threeſcore & twelve.

Notwithſtanding, I think it great Pleaſure,
Where cunning Men have Languages anew;
That in their Youth by diligent Labour,
Have learned *Latine*, *Greek* and *Hebrew*:
That I am not of that Sort ſore I rew:
Wherefore I would all Books neceſſar
For our Faith, were into our Tongues vulgar.

CHRIST after his glorious Aſcenſion,
To his Diſciples ſent his holie Sprit
In Tongues of Fire, to that Intention,
That being of all Languages repleat,
Through all the World, with Words fair and ſweet,
To everie Man the Faith they would forth ſhaw.
In their own Leed, delivering them their Law.

Therefore I think a great Deriſion,
To hear the Nuns and Siſters Night and Day,
Singing and ſaying *Pſalms* and Oriſon,
Not underſtanding what they ſing or ſay:
But like a *Stirling*, or a *Papingay*,
Which learned are to ſpeak by long uſage,
Them I compare to Birds in a Cage.

Right ſo Children and Ladies of Honors
Say in *Latine*, to them an uncouth Leed:
Tumbling their Matins, even Songs and their Hours,
Their *Pater noſter*, *Ave*, and their *Creed*.
I were as pleaſant to their Sprit indeed,
GOD have Mercy on me, for to ſay thus,
As for to ſay, *Miſerere mei Deus*.

Saint *Jerom* in his proper Tongue *Roman*,
The Law of GOD trulie he did tranſlate
Out of *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latine* in plain,
Which hath been hid from us long time, GOD wait,
Until this time. But after my Conceit,
Had Saint *Jerom* been born in *Argyle*,
Iriſh Tongue his Books had done compyle.

Prudens

Prudent Saint *Paul* doth make Narration,
Touching the diverse Leeds of every Land,
Saying, There have been more Edification
In five Words that Folk do understand
Than to pronounce of Words ten thousand
In strange Language, and knows not what it means,
I think such Pratlings is not worth two Preans.

Unlearned People on the Holy Day,
Solemnedly they hear th' Evangel-sung,
Not knowing what the Priest doth sing or say,
But as a Bell when that they hear it rung:
Yet would the Priests in their Mother Tongue,
Pass to the Pulpit, and that Doctrine declare
To Laick People, it were more necessar.

I would that Prelates and Doctors of the Law
With Laick People were not discontent,
Though we into our vulgar Tongue did know
Of CHRIST JESUS the Law and Testament,
And how that we should keep Commandment:
But in our Language let us pray and read
Our *Pater Noster*, *Ave*, and our *Creed*.

I would some Prince of great Discretion,
In vulgar Language plainly caus'd translate,
The needful Laws of this Region,
Then would there not be half so great Debate
Amongst us People of the low Estate.
If every Man the Verity did know,
We needed not to treat these Men of Law.

To do our Neighbour wrong we would beware,
If we did fear the Laws Punishment:
There would not be such brawling at the Bar:
Nor Men of Law clim to such Royal Rent.
To keep the Law, if all Men were content,
And each Man do, as he would be done to,
The Judges would get little Thing ado.

The Prophet *David* King of *Israel*,
Compyl'd the pleasant *Psalms* of the *Psalter*,
In his own proper Tongue, as I hear tell:
And *Solomon* which was his Son and Heir,
Did make his Book into his Tongue vulgar.

Why

Why should not their Sayings be to us shown
In our Language? I would the Cause were known.

Let Doctors write their curious Questions,
And Arguments sown full of Sophistrie:
Their Logick, and their high Opinions,
Their dark Judgments of Astronomie,
Their Medicine, and their Philosophie.
Let Poets show their glorious Engine,
As ever they please, in *Greek*, or in *Latine*.

But let us have the Books necessar
To Common-wealth, and our Salvation,
Justly translated in our Tongue vulgar:
And eke I make you Supplication,
O gentle Reader, have none Indignation,
Thinking to meddle with so high Matter,
Now to my Purpose forward will I fare.

The Creation of *Adam* and *Eve*.

WHen GOD had made the Heavens bright,
The Sun and Moon for to give Light:
The starry Heavens and Crystalline,
And by his Sapience Divine,
The Planets in their Circles round,
Whirling about with merrie sound:
Of whom *Phebus* was Principal,
Just in his Line Ecliptical:
And gave by Divine Sapience,
To everie Star their Influence,
With motion continual,
Which doth endure perpetual:
And fartheſt from the Heaven's Empire,
The Earth, the Water, Air and Fire.
He clad the Earth with Herbs and Trees,
All kind of Fishes in the Seas:
All kind of Beasts he did prepare,
With Fowls flying in the Air.
Thus by his Word all Things were wrought
Without a Material, made of nought:
So by his Wisdom infinite,
All was made pleasant and perfect.

Whea

When Heaven and Earth, and their Contents
Were ended, with their Ornaments:
Then last of all the LORD began,
Of most vile Earth to make the Man:
Not of the Lillie, nor of the Rose,
Nor Cyper Tree, as I suppose:
Neither of Gold nor precious Stones,
Of Earth he made Flesh, Blood and Bones:
To that intent, GOD made him thus,
That Man should not be glorious;
Nor in himself should nothing see,
But matter of Humilitie.
When Man was made, as I have told,
GOD in his Face did him behold,
Breathing in him a livelie Sprit.
When all these Words were compleat,
He made Man to his Similitude,
Excelling into Pulchritude:
Dotted with Gifts of Nature,
Above all earthly Creature:
Then pleasantly did him convoy
To a Region compleat with Joy,
Of all Pleasure which bare the Price,
And called earthly Paradise:
And brought by Divine Providence,
All Beasts and Birds to his Presence.
Adam did craftily impose
A special Name to every one:
And to all Things material,
A Name he gave in special:
How he them named, it hath been kend,
And shall be to the World's end.
Into that Garden of Pleasance,
Two Trees grew most to advance,
Above all other which bare the Price,
In midst of that Paradise:
The one was called, the Tree of Life,
The other Tree began our Strife:
The Tree to know both Good and Evil,
Which by Perswasion of the Devil,
Began our Miserie and Wo:
But let us to our Purpose go,

How GOD gave *Adam* ſtrait Command,
That Tree not to touch with his Hand:
All other Fruits of Paradiſe,
He bade them eat at his Device,
Saying, If thou eat of this Tree,
With double Death then ſhalt thou die:
Therefore I thee command bewar,
And from the Tree thou ſtand afar.
Yet Father *Adam* was alone,
Without Company of any one.
Then thought the LORD it neceſſar,
To create to him an Helper.
GOD put in *Adam* ſuch Sopour,
That for to ſleep he took Pleaſure,
And layed him down upon the Ground:
Then when *Adam* was ſleeping ſound,
He took a Rib forth of his Side,
Then filled it with Fleſh and Hide,
And made a Woman of that Bone,
Fairer of Form was never none:
Then to *Adam* incontinent,
That fair Lady he did preſent,
Which ſhortly ſaid, for to conclude,
Thou art my Fleſh, my Bone and Blood,
And *Virago*, he call'd her Name,
Which is interpret, Made of Man,
Which *Eva* afterward was named,
When for her Fault ſhe was defamed.
Then did the LORD them ſanctifie,
Saying, Increaſe and Multiplie:
By this Men ſhould leave all their Kin,
And with their wives make Dwelling,
And for their Sake leave Father and Mother,
And love them beſt above all other;
For GOD hath ordained them truly,
To be two Souls in one Body.
My Wit is weak for to indite,
Their Heavenlie Pleaſure infinite.
Was never earthlie Creature,
Since that Time hath perfect Pleaſure.
They had Puiſſance imperial,
Above all Things material,

As cunning Clerks do conclude.
Adam precell'd in Pulchritude,
Most natural, and the faireſt Man
That ever was ſince the World began,
Except Chriſt Jeſus GOD's own Son,
To whom was no Compariſon:
And *Eve* the faireſt Creature
That ever was formed by Nature.
Though they were Naked as they were made,
No Shame either of other had.
What Pleaſure might a Man have more,
Than have his Lady him before,
So luſtie, pleaſant, and perfite,
Ready to ſerve his Appetite?
They had none other Care, I wiſs,
But paſt their Time with Joy and Bliſs,
Wild beaſts did to them repair,
So did the Fowls of the Air,
With Noiſe moſt Angelical,
Making to them Mirth muſical.
The Fiſhes ſwimming in the Strands,
Were whollie all at their Commands,
All Creatures with one accord,
Obey'd him as their Sovereign Lord.
They ſuffered neither Heat nor Cold,
With every Pleaſure that they would:
And to the Death they were not thral,
And ſo ſhould we have been all:
For he and his Succeſſours
Should have poſſeſſed theſe Pleaſures,
Then from that Joy material,
Gone to the Glore Imperial.
They had, if I can right deſcrive,
Great Joy in all their Wits five,
In Hearing, Seeing, Taſting, Smelling,
Induring that delightſom Dwelling:
Hearing Birds Harmonies:
Taſting the Fruits of diverſe Trees:
Smelling the balmy dulce Odours,
Which did proceed from fragrant Flowrs,
Seeing ſo many heavenly Hews
Of Blooms breaking on the Bews,

Of touching eke they had Delite,
Of other Bodies ſoft and white:
Doubtleſs enduring that Pleaſure,
They loved each other Paramour:
No marvel though that ſo ſhould be,
Conſidering this their great Beautie.
And GOD gave them Command expreſs
To multiplie, and to increaſe,
That their Seed and Succeſſion,
Might pleniſh every Nation.
I liſt not tarry for to declare
All properties of that Place preclare,
How Herbs and Trees grew ever green,
And of the temperate Air ſerene:
How Fruits indeficient,
Were alike ripe and redolent:
Nor of the Fountains, nor of the Floods,
Nor of the Flowers Pulchritudes:
That Matter Clerks do declare,
Wherefore of them I ſpeak no mair.
The Scripture makes no Mention
How long they reign'd in that Region,
But I believe the Time was ſhort,
As diverſe Doctors do report.

The miſerable Tranſgreſſion of Adam.

FAther, how happned that Miſchance,
Said I, ſhow me that Circumſtance,
Declare to me that careful Caſe,
How *Adam* loſt that pleaſant Place,
From him and his Succeſſion,
How did proceed Tranſgreſſion?
E. Said he, After my rude Engine,
I ſhall rehearſe thee that Ruine,
When GOD the Creator of all,
Into the Heaven Imperial,
Did create all the Angels bright,
He made an Angel moſt of might
To whom he gave Preeminence,
Above them all in Sapience,
Becauſe all others he did prefer,

Named

Named he was bright Lucifer.
He was so pleasant and so fair,
He thought himself without Compare,
And grew so gay and glorious,
Began to be presumptuous:
He thought that he would set his Seat
Into the North, and make Debate,
Contrare the Majesty Divine,
Which was the Cause of his Ruine,
For he incurred GOD's Ire,
And Banisht from the Heavens Empire,
With Angels many Legion,
Which were of his Opinion.
Innumerable with him there fell,
Some lighted in the lowest Hell:
Some in the Sea did make repair:
Some in the Earth, some in the Air,
That most unhappy Company,
At Father *Adam* had Envy,
Perceiving *Adam* and his Seed,
Into their places to succeed:
The Serpent was the subtilleſt
Above all Beasts, and craftieſt:
Then Satan with a false Intent,
Did enter into the Serpent,
Imagining some crafty Wile,
How he might *Adam* best beguile,
And caus'd him break Commandment:
But to the Woman first he went,
Trusting the better to prevail,
Full subtillie did her assail:
With facund Words false and fair,
He grew with her familiar,
That he is Purpose might advance,
Believing in her Inconstance
What been the Cause, Madam, said he,
That ye forbear yon pleasant Tree,
Which been peerleſs and precious,
Whose Fruit been most delicious?
I will, said she, thereto accord;
We are forbidden of the LORD,
The which has given us Liberty

To eat of everie Fruit and Tree,
Which grows into this Paradise;
Break we Command, we are not wise,
He gave to us a strait Command,
That Tree not to touch with our Hand:
Eat we of it, without remead,
He said, doubtless we shall be Dead.
Believe not that, said the Serpent,
Eat you of it, incontinent.
Repleat you shall be with Science,
And have a perfect Intelligence,
Like GOD himself, of Evil and Good.
Then hastily, for to conclude,
Fearing of this Prerogative,
He pulled down the Fruit believe,
Through Counsel of this false Serpent:
And ate of this incontinent.
And put her Husband in Believe,
That pleasant Fruit if he would prive
That he would be as Sapient,
As the great GOD Omnipotent.
Think you not that a pleasant Thing,
That we like GOD should ever reign?
He hearing this Narration,
And by her Solistation,
Moved by prideful Ambition,
He ate on that Condition,
The principal Points of this Offence,
Was Pride and Inobedience:
Desiring for to be equal
To GOD the Creator of all.
Alas, *Adam*, why didst thou so?
Why caused thou this mortal Wo?
Hadst thou been constant, firm and stable
Thy Glore had been incomparable.
Where was thy Consideration,
Who hadst the Domination
Of everie living Creature,
That GOD hath formed by Nature,
To use them at their own Devise?
Wast thou not Prince of Paradise?
Was never Man since thou on Live,

That

That GOD gave such Prerogative.
He gave thee Strength above *Samson*,
And Sapience more than *Solomon*.
Young *Absalom* in his Time most fair,
To thy Beauty was no Compare
Aristotle thou didst precel,
Into Philosophy natural.
Virgil into his Poetrie,
Nor *Cicero* in his Oratrie,
Were never half so eloquent.
Why brake thou GOD's Commandement?
Where was thy Wit that wouldst not flee,
Far from the Presence of that Tree,
Gave not thy Master thee Free-will,
To take the Good, and leave the Ill?
How might thy Forfault be excused,
That GOD's Commandement refused,
Through thy Wife's Persuasion,
Which hath been the Occasion?
Since that Time many noble Men,
By the evil Counsel of Women,
Have altogether destroyed been,
As in the History may be seen,
Which now we need not to declare;
But to our Purpose let us fare.
When they had eaten of the Fruit,
Of Joy then were they destitute;
Then gan they both for to think shame,
And to be Naked through Defame,
And made them Breeks of Leaves green,
That their Secrets should not be seen:
But in the Estate of Innocence,
They had no such Experience:
But when to Sin they were subjected,
To Shame and Sin they were coacted.
And in a Bush they did them close,
Ashamed of the LORD his Voice:
Which called *Adam* by his Name.
Said he, My LORD, I think great shame
Naked to come in thy Presence
Thou hadst no such Experience,
Said GOD, when thou was innocent:

Why brake thou my Commandement?
Alas, ſaid *Adam* to the LORD,
The Verity I ſhall record:
This Woman that thou gave to me,
Caus'd me eat of yon pleaſant Tree.
Right ſo the Woman her excuſed,
And ſaid, The Serpent me abuſed.
Then to the Serpent, GOD ſaid thus,
O thou Deceiver venemous
Becauſe the Woman thou beguil'd,
From henceforth ſhalt thou be exil'd:
Curſed and wearied ſhalt thou be,
So ſhall thy Seed be after thee.
Cold Earth ſhall be thy Food alſo,
And creeping on thy Breaſt ſhalt go:
And I ſhall put Enmity
Between the Woman ever and thee:
Between thy Seed and Woman Seed,
Shall be continual mortal Feed:
Howbeit thou haſt wrought their Miſchieve
It ſhall not be as thou believes:
Such Seed ſhall be in Woman ſown,
That thy Power ſhall be down thrown,
Treading thine Head that thou mayeſt feel,
And thou ſhalt tread him on the Heel.
This was his Promiſe and Meaning,
That the immaculate Virgin
Should bear the Prince Omnipotent,
Which ſhould tread down the falſe Serpent,
Satan and all his Company,
And them confound all utterly.
C. Said I, If Satan Prince of Hell,
Spake in the Serpent, as ye tell,
And Beaſts can no way ſin at all,
Why was the Serpent made ſo thral?
I hear Men ſay, before that Hour,
The Serpent had a fair Figure,
And went up ſtraight upon his Feet,
And had his Members all compleat,
As other Beaſts upon the Bent.
E. Said he, for he was Inſtrument
To Satan in his Miſery,

Punisht he was, as you may see,
As by Experience thou mayst knaw,
Express into the common Law:
A Man convict of Buggery,
The Beast is burnt as well as he,
Howbeit the Beast be innocent;
And so befel of this Serpent.
It was the Fiendful of Despite,
Of *Adam*'s Fall which had the Wite,
As he hath of many mo:
But to our Purpose let us go.
Then to the Woman for her Offence,
GOD did pronounce this sore Sentence:
All Pleasure that thou hadst beforrow,
Shall changed be in lasting Sorrow.
Where thou shouldst be with Mirth and Joy,
Have born thy Birth without Annoy;
Now all thy Children thou shalt bear
With Dolour and continual Care.
And thou shalt be, for ought thou can,
Ever Subject unto the Man.
By this Sentence GOD did conclude,
Woman from Liberty denude:
When by Experience you may see
How Queens of most high Degree,
Are under most Subjection,
And suffers most Correction.
For they like Birds into a Cage,
Are keeped ay under Thirlage,
So all Women in their Degree,
Should to their Men subjected be:
Howbeit some will strive for State,
And for the Mastery make Debate,
Which if they lack both Even and Morrow,
Their Men shall suffer meikle Sorrow:
Of *Eve* they take that Quality,
To desire Soveraignty,
And then to *Adam* said the LORD;
Because that thou hast done Accord
Thy Will, and hearkened to thy Wife,
Now shalt thou lose this pleasant Life;
Thou wast to her obedient,

But thou break my Commandement:
Curſed and Barren the Earth ſhall be,
Where ever thou goeſt, till that thou die:
But Thiſtle, Nettle, Brier and Thorn,
Without Labour ſhall bear no Corn:
For Food thou getteſt none other Bield,
But eat the Herbs upon the Field:
Sore labouring till thy Brows ſweat:
From henceforth ſhalt thou win thy Meat.
I made thee of the Earth certain,
And thou to Earth ſhall turn again.
Then made he them Abullement
Of Skins and ragged Raiment,
Them to preſerve from Heat and Cold:
Then grew their Dolour manifold.
Now *Adam*, ye are like to us,
With your gay Garment glorious,
To them theſe Words ſaid the LORD.
Then cried they both, Miſericord,
When from that Earth with Hearts ſore
Baniſht they were for evermore,
Into this wretched Vale of Sorrow,
With daily Labour Even and Morrow,
After whoſe dolorous departing,
The LORD gave Paradiſe in keeping,
Unto the Angel Cherubin,
That none ſhould have Entry therein:
At the which Entry he did ſtand,
With flaming fiery Sword in Hand,
To keep that *Adam* and his Wife
Could not taſte of the Tree of Life:
For if they of the Tree had preev'd,
Perpetually they might have liv'd,
Adam, and his Succeſſion,
Of Paradiſe loſt Poſſeſſion
And by his Sin Original,
Were Men of Miſery made thral,
My Son, now mayſt thou clearly ſee,
This World began with Miſery:
With Miſery it doth proceed,
Whoſe End ſhall Dolor be and Dread,

C. Father, said I, what Kind of Life,
Led *Adam* with his lusty Wife,
After his bailful Banishing?

E. Said he continual Lamenting.
Mine Heart hath yet Compassion,
How they went wandering up and down,
Weeping with many Loud, Alas,
That they had lost that pleasant Place,
In Wilderness to be exil'd,
Where they found nought but Beasts wild,
Menacing them for to devore,
Which all Obedient were before.

C. Father, said I, in what Country
Did *Adam* live after that he
Was banished from that Delite?

E. The Clerks, said he, have put in Write,
How *Adam* dwelt with meekle Bail,
In *Mamre*, in that lusty Vail,
Which after was the *Jewish* Land,
Where yet his Sepulchre doth stand.
I list not tarry to describe
The Wo of *Adam* and his Wife:
Nor how that they had Sons two,
Kain and *Abel*, and no mo:
Nor how curst *Kain* for Envy,
Did slay his Brother cruelly:
Nor of their Mourning, nor of their Moan,
When they Sonless were left alone.
Abel lay slain upon the Ground:
Curst *Kain* fleem'd a Vagabond:
Nor how GOD of his special Grace,
Sent them the third Son fair of Face,
Most like *Adam* of Flesh and Blood,
Seth was his Name, gracious and good:
And how blind *Lamech* rackleſly,
Did slay *Kain* unhappily.
Adam, as Clerks do describe,
Begat with *Eve* his woful Wife,
Of Men Children, thirty and two,
And of Daughters alike also:
By this thou mayst well understand,
That *Adam* saw many a thousand,

That of his Body did descend,
Ere he out of the World did wend,
Adam lived in Earth but Wear,
Compleat Nine hundred and thirty Year:
And all his Days were but Sorrow,
Remembring both Even and Morrow,
Of Paradise the Prosperity,
And then of his great Misery;
His Heart might never be rejoic'd,
Remembring how the Heavens was clos'd
From him and his Succession,
And that by his Transgression.
* After his Death, as I hear tell,
His Soul descended to the Hell,
And there remained Prisoner
In that Dungeon three thousand Year
And more. So did both Evil and Good,
Till CHRIST for them had shed his Blood,
Then by that most precious Ransom,
They were delivered out of Prison.
I have declared now as I can,
The Misery of the first Man.

* This was an erronicus Opinion holden at that Time

How GOD destroyed all living Creatures in Earth for Sin, and drowned them by a terrible Flood, in the Time of Noe.

PRudent Father, *Experience*,
Declare to me ere you go hence.
What was the Cause GOD did destroy
All Creatures in the Time of *Noe*?
E. Said he, I tremble for to tell
That Infortune how it befell:
The Cause been so abominable,
And the Matter so miserable.
But for to show the Circumstance
Manifestly of that Mischance:
First, I must make thee understand,
How *Adam* gave express Command,
To these who were of *Seth*'s Blood,
Because they were gracious and good.

Should not Contract with *Kain*'s Kin,
Which were inclined all to Sin.
To observe that Commandement,
Kain past to the Orient,
With his Wife called *Galmana*,
Which was his own Sister aſwa:
Where his Off-spring did long remain,
Hard by the Mountain of *Tarbane*.
And *Seth* did long time lead his Life
With *Delbora* his prudent Wife,
Which was his Sister good and fair,
In *Damaſcen* made their Repair.
In that Country of *Seth*'s Clan,
Deſcended many holy Man.
So long as *Adam* was livand,
The People did observe Command:
When he was dead, and laid in Ground,
The People greatly did abound:
And *Kain* ſlain, as I have ſhown,
And *Seth*'s Days all over-blown,
The Sons then of *Seth*'s Blood,
Seeing the pleaſant Pulchritude
Of the Ladies of *Kain*'s Kin,
Howbeit they knew well it was Sin,
Oppreſt with ſenſual Lusts Rage,
Did take them into Marriage:
And ſo corrupted was that Blood:
The Good with Evil, and Evil with Good,
Then as the People did increaſe,
They did abound in Wickedneſs,
As Holy Scripture doth rehearſe,
Which I abhor to put in Verſe,
Or tell with Tongue, I am not able,
The Sooth been ſo abominable,
How Men and Women ſhamefully
Abus'd themſelves unnaturally:
Whoſe foul Abomination,
And filthy Fornication,
I think great ſhame to put in Write,
Even as *Paul Oroſe* doth indite.
And if I would at length declare;
It were enough to fill the Air.

Great Clerks of Antiquities,
Have written many true Stories,
Which are worthy to be commended,
Howbeit they be not comprehended
At length in the Divine Scripture;
But I ſhall do my buſie Cure,
To take the beſt, as I ſuppoſe,
That moſt pertains to my Purpoſe:
And with ſupport of CHRIST our King,
I purpoſe to confirm nothing
Of the old Hiſtoriance,
Contrarious to his Excellence:
Howbeit that Mens Traditions,
Be contrary CHRIST's Inſtitutions.
Of them though ſomething I declare,
Now let us proceed further mair:
And with a Language lamentable,
Declare this Matter miſerable.
C. Father the Cauſes would I knaw,
Why they of Nature brake the Law?
E. I truſt, ſaid he, that Wickedneſs
Entred thro ſlothful Idleneſs,
The Devil with all the Craft he can,
When he perceives an idle Man,
Or Woman given to Idleneſs,
He getteth eaſily Entreſs:
And ſo by this Occaſion,
And the Fiends Perſwaſion,
The whole World univerſally,
Corrupted was all utterly.
C. What was the Cauſe they idle were,
That Cauſe, ſaid I, to me declare?
E. Said he, By mine Imagination,
For Lack of vertuous Occupation:
For of Crafts they had ſmall Uſage,
Of Merchandiſe, or Labourage:
The Earth was then ſo plenteous
Of Fruit and Spice delicious:
The Herbs were ſo comfortable,
Delightſom and medicinable:
The Fountains freſh and redolent,
To Labouring they took little tent.

All Manner of Beasts for their Pleasure,
Did multiply without Labour.
The Time between *Adam* and *Noy*,
To see the Earth it was great Joy,
Planted with precious Trees of Price:
Four famous Floods of Paradise,
Ran through the Earth in sundry Parts,
Spreading their Branches in all Airts,
The Water was so strong and fine,
They would not labour to find Wine.
The Fruit and Herbs were so good,
They made no Care for other Food:
And so the People took no Cure,
But past the Time at their Pleasure.
Ay finding new new Inventions,
To fulfil their Intentions:
And so the LORD Omnipotent,
That he made Man did him repent:
And shew unto his Servant *Noy*,
That he would all the World destroy,
Except himself, and his Menzie.
Alas, said *Noe*, when shall that be?
Then said the LORD, Sith that thou spears,
I shall prolong six Score of Years,
Tarrying upon their Repentance,
Ere I fulfil my just Sentence:
In the mean Time fall thou to Wark
Incontinent, and build an Ark:
Which *Noe* began obediently,
And wrought on it continually,
And to the People daily preached,
To cry for Grace he to them teached:
And to them plainly did declare,
That GOD his Rod no more would spare,
But on them he would work Vengeance.
To *Noe* yet gave they no Credence,
And so they were Incounselable,
Using their Lust abominable:
And took his Preaching in Despite,
Ay following their foul Delite,
More and more to that doleful Day,
Which all the World put in Affray.

C. Father,

C. Father, you made me underſtand,
When *Adam* brake the LORD's Command,
To augment his Affliction,
GOD gave his Malediction
Unto the Earth which was ſo fair,
That it ſhould barren be and bare,
And without Labour bear no Corn,
For Fruit, but Thiſtle, Brier and Thorn.
Now ſay you in the Time of *Noy*,
To ſee the Earth it was great Joy,
Planted with Fruits good and fair,
The Sooth of this to me declare.
Theſe ſayings two make me conſider
How you make them agree together.
E. GOD made his Promiſe ſickerly,
Howbeit it came not inſtantly,
Said he, as Clerks do conclude:
But after when the furious Flood
Deſtroy'd the Earth all utterly,
Then came that Promiſe ſickerly,
Even as GOD did give Command,
Adam ſhould not touch with his Hand,
Nor eat of the forbidden Tree;
If he did ſo, that he ſhould die,
Howbeit he died not but weer,
After that Day nine hundred Year.
Right ſo the Prophet *Eſaias*,
Speaking of CHRIST the great MESS.
Saying, the Child is to be born,
To ſave Mankind that is Forlorn:
If he had been born inſtantly,
Yet was he not born verily,
After that ſaying many a Year,
As in the Scripture thou mayeſt hear.
A thouſand Year, who reckons right,
Is as an Hour into GOD's Sight.
Examples many I might tell,
Were it not tedious for to dwell.
To our Purpoſe let us proceed,
Showing the Hight, the Length and Breadth,
And Quantity of *Noah's* Ark,
Which was a right excellent Wark,

Of Pine-tree made, bound well about,
Laid over with Pitch within and out,
Joined full closs with Nails strong,
And was three hundred Cubits long:
Fifty in Breed, thirty in Hight:
Three Chambers joined well and wight,
And every Loft above another,
Without an Anket, Oar, or Ruther.
A right Cubit, as I hear tell,
Of Measure now might be an Ell,
In the Mid-side a Door there was,
For Beasts a full easie Entress.
This Ark which was both long and large,
Made in the Bottom like a Barge,
Covered with Boords well above,
Most like an House set on a Roove,
Whose Rigging was one Cubit broad,
Wherein there was a Window made:
Some says, well closed with Crystal clear,
where-through the Day-light might appear,
This Work the more was to be praised,
Because by GOD it was devised.
The making of this Ark but wear,
Indured well an hundred Year,
When *Noe* had ended this Wark,
GOD did him close within the Ark,
With his Wife and Sons three,
With their Wives, and no more Menzie,
Of all Fowls of the Air,
Of every Kind entred a Pair:
Right so two Beasts of every Kind:
For why? It was the LORD's Mind,
That Generation should not fail:
Wherefore of Female and of Male,
Of every Kind were keeped two.
But to rehearse mine Heart is wo,
The dolent Lamentation,
That Time of every Nation,
Saying, Alas, a thousand syse,
When Wind and Rain began to rise,
The Rocks which ried began to rive,
The ugly Clouds did over-drive,

And darkned to the Heavens bright,
That Sun and Moon might ſhow no Light:
The terrible trembling of Earth-quake,
Made Buildings bow, and Cities ſhake,
The Thunder rent the Clouds ſtable,
With fearful Noiſe inevitable.
The Fire-flaughts flew over through the Fels,
Then was there not but Shouts and Yels,
When they perceived without Remead,
All Creatures for to ſuffer Dead.
All Fountains from the Earth up ſprang,
And from the Heaven the Rain down dang,
Forty Days and forty Nights:
Then ran the People to the Hights:
Some climbs on Hills, ſome climbs on Trees,
Some to the higheſt Mountains flees,
With more Terror than I can tell;
But all for nought, the Floods down fell,
And Wind did rout with ſuch a reard.
That every Wight wearied his weard,
Crying, Alas, that they were born,
Into the Flood to be forlorn.
Men might not make Moan to their Wives,
Nor yet ſupport the Childrens Lives,
The Floods raiſe up with ſuch great Mights,
That they over-covered all the Heights:
They might no more their Lives length,
But ſwimm'd ſo long as they had Strength,
And ſo with Cries lamentable
Ended their Lives miſerable.
Above Mountains that were moſt hie,
Fifty Cubits did riſe the Sea,
Men may imagine in their Mind,
All Creatures in their Kind;
Both Beaſt and Fowls of the Air,
In their Manner made meikle Care:
The Fiſhes thought themſelves beguil'd,
When they ſwimm'd through the Woods wild.
The Whales tumbling amongſt the Trees,
Wild Beaſts ſwimming in the Seas:
Birds with many a piteous pew,
Afraidly in the Air they flew,

So long as they had Strength to flee,
Then ſwattered down into the Sea.
Nothing on Earth was left on Life,
Beaſts, nor Fowls, Man, nor Wife:
For wholly GOD did them deſtroy,
Except them in the Ark with *Noy*:
The which lay fleeting in the Flood,
Waltering among the Streams wood,
With many terrible Affrays,
Remained an hundred and fifty Days,
In great Langour and Heavineſs,
Ere Wind or Rain began to ceaſe.
Sometimes effectuouſly praying,
Sometimes the Beaſts viſying:
For by the LORD's Commandement,
He made Proviſion ſufficient;
For *Noe* dwelt in the Ark, no doubt,
A Year compleat ere he came out,
How at more length in holy Write,
This doleful Hiſtroy been indite.
And how that *Noe* gan to rejoice,
When Conduits of the Heavens did cloſe,
So that the Rain no more deſcended,
Nor yet the Floods no more aſcended:
When he perceived the Heavens clear,
He ſent a Raven forth Meſſenger,
Into the Air for to eſpy,
If he ſaw any Mountains dry:
Some ſays the Raven did forth remain,
And came not to the Ark again.
Forth flew the Dove at *Noe*'s Command:
And when ſhe did perceive dry Land,
Of an Olive ſhe brake a Branch,
That *Noe* might know the Flood did ſtanch:
And there no more ſhe did ſojourn,
But with the Branch ſhe did return,
That *Noe* might clearly underſtand,
That fellon Flood was decreaſand.
And ſo it did, till at the laſt,
The Ark upon the Ground ſtake faſt,
On the Top of a Mountain hie,
Into the Land of *Armenie*,

nd when *Noe* had done eſpy,
ow that the Earth began to dry,
hen threw he down the Doors all,
nd looſed them the which were thral.
he Fowls flew forth into the Air,
nd all the Beaſts by Pair and Pair,
ſt forth to ſeek their Paſturages,
here were not but eight Perſonages,
oe his three Sons, and their Wives,
n Earth that was left with their Lives,
hom GOD did bleſs and ſanctifie,
ying, Increaſe and Multiply.
OD wot if *Noe* was blyth and glad,
hen of that Priſon he was fred.
When *Noe* had made his Sacrifice,
hanking GOD of his Benefice,
e ſtanding on Mount *Armenie*,
here he the Country might eſpy:
e may believe his Heart was ſore,
eing the Earth which was before
he Flood, ſo pleaſant and perfite,
hich to behold was great Delite,
hat now was barren made and bare,
fore which fructuous was and fair:
he pleaſant Trees bearing Fruits,
ere laying pull'd up by the Roots;
he wholeſom Herbs, and fragrant Flow'rs,
ad loſt both Vertue and Colours.
he Fields green, and flouriſht Meads,
ere ſpoiled of their pleaſant Weeds.
he Earth which firſt was ſo fair formed,
as by the furious Flood deformed.
here ſometimes were the pleaſant Plants,
ere ſleepy Coves and high Mountains:
om ſounding Rocks great and gay,
he Earth waſhen clean away.
But *Noe* had greateſt Diſpleaſures,
holding the dead Creatures,
hich was a Sight lamentable:
en, Women, Beaſts innumerable,
eing them lying upon the Lands,
nd ſome were fleeting upon the Strands:

Whales

Whales and Monſters of the Seas,
Sticked and ſtab'd amongſt the Trees,
And where the Flood was decreaſand,
They were left waltering on the Land.
Before the Flood during that Space,
The Sea was all into one Place:
Right ſo the Earth, as been decided,
In ſundry Parts was not divided,
As been *Europa* and *Aſia*,
Divided ay from *Africa*.
You ſee now diverſe famous Iſles,
Standing from Land right many Miles,
All theſe great Iſles I underſtand,
Were then equal with the firm Land,
There was no Sea Mediterran,
But only the great Ocean,
Which did not ſpread ſuch hurling Strands,
As it doth now over through the Lands.
Then by the raging of that Flood,
The Earth from Vertue was denude,
The which before was to be praiſed,
Whoſe Beauty then was diſaguiſed:
Then was the Malediction known,
Which was by GOD to *Adam* ſhown,
I hear now Clerks do conclude,
Induring that moſt furious Flood,
With which the Earth was ſore oppreſt,
The Wind blew forth of the ſouth Weſt,
As may be ſeen by Experience,
How through the Waters Violence,
The high Mountains on every Airt,
Are bare forenent the ſouth weſt Part,
As the Mountains of *Tirences*,
The *Alpes*, and Rocks in the Seas:
Right ſo the Rocks great and gay
Which ſtandeth into *Norway*:
The higheſt Hills in every Airt,
And in *Scotland*, for the moſt Part,
Through watering of that furious Flood,
The Hills of Earth were made denude,
Travelling Men may conſider beſt,
The Mountains bare next the South-Weſt.

C. Declare,

C. Declare, ſaid I, ere you conclude,
How long lived *Noe* after the Flood:
E. Said he, In *Geneſis* thou mayeſt hear,
How that *Noe* was ſix hundred Year.
The Time of this great Puniſhment,
And ay to GOD obedient:
And was the beſt of *Seth*'s Blood:
And more he lived after the Flood,
Three hundred and fifty Years,
As holy Scripture witneſs bears:
And was ere he rendred his Sprit,
Nine hundred and fifty Years compleat,
To ſhow this Story miſerable,
At length, my Wits are not able.
And more, my Son, as I ſuppoſe,
It belongs not to our Purpoſe.
To ſhow how *Noe*'s Sons three
Gan to encreaſe and multiply.
Nor how *Noe* planted the Vine
And drank till he was drunken fine,
And ſleeped with his Members bare,
And how *Cham* made for him no Care,
But laught to ſee his Father ſo,
Howbeit his Brethren were right wo:
Nor how *Noe* but Reſtriction,
Gave *Cham* his Malediction,
And put him under Servitude,
To *Shem* and *Japhet* that were good.
Nor how GOD made a Covenant
With *Noe*, to make no Puniſhment,
Nor by the Flood no People drown:
In Sign of that Condition,
His Rain-bow ſet into the Air,
Of diverſe Heavenly Colours fair,
For to be a perpetual Sign,
By Flood to ſend no puniſhing.
This Hiſtory if thou liſt to know,
At length the Bible ſhall thee ſhow.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Containing the building of Babylon *by* Nimrod: *And how King* Ninus *began the first Monarchy of their Idolatry: And how* Semiramis *governed the Empire after her Husband King* Ninus.

FAther, I pray you to me tell,
The first Infortune that befell,
Immediately after the Flood:
And who did first shed guiltless Blood,
And how Idolatry began?
E. Said he, I shall do as I can:
After the Flood, I find no Story
Worthy to be put in Memory,
Till *Nimrod* did begin to reign,
Above the People as a King,
Which was the principal Man of one,
That Builder was of *Babylon*.
C. That Story, Master, would I know,
That thou to me the Sooth would show,
Why, and for what Occasion
They builded such a strong Dungeon?
E. Then said to me *Experience*,
I shall declare with Diligence,
These Questions at thy Command:
But first, Son, thou must understand
Of *Nimrod* the Genealogy,
His Strength, Courage, and Quantity;
Howbeit *Moses* in his first Book,
That Story lightly doth over-look:
Of him no more he doth declare,
Except he was a strong Hunter.
But other Clerks curious,
As *Orose*, and doth *Josephus*,
Describes *Nimrod* at more length,
Both of his Stature and his Strength.
This *Nimrod* was the fourth Person,
From *Noe* by Line descending down,
Noe begat *Cham*, *Cham* begat *Chus*,
And *Chus Nimrod*, the Sooth been thus,

Thus

Thus *Nimrod* a Man of Might,
hat Time on Earth was none ſo wight:
e was a Giant ſtout and ſtrong,
erforce wild Beaſts he down throng
he People of that Region,
ame under his Dominion.
o Man there was in all that Land,
is Stalwardneſs that durſt gainſtand;
o marvel was though he was wight,
en Cubits large he was of Hight,
roportionate of Length and Breed,
onform unto his Hight, we read,
e grew ſo great and glorious,
prideful and preſumptuous,
hat he came inobedient,
o the great GOD Omnipotent.
This *Nimrod* was the principal Man
hat firſt Idolatry began,
hen caus'd he all the People call
o his Preſence both great and ſmall,
nd in that great Convention,
id propone his Intention:
y friends, ſaid he, I make it known,
he great Vengeance that GOD hath ſhown,
n Time of our Fore-father *Noe*,
hen he did all the World deſtroy,
nd drowned them in furious Flood:
herefore I think we ſhould conclude,
ow we ſhould make a ſtrong Defence
gainſt the Waters Violence,
or to reſiſt his furious Ire,
ontrary both to Flood and Fire:
et us go ſpy ſome pleaſant Field,
here a ſtrong Building we may bield:
A City with a ſtrong Dungeon,
hat none Engine may beat it down:
o high, ſo thick, ſo large, ſo long,
hat GOD to us ſhall do no wrong.
ſhall ſhall ſurmount the Planets ſeven,
hat we from GOD may win the Heaven,
heſe People with a firm Intent,
ll to his Counſel did conſent,

And

And did espy a pleasant Place
Hard on the Flood of *Euphrates*,
The People then did there repare,
Into the plain field *Shinare*,
Which now of *Chaldie* bears the Name,
Which did so long Time flourish Fame.
That great Fortress then did they found
And searcht it till they found sure Ground,
And fell to Work, both Man and Child.
Some found out Clay, some burnt the Tyld,
Nimrod that curious Champion,
Deviser was of that Dungeon:
Nothing they spared their Labours,
Like busie Bees upon the Flowers,
Or Emmets travelling into *June*
Some under wrought, and some aboon,
With strong and ingenious Massonrie,
Upward that Work did fortifie.
With burnt Tyl-stones, large and wight,
That Tower they raised to such hight,
Above the Airs Region,
And joined of strong Fashion,
With Cement made of Pick and Tar,
They used no other Mortar,
Though Fire and Water assailed.
Contrare that Dungeon nought availed
The Land about was fair and plain,
And it rose like an high Mountain.
These foolish People did intend,
That to the Heavens it should ascend.
So great a Strength was never seen
Into the World with Mens Een:
And the Walls of that Work they made
Two and fifty Fathom bread:
One of them, as some Men says,
Might be two Fathoms in our Days.
One Man was then of more Stature,
Than two are now, of that be sure.
Josephus holds Opinion,
Saying, The Hight of that Dungeon,
Of large Paces of Measure been,
Five thousand eightscore and fourteen,
By this Reckoning it is full right,

ive Miles and an half of hight.
A thouſand Pace take for a Mile,
nd thou ſhalt find it near that ſtile.
This Tower in Compaſs round about,
Were Miles ten withoutten doubt.
bout the City of Stadies
four hundred and fourſcore I wis,
nd by this Number of Compaſs,
bout Threeſcore of Miles it was,
nd as *Oroſius* reports,
here was Fiveſcore of braſen Ports.
This Tranſlatory of *Oroſius*,
nto his Chronicle writes thus,
That when the Sun is at the Hight,
t Noon when it doth ſhine moſt bright,
The Shadow of that hideous Strength,
ix Miles and more it was of Length.
Thus may you judge into your Thought,
f *Babylon* be high or nought.

How GOD made the Diverſity of Languages, and made Impediment to the Building of Babylon.

THen the great GOD Omnipotent,
To whom all Things been preſent,
That was, and is, and ever ſhall be,
Are preſent to his Majeſty.
The very Secrets of Man's Heart,
From his Preſence may not depart:
He ſeeing the Ambition,
And the prideful Preſumption,
How theſe proud People did pretend,
Up through the Heavens to aſcend.
Which was great Folly to deviſe
Such a preſumptuous Enterpriſe:
For when they were moſt diligent,
GOD made them ſuch Impediment,
They were conſtrained with Heart ſore,
From thence to go and build no more.
Such Languages on them he laid,
That none knew what another ſaid.

Where

Where was but one Language before,
GOD sent them Languages threescore,
At that Time all did speak *Hebrew*,
Then some began for to speak *Grew*:
Some did speak *Dutch*, some *Saracin*,
And some began to speak *Latine*:
The Master-men were almost wild,
Crying for Trees, they brought them Tyld,
Some said, Bring Morter here at once,
Then brought they to them Stocks and Stones.
Then *Nimrod* their great Champion,
Ran raging like a wild Lion,
Menacing them with Words must rude,
But never a Word they understood.
Before they found him good and kind,
But then they thought him by his Mind:
When he so furiously did flyte,
Then turn'd his Pride into Despite.
Full dark eclipsed was his Glore,
When they would work for him no more.
Behold how GOD was gracious,
To them that was outragious:
He neither brake their Legs nor Arms,
Nor did to them no other Harms,
Except of Tongues Division:
And for a final Conclusion,
Constrained they were for to depart,
Each Company in sundry Airt.
Some past into the Orient,
And some into the Occident.
Some South, some North, as they thought best,
And so their Policy left waste.
But how that City was repaired,
Hereafter it shall be declared.

Of the first Invention of Idolatry: How Nimrod *compelled the People to adore the Fire in* Chaldea.

NOw, Sir, said I, show me the Man,
Which first Idolatry began.
E. That shall I do with all mine Heart
My Son, said he, ere we depart.

When

When *Nimrod* saw his Purpose failed,
And his great Labour nought availed,
In Manner of Contemption,
Departed forth of that Region:
And as *Orolius* doth rehearse,
He past into the Land of *Perse*,
And many a Year did there remain.
And then to *Babylon* came again,
And found hudge People of *Chaldie*,
Remaining in that great City,
That was glad of his returning,
And did obey him as their King.
Nimrod his Name for to advance,
Among them made new Ordinance,
Saying, I think you are not wise,
That to no God make Sacrifice,
Then to fulfil his false Desire,
He caus'd be made a flaming Fire,
And made it of such Breadth and Hight,
He caus'd it burn both Day and Night:
Then all the People of that Land,
Ador'd the Fire at his Command,
Prostrate on Knees and on Faces,
Beseeching their new God of Graces,
To give them more Occasion,
He made them great Perswasion:
This God said he, is most of Might,
Showing his Beams on the Night:
When Sun and Moon are both obscure,
His heavenly Brightness doth indure.
When Mens Members suffer Cold,
Fire warmeth them even as they would.
Then cry'd the People at his Desire,
There is no God, except the Fire.
Ere there was any Imagery,
Began this first Idolatry:
At that Time there was no Usage
To carve, or for to paint Image:
Then made he Proclamation,
Who made not Adoration
To that new God, without Remead,
Into that Fire should suffer dead.

I find

I find no Man into that Land,
His Tyranny that durſt gainſtand,
But *Abram* and *Aram* his Brother
That diſobeyed, I find none other,
Which dwelling was in that Country,
With their Father, called *Tharie*.
Theſe Brethren *Nimrod* did reprive
Saying to him, Lord, by your Leave,
This Fire is but an Element,
Pray you to GOD Omnipotent,
Which made the Heaven by his Might,
Sun, Moon and Stars for to give Light:
He made the Fiſhes in the Seas,
The Earth with Beaſts, Herbs and Trees:
And laſt of all, for to conclude,
He made Man to his Similitude.
To that great GOD give Praiſe aud Glore,
Whoſe Reign endures for evermore.
When *Nimrod* in his furious Ire,
Theſe Brethren both caſt in the Fire:
Abram by GOD he was preſerved,
But *Aram* in the Fire was ſtarved.
When *Thary* heard his Son was dead,
He did depart out of that Stead,
With *Abram*, *Nachor*, and their Wives,
As the Scripture at length deſcrives,
And left the Land of *Chaldea*,
And paſt to *Meſopotamia*,
And dwelt in *Charan* all his Days,
And died there, as the Story ſays.
The Life of *Abram*, as I ſuppoſe,
Nothing belongs to our Purpoſe.
Into the Bible thou mayſt read
His vertuous Life, Word and Deed.
Now have I ſhown thee the Man
That firſt Idolatry began.

Of the great Miſery and Sk ith that cometh of War, and how King *Ninus* began the firſt Wars, and ſtrake the firſt Battel.

FAther, I pray you with mine heart,
Declare to me ere we depart,

Who

Who firſt began theſe mortal Wars,
Which every faithful Heart ſo ſkars,
And every Policy down thraws,
Expreſs againſt the LORD's Laws,
Since CHRIST our King Omnipotent,
Left Peace into his Teſtament:
How doth proceed this Cruelty,
Againſt Juſtice and Equity?
In Land where ever War hath been,
Great Miſery there may be ſeen.
All things on Earth that GOD hath wrought,
Wars do deſtroy and bring to nought.
Cities with many ſtrong Dungeon,
Are burnt, and to the Earth thrown down,
Virgins and Matrons are defloured,
Temples that richly were decored,
Are burnt, and all their Prieſts ſpoiled;
Poor Orphans under Feet foyled;
Many old Man made Childrenleſs,
And many Children Fatherleſs.
Of famous Schools the Doctrine,
Both natural Science and Divine,
And every Vertue trodden down,
No Reverence done to Religion:
Strengths deſtroyed all utterly,
Fair Ladies forced ſhamefully:
Young Widows ſpoiled of their Spouſes,
Poor Labourers driven from their Houſes.
There dare no Merchant take in hand
To travel either by Sea or Land.
For Butchers that do them confound,
Some murthered been, and ſome are drown'd,
And Craftſmen of good Engine,
Are altogether brought to Ruine:
The Beſtial reſt, the Commons ſlain,
The Land without Labouring doth remain.
Of Policy the perfect Warks,
Buildings, Gardens, pleaſant Parks,
Have altogether deſtroyed been,
Great Granges burnt there may be ſeen:
Riches is turned to Poverty,
And Plenty into Penury.

[Death

Death, Hunger, Dearth, it is well kend,
Of War, this is the fatal End.
Justice turned into Tyranny,
All Pleasure in Adversity.
The War all utterly down thraws,
Both the civil and common Laws.
War genders Murder and Mischief,
Sore lamenting without Relief.
Wars do destroy Realms and Kings:
Great Princes War to Prison brings.
War doth shed meikle guiltless Blood,
Since I can say of Wars no good,
Declare to me, Sir, if ye can,
Who first this Misery began.

A short Description of the four Monarchies: And how King Ninus *began his Monarchy.*

OF *War*, said he, the great Outrage,
Began into the second Age,
By cruel, prideful, covetous Kings:
Reavers but Right of others Reigns:
Howbeit *Kain* before the Flood,
Was first shedder of guiltless Blood.
Ninus was first and principal Man,
Which sinistrous Conquest began:
And was the Man withoutten Fail,
In Earth which strake the first Battel,
And first invented Imagery,
Wherethrough came great Idolatry.
We must know ere we further wend,
Of whom King *Ninus* did descend.
Ninus, if I can right define,
He was from *Noe* the fifth by Line,
Noe begat *Cham*, *Cham* begat *Chus*,
And *Chus Nimrod*, and *Nimrod Belus*,
And *Belus Ninus* but leesing,
Of *Assyria* the second King,
And Builder of that great City,
The which is called *Ninivy*:
And was the first and principal Man,
Which the first Monarchy began.

C. Fathe

C. Father ſaid he, declare to me,
What ſignifies a Monarchie?
E. The Sooth, ſaid he, Son, if thou knew,
Monarchie is a Term of *Grew*,
As when a Province principal,
Had whole Power Imperial,
During their Dominations,
Above all Kings and Nations.
Monarchie that Men do call,
Of whom I find four principal,
Which hath reign'd ſince the World began.
C. Then ſaid I, Father, if thou can,
Which four are they? ſhow me, I pray you.
E. My Son, ſaid he, that ſhall I ſhow you,
Firſt, reigned the King of *Aſſyrians*:
Secondly, reigned the King of *Perſians*:
The *Greeks* thirdly, with Sword and Fire,
Perforce obtain'd the third Empire:
The fourth Monarchie, as I hear,
The *Romans* keeped many a Year.
Let us ſpeak of *Ninus* King,
How he began his Conqueſſing.
The old *Greek* Hiſtorian
Diodorus, he writes plain,
A right great length of *Ninus* King,
Of his Empire and Conqueſſing.
And of *Semiramis* his Wife.
That Time the luſtieſt on Life,
Were too long Time to put in Write,
Which *Diodore* doth indite:
But I ſhall ſhow, as I ſuppoſe,
Which moſt belongs to our Purpoſe.
When *Nimrod* Prince of *Babylon*,
Out of this wretched World was gone,
And his Son *Belus* dead alſwa,
The firſt King of *Aſſyria*:
Was *Ninus* which was ſecond King,
Triumphantly began to reign,
And was not pleaſed nor content
With his own Region nor Rent:
But inkling his Glore for to advance,
With his great People and Puiſſiance,

Through Pride, Covetice and vain Glore,
Did him prepare to conqueſs more,
And gathered forth a great Army,
Contrare *Babylon* and *Chaldy*,
Wherefore he had ardent Deſire
To join that Land to his Empire,
Howbeit he had thereto no Right,
But by his Tyranny and Might.
Withoutten Fear of GOD or Man,
His Conqueſſing he thus began.
His People being in Array,
To *Caldea* took his ready Way.
When that the *Babylonians*,
Together with the *Caldeans*,
Heard tell King *Ninus* was comeand,
Made Proclamation through the Land,
That each Man after his Degree,
Should come and ſave his own Country:
Though that they had no Uſe of War,
Without all Fear they paſt forward,
And put themſelves in good Order
To meet King *Ninus* on the Border,
In that Time ye may underſtand
There was no Harneſs in the Land,
For to Defend, or yet Invade,
Whereby more Slaughter there was made:
They fought through Strength of Bodies,
With Goads of Iron, with Stones and Trees,
With ſound of Horn and hideous Cry,
They Ruſhed together right Rudely,
With hardy Heart, and ſtrength of Hands,
Till Thouſands lay dead on the Lands.
Where Men in Battel naked been,
Great Slaughter ſoon there may be ſeen,
They fought ſo long and cruelly,
And with uncertain Victory:
No Man might judge that ſtood on far,
Who got the better or the war.
But when it did approach the Night,
The *Chaldeans* they took the Flight:
Then the King and his Company
Were right glad of the Victory;

Becau

Becauſe he wan the firſt Battel
That ſtricken was on Earth but fail.
And peaceable of that Region,
Did take the whole Dominion:
Then was the King of *Chaldea*,
As well as of *Aſſyria*,
As for the King of *Arbie*,
In this Conqueſt made him ſupplie:
Of this yet was he not content,
But to the Realm of *Mede* he went,
Where *Fernus* King of that Country
Did meet him with a great Army,
But King *Ninus* the Battel wan,
Where ſlain was many a Noble man:
And to the King would give no Grace,
But plainly in a publick Place,
With his ſeven Sons and his Lady,
Cruelly did them Crucifie.
Of that triumph he did rejoice,
Then forward to the Field he goes:
Then conqueſt he *Armenia*,
Perſe, *Egypt*, and *Pamphilia*:
Cappadoce, *Lyde*, and *Mauritane*,
Caſpia, *Phrygia*, and *Hircane*:
All *Africa*, and *Aſia*,
Except great *Inde* and *Bactria*,
Which he did conqueſs afterward,
As you ſhall hear ere we depart.
Now would I, ere we farther wend,
That his Idolatry were kend:
Then after that without ſojourn,
To our Purpoſe we ſhall return.

How King Ninus *invented the firſt Idolatry, or worſhipping of Images.*

NInus an Image he caus'd make,
For King *Belus* his Father's Sake,
Moſt like his Father of Figure,
Of Quantity and Portratour:
Of fine Gold was that Figure made,
A crafty Crown upon his Head,

Becau-

With precious Stones, in tokening
His Father *Belus* was a King
In *Babylon* he a Temple made
Of crafty Work, both hie and broad,
Wherein that Image gloriously
Was throned up triumphantly.
Then *Ninus* gave a ſtrait Command,
To all the People of that Land,
As well into *Aſſyria*,
As in *Shinar* and *Chaldea*,
Under his Domination,
They ſhould make Adoration,
Upon their Knees to that Figure,
Under the Pain of Forfeiture.
There was no Lord in all that Land,
His Summoning that durſt gainſtand:
The Young and Old, both Great and Small,
To that Image they prayed all:
And changed his Name, as I heard tell,
From *Belus* to the great God *Bell*.
In that Temple he did deviſe,
That Prieſts ſhould make their Sacrifice:
By that Conſent then came a Law,
None other GOD that they would knaw:
Alſo he gave to that Image,
Of Sanctuary the Privilege:
For whatſoever Tranſgreſſor,
An Homicide, or Oppreſſor,
Seeing that Image in the Face,
Of their Guilt got the King's Grace.

C. Declare to me, ſweet Sir, ſaid I,
Was there no more Idolatry,
After that this falſe Idol *Bell*
Was throned up, as you me tell.

E. My Son, ſaid he, incontinent
Theſe Novels through the World went,
How King *Ninus*, as I have ſaid,
A curious Image he had made,
To the which all his Nation
Made devout Adoration:
Then every Country took Conceit,
They would King *Ninus* counterfeit:

Whe

When any famous Man was dead,
Set up an Image in his ſtead.
Which they did honor from the Spleen:
As it immortal God had been:
Images ſome made for the Nones,
Of fine Gold, of Stocks and Stones,
Of Silver ſome, and Ivory Bone,
With diverſe Names to every one:
For ſome they called *Saturnus*,
Some *Jupiter*, ſome *Neptunus*,
And ſome they called *Cupido*,
Their God of Love, and ſome *Pluto*:
They called ſome *Mercurius*,
And ſome the windy *Eolus*.
Some *Mars* made like a Man of War,
Unarmed well with Sword and Spear:
Some *Bacchus*, and ſome *Apollo*,
Of Names they had an hundred mo.
When any Lady of great Fame
Was Dead, for to exalt her Name,
An Image for a Portraitour,
Was ſet up for an Oratour;
The which they called their Goddeſs,
As *Venus*, *Juno*, and *Pallas*:
Some *Ceres*, *Veſta* and *Diana*,
Some *Clio*, ſome *Proſerpina*:
And ſome the great Goddeſs *Minerve*:
With curious Colors they would carve;
Among the Poets you may ſee,
Of falſe Gods the Genealogy.
So that theſe Abominations
Did ſpread throughout all Nations:
Except good *Abram* as we read.
Who honored God in Word and Deed:
For *Abram* had his Beginning,
Unto the Time of *Ninus* King,
Ninus began with Tyranny:
And *Abram* with Humility.
Ninus began the firſt Empire,
Abram of War had no Deſire,
Ninus began Idolatry,
Abram in Sprit and Verity,

He prayed to the LORD alone;
Falſe Imagery he would have none:
Of him deſcended, I hear tell,
The twelve Tribes of *Iſrael*.
Theſe People made Adoration,
With humble Supplication,
To Him who was of Kings KING,
And Heaven and Earth made of nothing:
Dead Images they held at nought,
Which were with Mens Hands wrought,
But the Almighty GOD on Live.
My Son, now have I done deſcrive
Theſe Queſtions at thy Command,
The which thou didſt at me demand.
C. What was the Cauſe, Sir, make me ſure,
Idolatry did ſo long endure
Out through the World ſo generally,
And with the *Gentiles* ſpecially?
E. Said he, ſome Cauſes principal,
I find in my Memorial:
Firſt was through Princes Commandment,
Which did Idolatry invent:
Then ſingular Profit of the Prieſts,
Painters, Gold-ſmiths, Maſons, Wrights.
Theſe Men of Craft moſt full curiouſly,
Made Images ſo pleaſantly,
And ſold them for a ſumptuous Price:
So by their crafty Merchandiſe,
They were made Rich above Meaſure:
As for the Prieſts, I thee aſſure,
They got Profit into all Lands,
Through Sacrifice and Offerands:
And by their fained Sanctitude,
Abuſed many Men of Good.
He in the Time of *Daniel*,
The Prieſts of that Idol *Bell*,
When *Nebuchadonzor* King,
In *Babylon* highly did reign.
The Prieſts the King made underſtand
That Image made with Mens Hand,
He was a glorious God of Life,
And alſo had Prerogative:

That by his great Power divine,
Would eat Beeff, Mutton, Bread and Wine;
And ſo the King caus'd every Day,
Before *Bell* on his Altar lay,
Forty fat Wedders freſh and fine,
And ſix great Rubors of wight Wine,
Twelve great Loaves of bouted Flour,
Which was all eaten in one Hour:
Not by that Image deaf and dumb,
But by the Prieſts all and ſome,
As by the BIBLE thou mayeſt ken,
Whoſe Number was Threeſcore and Ten,
They and their Wives every Day,
Ate all that on the Altar lay.
Then *Daniel* in Concluſion,
Shew'd to the King their Abuſion:
And of their Craft he made him ſure,
How underneath the Temple Floor,
Through a Paſſage they came by Night,
And ate that Meat by Candle Light.
The King when he the Matter knew,
The Prieſts with all their Wives he ſlew:
Thus ſubtilly the King was ſiled.
And all the People were beguiled.
My Son, ſaid he, now may thou ken,
How by the Prieſts, and crafty Men,
And by their Craftineſs and Cure,
Idolatry did long endure.
Behold how *John Boccacius*
Hath written Works wonderous,
Of *Gentiles* Superſtition,
And of their great Abuſion.
And in this great Book thou may'ſt ſee,
Of the falſe Gods Genealogy,
Of *Demorgorgon* in ſpecial,
For Grand-ſyre to the Gods all,
Honor'd among *Arcadians*.
And of the falſe *Philiſtians*,
With their great deviliſh God *Dagon*:
With their Idols many one.
But I abhor, the Truth to tell,
Of the Princes of *Iſrael*,

Chosen by GOD Omnipotent,
How they brake his Commandement,
King *Solomon* as the Scripture says,
He dotted in his latter Days:
His wanton Wives for to please,
He car'd not GOD for to displease.
And did commit Idolatry,
Worshipping carv'd Imagery,
As *Molech* God of *Ammonites*,
And *Chemosh* God of *Moabites*,
Ashtaroth God of *Sidonians*;
So for his Inobedience,
And foul Abomination,
Was punisht his Succession:
His Son *Reboboam*, I heard tell,
Lost the ten Tribes of *Israel*,
For his Father's Idolatry,
As in the Scripture thou mayst see.

Of Images used among Christian Men.

FAther, yet one Thing would I speer,
Behold in every Church and Queer
Through Christendom in Burgh and Land,
Images made with Mens Hand:
To whom are given diverse Names,
Some *Peter*, and *Paul*, some *John*, and *James*,
Saint *Peter* carved with his Keys,
Saint *Michael* with his Wings and Ways,
Saint *Katherin* with her Sword and Wheel,
An Hynd set up hard by Saint *Geel*.
It were o're long for to discrive
Saint *Francis* with his Wounds five,
Saint *Tradwel* eke there may be seen,
Who in a Prick hath both her Een.
Saint *Paul* well painted with a Sword,
As he would fight at the first Word.
Saint *Appollin* on Altar stands,
With all her Teeth into her Hands.
Saint *Roch* well sealed, Men may see,
A Byle new broken on his Thie.
Saint *Eloy* he doth stately stand

A new

A new Horſe-ſhoe into his Hand.
Saint *Ninian* of a rotten Stock,
Saint *Dutho* bor'd out of a Block.
Saint *Andrew* with Croſs in his Hand,
Saint *George* upon a Horſe ridand,
Saint *Antony* ſet upon a Sow,
Saint *Bryde* well carved with a Kow,
With coſtly Colors fine and fair,
A Theuſand more I might declare.
As Saint *Coſm* and Saint *Damian*,
The Souter of Saint *Criſpinian*.
All theſe on Altars ſtately ſtands,
Prieſts crying for their Offerands;
To whom we Commons on our Knees
Do worſhip all theſe Imageries,
In Church or Queer, or in the Cloiſter,
Praying to them our *Pater-noſter*.
In Pilgrimage from Town to Town,
With Offering and Adoration,
To them ay babling on our Beeds,
That they may help us in our Needs:
What differs this, declare to me,
From the *Gentiles* Idolatry?

E. If that be true that thou reports,
It goes right near the ſelf-ſame Sorts:
But we by Counſel of Clergy,
Have Licence to make Imagery,
Which of unlearned been the Books,
For when the Laicks on them looks,
It brings them in Remembrance,
Of Saints Lives the Circumſtance:
How the Faith for to fortifie,
They ſuffered Pain right patiently.
Seeing the Image on the Rood,
Men ſhould remember on the Blood
Which CHRIST into his Paſſion
Did ſhed for our Salvation.
Or when thou ſeeſt the Portraiture
Of bleſſed *Mary* Virgin pure,
A pleaſant Babe upon her Knee,
Then in thy Mind remember thee,
The Word which the Prophet ſaid,

How she should be both Mother and Maid:
But who that sitteth on their Knees,
Praying to many Imageries,
With Oration and Offerands,
Kneeling with Cup into their Hands:
No Difference been I say to thee,
From the *Gentiles* Idolatry.
Right so of diverse Nations.
I read th' Abominations,
How *Greeks* made their Devotion hail
To *Mars* to save them in Battel.
To *Jupiter* some took their Voyage,
To save them from the stormy Rage:
Some prayed to *Venus* from the Spleen,
That they their Lovers might obtain:
And some to *Juno* for Riches,
Their Pilgrimage they would address:
So doth our common Populare,
Which were too long for to declare
Their superstitious Pilgrimages
To many diverse Images.
Some to Sain *Roch* with Diligence,
To save them from the Pestilence:
For their Teeth to Saint *Appolline*:
To Saint *Trodwel* to mend their Een.
Some makes Offerings to Saint *Eloy*,
That he their Horse might well convoy.
They run when they have Jewels tint,
To Saint *Syeth* ere ever they stint:
And to Saint *Germane* to get Remead,
For Maladies into their Head.
They bring mad Men on Feet and Horss,
And binds them to Saint *Mungo*'s Cross,
To Saint *Barbra* they cry full fast,
To save them from the Thunder Blast.
For good Novels, as I heard tell,
Some takes their Way to *Gabriel*:
Some Wives Saint *Margaret* doth exhort,
Into their Birth them to support.
To Saint *Anthon* to save the Sow,
To Saint *Bryde* for Calf and Kow.
To Saint *Sebakin* they run and ride,

That from the Shot he ſave their Side.
And ſome in hope to get their Heal,
Runs to the old Rood of Rareal:
Howbeit theſe People rude
Think their Intention to be good,
Wo be to Prieſts, I ſay for me,
Which ſhould ſhow them the Verity.
Prelates which have of them the Cure,
Shall make Anſwer therefore, be ſure,
In the great Day of Judgment,
Where no Time is for to repent,
Where manifeſt Idolatry
Shall puniſht be perpetually.

An Exclamation againſt Idolatry.

IMprudent People, ignorant and blind,
By what Reaſon, Law, or Authority;
Or what authentick Scripture can ye find
Lawful for to commit Idolatry?
Which is to bow your Body, or your Knee,
With devote humble Adoration,
To any Image made of Stock or Tree,
Giving to them Offering or Oblation.

Why do ye give the Honor, Laud, or Glore
Pertaining to GOD who made all Things of nought
Who was, and is, and ſhall be evermore,
To Images by Mens Hands wrought?
O fooliſh Folk! why have ye Succour ſought
Of them that cannot Help you in Diſtreſs?
Yet reaſonably revolve into your Thought,
In Stock or Stone can be no Holineſs.

In the *Deſert* the people of *Iſrael*,
Moſes remaining on the Mount *Sinay*,
They made a molten Calf of fine Metal,
Which they did honor as their God alway,
But when *Moſes* deſcended, I heard ſay,
And did conſider their Idolatry,
Of that People Three thouſand caus'd he ſlay,
As the Scripture at length doth teſtifie.

Becauſe the holy Prophet *Daniel*,

In *Babylon* Idolatry reproved,
And would not worship their false Idol *Bell*
The whole People at him were sore aggrieved,
To that Effect he should be mischieved:
Delivered him to ramping Lions seven,
But of that dangerous Den he was relieved,
Through Miracle of the great GOD of Heaven.

Behold how *Nebuchadonozor* King,
Into the Vail of *Dura* did prepare
An Image of fine Gold, a marvellous Thing,
Threescore of Cubits high, and Six in Square,
As more clearly the Scripture doth declare;
To whom all People by Proclamation,
With Bodies bow'd, and on their Knees bare,
Right humbly made their Adoration.

A great Wonder that Day was seen also;
How *Nebuchadonozor* in his Ire,
Took *Sidrach*, *Mesech*, and *Abednego*,
Which would not bow their Knees at his Desire
To th' Idol, caus'd cast them into the Fire
For to be burnt, ere he stirr'd off the Stead.
When he believ'd they were burnt Bones and Lyre,
Was not consum'd a small Hair of their Head.

The Angel of the LORD was with them seen
Into that hot Furnace, passing up and down,
Into a rosie Earth as they had been:
No Spot of Fire distaining Coat or Gown:
Of Victory they did obtain the Crown,
And were to them that made Adoration
To that Idol, or bow'd their Body down,
A witnessing of their Damnation.

What was the Cause, at me thou mayst demand,
That *Solomon* us'd no Imagery
In his triumphant Temple for to stand,
Of *Abram*, *Isaac*, *Jacob*, nor *Jesse*,
Nor to *Moses*, their Safeguard through the Sea,
Nor *Josua* their valiant Champion:
Because GOD did command the contrary,
They should not use such Superstition.

Behold how the great GOD Omnipotent,

To preſerve *Iſrael* from Idolatry,
Directed them a ſtrait Commandement,
That they ſhould make no graven Imagrie,
Neither of Gold, Silver, Stone nor Tree,
Nor give Worſhip to any Similitude,
Being in Heaven, in Earth, or in the Sea,
But openly to his Soveraign Celſitude.

The Prophet *David* plainly did reprive
Idolatry to their Confuſion;
In graven Stock or Stone that did believe,
Declaring to them their great Abuſion,
Speaking in Manner of Deriſion,
How dead Ido's by Mens Hands wrought,
Whom they honor'd with humble Adoration,
Were in the Market daily ſold and bought.

The Devils ſeeing the ill Condition
Of the *Gentiles*, and their Unfaithfulneſs,
For to augment their Superſtition,
In theſe Idols they made their Enterefs,
And in them ſpake, as Stories do expreſs,
Then Men believed of them to get Relief,
Aſking their Help in all their Buſineſs,
But finally they turn'd to their Miſchief.

Truſt well, in them is no Divinity,
When with the Rouſt that fair Color doth fade:
Though they have Feet, one Foot they cannot flee,
Howbeit the Temple burnt about their Head.
In them is neither Friendſhip nor Remead.
In ſuch Figures, what Favour can ye find?
With Mouth and Ears, and Eyes though they be made,
All Men may ſee they are Dumb, Deaf and Blind.

Howbeit they fall down flatly on the Floor,
They have no Strength themſelves to raiſe again:
Though Rats over them run, they take no Cure:
Howbeit they broke their Neck, they feel no Pain,
Why ſhould Men Pſalms to them ſing or ſain,
Since growing Trees that yearly beareth Fruit,
Are more to praiſe, I make it to thee plain,
Than cutted Stocks, wanting both Crop and Root.

Of *Edinburgh* the great Idolatry,

And

And manifeſt Abomination.
On their Feaſt Days all Creatures may ſee:
They bear an old Stock Image through the Town,
With Tabern, Trumpet, Shalm and Clarion,
Which hath been uſed many a Year bygone,
With Prieſts and Fiers into Proceſſion,
Like unto *Bell* carried through *Babylon*.

Think ye not ſhame, ye ſecular Prieſts and Friers
To ſo great Superſtition to conſent?
Idolaters ye have been many Years,
Expreſs againſt the LORD's Commandement.
Wherefore, Brethren, I counſel you repent:
Give no Honor to carved Stocks or Stone,
But Honor give to GOD Omnipotent,
And praiſe Him ay, as wiſely writeth *John*.

Fy on you Friers that uſes for to preach,
And do advance forward Idolatry:
Why do ye not the ignorant People teach,
How a dead Image carved on a Tree,
As it were Holy, ſhould not honored be,
Nor born on Burgeſs Backs up and down?
But ye ſhow plainly your Hypocriſie,
When ye paſs formoſt in Proceſſion.

Fy on you Foſterers of Idolatry,
That to the dead Stocks do Reverence.
In Preſence of the People publickly.
Fear ye not GOD to commit ſuch Offence?
I counſel you to do your Diligence,
To cauſe Oppreſs ſo great Abuſion:
Do ye not ſo, I dread your Repentance
Shall be nought elſe but clean Confuſion.

Had Saint *Francis* been born out through the Town
Or Saint *Dominick*, though ye had refuſed
With them to have paſt in Proceſſion,
In that Caſe ſome would you have excuſed.
Now Men may ſee how that ye have abuſed
That noble Town through your Hypocriſie;
The People think that they may right well uſe it,
When ye paſs with them into Company.
Some of you have been quiet Counſellors.

Provoki

Provoking Princes to shed guiltless Blood,
Which never did your prudent Predecessors:
But ye like furious Pharisees denude
Of Charity which rent CHRIST on the Rood,
For CHRIST's Flock, without Malice or Ire,
Converted fragile Faultors, I conclude
By GOD's own Word, withoutten Sword or Fire.

Read ye not how CHRIST hath given Commaund,
If thy Brother do ought thee to offend,
Then secretly correct him Hand for Hand
In friendly Manner, ere that thou further wend,
If he will not hear thee, then make it kend
To one or two by true Narration:
If he for them will not this Miss amend,
Delate him to the Congregation.

And yet if he remain Obstinate,
And to the holy Church uncounsellable,
Then like a *Turk* hold him Excommunicate,
And with all faithful Folk Abominable,
Banishing him, that he be no more able
To dwell among the faithful Company:
When he repents be not Unmerciable,
But him receive again right tenderly.

But our dumb Doctors of Divinity,
And ye of the last found Religion,
Of poor Transgressors ye have no Pity,
But cries to put them ay to Confusion,
As cry'd the *Jews* for the Effusion
Of CHRIST's Blood into their burning Ire,
Crucifie: So ye with an Union
Do cry, Cause cast the Faultor in the Fire.

Unmerciful Members of the *Antichrist*,
Extolling your humane Tradition,
Contrare the Institution of CHRIST,
Fear ye not for Divine Punition,
Though some of you be of good Condition,
Ready to receive new recent Wine:
I speak to you all Bosses of Perdition:
Return in Time, ere ye run to Ruin.

As ran the perverse Prophets of *Baal*,

Which

Which did consent to the Idolatry
Of wicked *Abab* King of *Israel*,
Whose Number were Four hundred and fifty,
Which honored that Idol openly,
But when *Elias* did prove their Abusion,
He caus'd the People slay them cruelly:
So in one Hour came their Confusion.

I pray you print in your Remembrance,
How the red Friers for their Idolatry,
In *Scotland*, *England*, *Spain*, *Italy* and *France*,
Upon one Day were punisht piteously.
Behold how your own Brethren now lately,
In *Dutchland*, *England*, *Denmark*, and *Norowa*
Are trodden down with their Hypocrisie,
And as the Snow are vanisht quite away.

I marvel that our Bishops think no shame,
To give your Friers such Preeminence,
To use their Office to their great Defame,
Preaching for them in open Audience.
But might a Bishop augment his own Expence,
For each Sermon ten Ducats in his Hand:
He would ere he did lack that Recompence,
Go preach himself both into Burgh and Land.

I trust to see good Reformation,
When that we get a faithful prudent King
Which knows the Truth, and his Vocation:
All Publicans, I trust he will down thring.
And will not suffer in his Realm to reign
Corrupted Scribes, nor false Pharisience,
Against the Truth which plainly do malign:
Till that King come we must take Patience.

Now farewell Friends, because I cannot flyte,
Howbeit I could, ye must had me excused:
Though I against Idolatry indite,
Or them despite that will not yet refuse it,
I pray to GOD that it be no more used
Among the Rulers of this Region,
That common People be no more abused.
But give Him Glore that bare the thorny Crown.

Who teacheth us by his Divine Scripture,

To right Prayer the perfect ready Way,
As writeth *Matthew* in his sixth Chapter,
In what Manner, and to whom we should pray,
A short compendious Oration each Day,
Most profitable both for Body and Soul:
The which is not directed, I hear say,
To *John*, or *James*, to *Peter* or to *Paul*.

Nor to none other of the Apostles twelve,
Nor to no Saint, nor Angel in the Heaven;
But only to our Father GOD Himself,
Which Oration is contained full even,
Most profitable for us Petitions seven,
Which we Laick-folk the *Pater-noster* call.
Though we say Psalms, nine, ten or eleven,
Of all Prayers this is the Principal.

By Reason of the Maker that it made,
Who was the Son of GOD our Saviour:
And by Reason to whom it should be said,
To the Father of Heaven our Creator,
Who dwelleth not in Temple nor in Tower:
He clearly sees our Thought, Will and Intent:
What needeth us at others seek Succour,
When in all Place His Power is present?

Ye Princes of the Priests, ye that should preach,
Why suffer ye so great Abusion?
Why do ye not the simple People teach,
How and to whom to dress their Oration?
Why thole ye them to go from Town to Town,
In Pilgrimage to any Imageries,
Hoping to get some Satisfaction,
Praying to them devoutly on their Knees?

This was the Practice of some Pilgrimage,
When Fillocks into *Fife* began the Ton;
With *Jack* and *Thom* then they took their Voyage,
In *Angus* to the Field Chappel of *Drom*.
Then Kittock there as keady as a Con,
Without Regard either to Sin or Shame,
Save *Lawry* Leave at leasure to leap on:
Far better been to have tarried at Hame.

I have seen pass a marvellous Multitude,

Young

Young Men and Women ſinging on their Feet,
Under the Form of fained Sanctitude,
For to adore an Image in *Lawriet*:
Many came with their Fellows for to meet,
Committing their foul Fornication,
Some kiſt the clagged Tail of the Hermite:
Why thole ye this Abomination?

Of Fornication and Adultery,
Appearantly ye take but little Cure,
Seeing the marvellous Infelicity,
Which hath ſo long done in this Land endure,
Of your Default which have the Charge and Cure:
This is of Truth, my Lords, with your Leave.
Such Pilgrimages have made many a Whore,
Which, if I pleaſed, plainly I might preve.

Why make ye not the Scriptures manifeſt
To poor People touching Idolatry?
In your Preaching why have ye not expreſt
How many Kings of *Iſrael* cruelly
Were puniſht by GOD ſo rigorouſly?
As *Jeroboam*, and many mo, no doubt,
For worſhipping of carv'd Imagery,
Were from their Realms rudely rooted out.

Why thole ye under your Dominion,
A crafty Prieſt, or fained falſe Hermite,
Abuſing the People of this Region,
Only for their particular Profit?
And ſpecially that Hermite *Lawriet*,
He put the common People in believe,
That blind got Sight, and crooked got their Feet,
The which the Paillard by no means can prieve.

Ye married Men that have trim wanton Wives,
And luſty Daughters of young and tender Age,
Whoſe Honeſty ye ſhould love as your Lives,
Permit them not to paſs in Pilgrimage,
To ſeek Support of any Stock Image;
For I have known good Women paſs from Hame,
Which have been trapped with ſuch Luſts Rage,
Have returned both with great Sin and Shame.

Get up, Thou ſleepeſt ſtill too long, O LORD,

And make an haſty Reformation
On them that do tramp down Thy gracious Word.
And have a deadly Indignation
At them which make a true Narration
Of thy Goſpel; ſhowing the Verity:
O LORD, I make Thee Supplication,
Support our Faith, our Hope, and Charity.

How King Ninus *built the great City of* Nineve, *and how he Vanquiſhed* Zoroaſtes *King of* Bactria.

THis *Ninus* of *Aſſyria* King,
When he had made his Conqueſſing,
to build a City he him dreſt,
Chooſing a Place where he thought beſt,
Where he had firſt Dominion,
In *Aſſyria* his own Region:
Though *Aſſur*, as the Scripture ſays,
Who came before King *Ninus* Days,
He founded that famous City,
The which was called *Ninuy*;
But as rehearſeth *Diodore*,
Ninus that City did decore,
So marvellous triumphantly,
As ye ſhall hear immediately.
Upon the Flood of *Euphrates*,
Which to behold great Wonder was,
An hundred and fifty Stages,
That City was of Length I wis:
The Walls an hundred Foot of Hight,
No Wonder was though it was Wight.
Such Breadth about the Walls there was,
Three Carts might ſidelongs on them paſs:
Four hundred Stages, fourſcore and four,
In Circuit but Nine or more:
Of Towers about the Walls I ween,
A thouſand and five hundred been.
Of Hight two hundred Foot and more,
As writeth famous *Diodore*,
The Scripture maketh mention,
When GOD ſent *Jonas* to that Town,

To

To ſhow them of his Puniſhment,
Throughout the City when he went,
Three Days Journey to him it was,
The Bible ſays it was no leſs.
My Son, now have I ſhown to thee,
Of the building of *Ninive*:
For the augmenting of his Fame,
Ninus call'd it after his Name.
When he that great City had ended,
To conqueſs more yet he intended,
And did depart from *Ninivy*,
And raiſed up a great Army
Of the moſt ſtalwart Men and Stout,
Of all the Regions round about,
In great Order took their Journey
Toward the Realm of *Bactria*,
Of wight Foot-men I underſtand,
He hath ſeventeen hundred Thouſand,
Without Horſemen and warlike Carts,
Whom he ordered in ſundry Parts,
Which to deſcrive I am not able,
Whoſe Number is incredible.
Zoroaſtes that noble King,
Then *Bactria* had in Governing:
That prudent Prince, as I heard tell,
Did in Aſtronomy precel;
And found the Art of Magia,
With natural Science many ma,
Seeing King *Ninus* in the Field,
Forward he came with Spear and Shield,
Four hundred thouſand Men he was,
In his Army there was not leſs,
And met King *Ninus* on the Border,
Right valiantly, and in good Order:
On the Vanguard of his Army,
On them he ruſhed right rudely,
And of them ſlew, as I heard ſay,
An hundred thouſand Men that Day:
The reſt that ſcaped were unſlain,
To *Ninus* great Hoſt fled again.
Of that King *Ninus* was ſo noyed,
He reſted never till he deſtroyed,

ll whole that Region up and down,
nd from the King did reave the Crown,
nd made the Realm of *Bactria*
bject unto *Assyria*:
nd in the self-same Land I wis,
e got his Wife *Semiramis*,
hich as mine Author doth describe,
as then the lustiest on Live:
hat being done without Sojourn,
o *Ninive* he did return
ith great Triumph of Victorie,
s mine Author doth specifie:
oth Occident and Orient
ere all to him Obedient.
would abhor thee to hear red,
he guiltless Blood that he did shed.
hen he had reign'd, as you may hear,
he Space of three and forty Year:
ing in his excellent Glore,
he dolent Death did him devore,
what Sort I am not certain.
me Author says that he was slain,
nd left into his Heritage,
little Child of tender Age.
oung *Ninus* was the Child's Name,
hich after flourish't in great Fame:
me says, that by his Wives Treason,
ing *Ninus* died in Prison,
s I shall show ere I hence fare,
s *Diodore* hath done, declare.

Of the wonderful Deeds of Queen Semiramis.

Ninus loved so ardently
Semiramis his fair Lady:
There was nothing she would have done,
t all obeyed was full soon.
e seeing him so amorous,
e grew proud and Presumptuous,
nd at the King she did desire,
ve Days to govern his Empire:
d he of his Benevolence,

Did

Did grant her that Preeminence.
With Scepter, Crown and Robe Royal,
And whole Power Imperial.
Till five Days were come and gone,
That she as King might reign alone.
Then all the Princes of the Land,
During that Time made her a Band,
With Banquet Royal merrily,
She treated them triumphantly,
So the first Day the People all
Came to her Service, bound and thral:
But ere the second Day was gone,
She took such Glore to reign alone
By a Deceit made them among,
The King she put in Prison strong.
I read well of his Prisoning,
But not of his Delivering:
However it was, into his Flowrs,
He did of Death suffer the Showrs,
And might not length his Life one Hour
Though he was the first Conquerour:
Whose Conquessing, for to conclude,
Was not without shedding of Blood.
Now have you heard of *Ninus* King,
How he began, and his Ending.
Although mine Author *Diodore*
Of him hath written meikle more.
Princes for wrongous Conquessing,
Do make oftentimes an evil Ending.
Though he had long Prosperity,
He ended with great Misery.

Of King Ninus *Sepulcher.*

THe Queen a Sepulcher had made,
Where she King *Ninus* Body laid,
Of curious crafty Work and Wight,
The which had Stades nine of Hight,
And ten Stades of Breadth it was,
Diodore says, It was no less:
For eight Stades a Mile thou take:
And thereafter thy Number make:

So by this Compt it was full right,
A Mile and eke a Stade of Hight:
Except the Tower of *Babylon*,
So High a Work I read of none.
Semiramis his lusty Queen,
Considering what Danger been,
To have a King of tender Age,
Which might not use his Vassalage,
She took a courageous Conceit,
Thinking that she should make Debate,
If any made Rebellion
Contrare her Son and Region
Whom she did foster tenderly,
And keeped him full quietly.
She laid apart her own Clothing,
And took the Raiment of a King.
When she was into Armour dight,
Might no Man know her by a Knight:
So valiantly went to the Wear,
And to give Battel took no Fear,
Daunting all Realms round about,
That all the World of her had doubt:
More Fortunate in her Conquessing
Then was her Husband *Ninus* King.
Babylon she did fortifie,
Temples and Towers triumphantly,
So pleasantly did them prepare,
Which in the Earth had no Compare:
Howbeit *Nimrod* of whom I speak,
The hideous Dungeon he caus'd make,
And of the City the Fundament.
To whom GOD made Impediment,
Where *Nimrod* left, there she began,
And put to Work many a Man:
Of all Realms round about,
Of most Engine she sought them out,
She had working with Tree and Stones,
Twelve hundred thousand Men at once.
Go read the Book of *Diodore*,
And thou shalt find the Number more,
On every side of *Euphrates*,
That noble City builded was,

And so that River of Renown,
Ran through the Mid-part of that Town.
Over-thwart that Flood the Bridges made,
Of marvellous Strength, both Long and Brade,
They were five Stages large of Length,
On every Bridge she made a Strength,
The Circuit, as I said before,
Four hundred Stages and fourscore.
The Walls Hight who would describe,
Three hundred Foot, threescore and five:
Six Carts might pass right easily,
Above the Walls of that City
Sidelongs without Impediment,
Consider then by your Judgment,
If these Walls were high or nought,
And also curiously were wrought,
As *Diodore* hath done, define,
Which doth transcend my rude Engine.
Of *Babylon* the Magnificence,
To whom ye would give no Credence,
If I at Length would put in Write,
Which *Diodore* hath done, endite.
Compare with Cities find I none,
To *Ninive* and *Babylon*.
From *Ninive* of *Assyria*,
To *Babylon* in *Chaldea*;
By Bridges pleasant ye may pass,
Upon the Flood of *Euphrates*.
Among the Floods of *Paradise*,
This *Euphrates* may bear the Prise:
All Works which the Queen began,
Transcended the Engine of Man,
The proud Queen *Penthsilia*,
The Princess of *Amazona*,
With her Ladies triumphantly,
At *Troy* which fought valiantly:
Nor yet the fair Maiden of *France*,
Daughter of *English* Ordinance:
To *Semiramis* in her Days,
Were no Compere, as Books says:
Except triumphant *Julius*,
Strong *Hannibal*, or *Pompeius*:

Or *Alexander* the Conqueror,
I find no greater Warior,
Would I rehearſe, as write Clerks,
Her wonderful and valiant Warks,
It were to me a great Labor,
And tedious to the Auditor,
What ſhe did in *Ethiopia*,
And in the Land of *Media*,
Building Cities, Caſtles and Towers,
Parks and Gardens of Pleaſures:
For the exalting of her Name,
And Immortal to make her Fame.
Of *Farcius* the high Mountain,
She caus'd run down, and made them plain,
Great *Orantes*, the Mountain wight,
Twenty and five Stages of Hight,
To her Palace to draw a Loch,
By Force of Men ſhe cut it through,
Had ſhe keeped her Chaſtity,
She might have been an *A per ſe*.
When ſhe had ordered her Empire,
Of *Venus* Work ſhe took Deſire:
A ſecret Manſion ſhe caus'd make,
Wherein ſhe pleaſantly might take,
Young Gentlemen for her Pleaſure,
She which ſhe uſed above Meaſure.
One Man alone might not be able
To ſtanch her Luſt inſatiable.
When ſhe was ſatisfied of one,
She caus'd another come anon,
The Luſtieſt in all that Land,
Came quietly at her Command,
When they at length had lyen her by,
She ſlew all them right cruelly.
When her Son came to Age perfite,
Him ſhe took ſo great delite,
She cauſed him with her to ly,
Among the reſt right quietly,
The ſays with ſenſual Luſts Rage,
She bound him into Marriage,
And held him under Tutory,
To uphold her Authority.

How the Queen Semiramis *with a great Army past to* Indus, *and fought with the King* Staurobates: *And of her miserable End.*

WHen she had long Time liv'd in Rest
To conquess more she her addrest:
Because of diverse she heard tell,
How that the *Indus* Oriental
Precell'd in great Commodities,
As Bestial, Corns, and fruitful Trees:
All kind of Spices delicious,
Gold, Silver, and Stones precious:
And how that plenteous Land did bear
Corn, Fruit, and Wine twice in the Year,
With Elephants innumberable,
In Battel wondrous Terrible:
She hearing this, and meikle more,
Believing to augment her Glore,
Caus'd make strait Proclamations,
In all and sundry Nations,
Showing how it was her Desire,
All Princes under her Empire,
In *Egypt* and *Arabia*,
In *Perse*, in *Mede*, and *Chaldea*,
In *Greece*, in *Caspia*, and *Hircane*,
In *Capadoce*, *Lyde*, and *Mauritane*,
In *Armenie*, and *Phrygia*,
In *Pamphilia* and *Assyria*,
That each Land after their Degree,
Should bring to her a great Armie,
In all the goodly haste they may,
And meet her into *Bactria*
Declaring them that her Intent
Was to pass to the Orient,
And make War with the King of *Inde*.
From Time they knew what was her Mind
Then by themselves each Region,
Came forward with their Garison,
Triumphantly in good Aray:
To *Bactria* took the ready Way,

And

And made their Musters to the Queen:
But such a Sight was never seen,
In Battel-ray so many a Man
At once, since GOD the World began:
But *Spanzie*, *France*, *Scotland*, *England*,
Dutchland, *Denmark*, nor yet *Ireland*,
Were not inhabit in those Days,
Nor long after, my Author says.
Ephesias he doth specifie
The Number of this great Army:
Saying, There came at her Command,
Foot-men thirty hundred thousand:
Of Horse-men mounted galliardly,
Five hundred thousand verily.
And hundred thousand Camels wight,
On every Camel rode a Knight.
Prepar'd to pass into all Parts
There was an hundred thousand Carts,
Two thousand Boats with her she carries
On Horse, Camels, or Dromedaries,
Bridges to make she did conclude,
Over-thwart *Indus* that furious Flood,
Which been of *Inde* the utmost Border,
On the which Flood with right good Order,
Of her Barges she Bridges made,
Whereon her great Host safely rade.
C. Father, I would Men understood,
Might be at once brought to the Field,
Ready to fight with Spear and Shield;
Some Men will judge this been a Fable,
The Matter been so untruable.
E. It may well be, my Son, said he,
As by Example we may see,
How *David* King of *Israel*,
His People caused number all,
By *Joab* his chief Captain,
As holy Scripture showeth plain:
Of fighting Men into that Land,
He found thirteen hundred thousand,
Which *David* in that small Country,
Might have raised such an Army,
To this Lady it was no Wonder,

The which had great Realms her under.
Then *David*'s little Region,
Though ſhe had many a Legion
Of Men, mo than I told before;
Therefore my Son, marvel no more.
When *Staurobates* King of *Inde*,
Greatly perturbed in his Mind:
Hearing of ſuch a Multitude,
To make Defence he did conclude,
And ſent a Meſſage to the Queen,
Praying her Majeſty Sereen,
That ſhe would of her ſpecial Grace,
Give him Licence to live in Peace:
Failing of that, though he ſhould die,
That he ſhould make her fight or flie:
And to his God a Vow he made,
If no Peace might of her be had,
And if he wan the Victory,
That he the Queen ſhould crucifie.
At his Boaſting the Queen made Bourds,
Saying it ſhall be no Words
Shall make me paſs from my Purpoſe,
Without great Strokes, as I ſuppoſe.
The Meſſenger ſhew'd to the King,
Of her preſumptuous Anſwering.
Then *Staurobates* wiſe and wight,
Came forward like a Noble Knight,
With many a thouſand Spear and Shield,
Arayed Royal on the Field,
Thinking he would his Life defend,
Or in the Battel make an End.
The Queen upon the other Side,
Full of Preſumption and Pride:
Her Banners pleaſantly diſplay'd,
With hardy Heart and unafray'd,
Upon *Indus* that famous Flood
They met, where ſhed was meikle Blood.
In Boats, Balingers and Barges,
The two Armies on other charges:
Semiramis the Battel wan,
Where drown'd and ſlain were many a Man,
So that the Water of the Flood

Ran red mixed with Mens Blood.
The King of *Inde* with all his Might,
From *Indus* Flood he took the Flight,
To his chief City he retired,
Where in his Presence there appeared,
In Battel-ray a new Army
Of right invincible Chevalry,
With Elephants an hideous Number,
Which afterward made meikle Cumber.
Semiramis and her Company,
In the mean Time right cruelly,
Destroyed the Borders of that Land,
Took Prisoners mo than Ten Thousand.
She took a couragious Conceit,
Great Elephants to counterfeit:
She had ten thousand Oxen Hides,
Well sew'd together, Back and Sides,
With Mouth and Nose, Teeth, Ears and Een,
Quick Elephants as they had been,
Right well stuffed with Straw and Hay,
Whereof the *Indians* took affray:
Upon Camels and Dromedaries,
These false Figures with her she carries.
The *Indians* when they saw that Sight
Affrayedly they took the Flight:
For such a Sight was never seen,
If natural Beasts they had been.
The King himself was right afeared,
Till he the Verity had speared,
And knew by his Explorateurs,
They were but feigned false Figures.
Then manfully like Men of Weer,
Forward they came withoutten Fear,
Right so *Semiramis* the Queen,
Which for one Man was ay Fifteen.
These two Armies full cruelly,
They rusht together so rudely,
With hideous Cry, and Trumpets Sound,
Till Thousands lay dead on the Ground,
Semiramis had such a Number,
To order them it was great Cumber,
Then the great Elephants of *Inde*,

Right Strong and Hardy of their Kind,
Forward they came, and would not ceaſe,
Till through the midſt of the Preaſs
Of that great Hoſt they rudely ruſhed,
Their Men and Horſe to Earth they duſhed,
Theſe fained Beaſts withoutten Sprit,
Were fruſht and foiled under Feet.
The King of *Inde* with Courage keen,
Met with *Semiramis* the Queen:
He riding on an Elephant;
But ſhe with him fought Hand for Hand,
And gave the King ſo great Aſſay,
That he was never in ſuch a Fray,
To ſtrike at him ſhe took no Fear,
So well ſhe uſed was in Weer:
His Strokes ſhe had but little counted.
Were not the King was ſo well mounted,
Either at other ſtrake ſo faſt,
Till they were tired at the laſt.
The King he thought himſelf aſhamed,
With a Woman to be defamed,
And was determined not to flie,
Though in that Battel he ſhould die.
As one which had deſpaired been,
He rudely ran upon the Queen,
And through the Arm gave her a Wound,
Which to her Heart gave ſuch a Stound,
That ſhe conſtrained was to flee:
Then all the reſt of her Armie,
When they perceived that ſhe was gone,
To *Indus* Flood they fled each one.
The Queen overthwart the Flood ſhe rade,
On Bridges which were of Boats made,
With her a ſober Company,
Which with her fled afrayedly,
The *Indeans* followed on the Chaſe,
Then to the Bridges came ſuch Preaſs
Of fleeing Folks, which was great wonder,
So that the Bridges brake in ſunder.
Some ſunk, ſome down the River ran,
Then drown'd was many Noble Man,
Which was great Pity to deplore,

As writeth famous *Diodore*.
And finally, for to conclude,
Was never shed so meikle Blood
At one Time since the World began,
Nor slain so many guiltless Man,
And all through the Occasion,
And the prideful Perswasion
Of this ambitious wicked Queen,
Such one was never heard nor seen.
Staurobates the King of *Inde*,
Greatly rejoiced in his Mind,
Of this Triumph and Victory:
Semiramis with Heart full sory,
Seeing so many tane and slain,
To her Country return'd again:
Lamenting Fortune's variance,
Which brought her to so great Mischance,
Before which was so Fortunate,
And then of Comfort desolate.
Her Son a Man of Perfection,
Considering his Subjection,
His Liberty he did desire,
That he might govern his Empire:
Seeing his Mother vitious,
And with that so ambitious:
As mine Author doth specifie,
He slew his Mother cruelly:
What other Cause or Intention,
I find no special Mention.
Some says, To be at Liberty:
Some says, For her Adultery:
None other Cause I can define,
Except Punition Divine.
Of this fair Lady Couragious,
Behold the ending Dolorous;
Who was but twenty Years of Age,
When she began her Vassalage:
And reign'd triumphantly but Wear,
The Space of forty and two Year.
When she was slain, she was Threescore,
With Years two, she was no more,
As *Diodore* writes in his Book.

His Chronicles who lists to look.
Of this Lady I make an End:
Thinking no way I can commend
Woman to be Man-like,
Nor Men for to be Woman-like
For why? 'tis been the LORD's Mind,
All Creatures to use in their Kind.
Men for to have Preeminence,
And Women under Obedience:
Though all Women inclined be
To have the Sovereignity,
As this Lady, who would not rest
Till she her Husband had suppreſt:
To that Intent that she might reign
Alone to have the Governing,
Ladies no ways I can commend,
Presumptuously which do pretend
To use the Office of a King,
Or Realms take in Governing,
Howbeit they valiant be and wight,
Going in Battel like a Knight,
As did proud *Penthesilia*,
The Princess of *Amazona*,
In Mens Habit against Reason.
Likewise I think Derision,
A Prince to be effeminate,
Of Knightly Courage desolate,
Neglecting his Authority,
Through beastly Sensuality,
Accompanied both Days and Nights,
With Women more than valiant Knights.
Such Kings I disecommend at all,
Example of *Sardanapal*.
Father, said I, show me how lang
The Succession of King *Ninus* rang.
That shall I do with Diligence,
My Son, said he, ere we go hence:
Since I have shown at thy Desire,
What Man began the first Empire,
Now would I it were to thee kend,
Of that Empire the fatal End.

How King Sardanapalus *for his vitious Life, made a Miserable End.*

BEtween the Conqueror *Ninus*
And sensual *Sardanapalus*,
I can find no special Story,
Worthy to put in Memory.
Except which I have done describe,
Of *Semiramis* King *Ninus* Wife.
But I can find no Good at all
To write of King *Sardanapal*.
Which was the six and thirty King,
By Line from *Ninus* descending:
At Length his Life for to declare,
I think it is not necessar,
Because that many cunning Clerks,
Have done described in their Warks,
How he was last of *Assyrians*,
Which had the whole Preeminence,
The Time of the first Monarchie,
In Chronicles as thou mayest see:
The last and the most vitious King
Which in that Monarchy did reign,
That Prince was so effeminate
With sensual Lust intoxicate:
He did abhor the Company
Of his most Noble Chevalry.
That he might have the more Delite
To use his beastly Appetite:
Conversed with Women Night and Day,
And clothed him in their Aray:
So that no Man that had him seen,
Could judge a Man that he had been:
So he in Whoredom and Harlotry,
Did keep himself so quietly:
The Princes of *Assyrians*
Of him they could get no Presence;
Thus lived he continually,
Against Nature so inordinately,
When to the *Perse*, and to the *Medes*,
Reported was such vitious Deeds,
With the Rulers of *Babylon*,

They did conclude all into one,
They would not suffer for to reign
Above them such a vitious King.
But *Arbaces* a Duke of *Mede*,
He derfly took in Hand that Deed,
And first he came to *Ninivy*
To see the King his Majesty:
And to one of the King's Guard,
He gave a secret rich Reward;
To put him in a quiet Place,
Where he might see the King his Grace,
And be unseen of any Wight,
But he saw neither King nor Knight
Into his Majesties Company,
Except Women allanerly,
And as a Woman he was clad:
With Women counselled and led:
And shamefully he was sitting,
With Spindle and with Rock spinning.
When *Arbaces* that Sight had seen,
His Courage rose up from the Spleen,
And thought it small Difficulty,
For to deprive his Majesty.
Then raised he the *Persians*,
With *Medes* and *Babylonians*,
Enarmed well with Spear and Shield,
Triumphantly they took the Field.
The King raised the *Assyrians*,
Together with the *Chaldeans*,
And they resisted as they might:
But finally he took the Flight,
To save himself in *Ninivy*;
Then sieged they that great City,
Continually two Years and more,
As writeth famous *Diodore*,
Till that the Flood of *Euphrates*
Arose with such a Furiousness.
Where through the most part of the Town,
By Violence was beaten down.
Then when the King found no Remead,
But to be Taken, or to be Dead,
As Men despaired full of Ire,

Caus'd make a furious flaming Fire,
And took his Gold and Jewels all,
With Scepter, Crown, and Robe Royal,
With all his tender Servitures,
That of his Corps had greateſt Cure,
Together with his luſty Queens,
And all his wanton Concubines,
And in that Fire he did them caſt,
Then lap himſelf in at the laſt,
Where all were burnt in Powder ſmall,
Thus ended King *Sardanapal*,
Without any Repentance,
As may be ſeen by this Sentence
Here following, which he did endite,
Before his Death in great Deſpite:
Which is a right ungodly Thing,
As ye may ſee by this Diting.

Epitaphium Sardanapali.

Cum te mortalem noris, præſentibus explē
Deliciis animum, poſt mortem nulla voluptas,
Et Venere, & cœnis, & plumis Sardanapali.

Now have I ſhown with Diligence,
The Monarchie of the *Aſſyrians*,
The which at King *Ninus* began,
And ended at this wicked Man;
And did endure withoutten Weer,
A thouſand two hundred and forty Year,
As doth endite *Euſebius*;
Read him, and thou ſhalt find it thus.

THE THIRD BOOK.

Of the miſerable Deſtruction of the five Cities, called Sodom, Gomorrah, Seboim, Segor, *and* Adama, *with their whole Regions.*

FAther, I pray you to me tell,
What Noble Thing that befel,
During the Reign of *Aſſyrians*,
Which had ſo long Preeminence.

I mean of other Nations,
Under their Dominations.
E. That muſt be done in Terms ſhort,
Said he, as Stories po report,
Enduring the firſt Monarchie,
Became that woful Miſery
Of *Sodom*, *Gomorrah*, and their Region,
As Scripture doth make mention.
Whoſe People were ſo ſenſual
In filthy Sins unnatural,
The which into this vulgar Verſe,
My Tongue abhorreth to rehearſe:
Like brutal Beaſts out of their Minds,
Unnaturally abus'd their Kinds,
By filthy ſtinking Lecherie,
And moſt abominable *Sodomie*,
As holy Scripture do deſcrive.
In that Country were Cities five,
Which were *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*,
Seboim, *Segor*, and *Adama*:
Among them all found there was none
Undefiled, but *Lot* alone.
Now *Abraham* dwelt near hand by,
Which prayed for *Lot* effectually:
For GOD made him Advertiſement,
That he would make ſuch Puniſhment:
To *Lot* two Angels GOD did ſend,
Him from that Fury to defend.
When the People of that Region
Saw the Angels come to the Town,
Tranſformed into fair young Men,
They purpoſed them for to ken,
And abuſe them unnaturally,
With their foul ſtinking *Sodomy*.
Of that Thing *Lot* was wonder wo,
And offered them his Daughters two,
Them at their Pleaſure for to uſe;
But they his Daughters did refuſe.
And then the Angels with their Might,
Theſe Men deprived of their Sight,
And ſo perforce left them alone.
From *Lot*'s Lodging when they were gone.

They him commanded hastily,
For to depart from that City:
That foul unnatural Lechery,
A Vengeance from the Heaven did cry:
The which did move GOD to such Ire,
That from the Heaven Brimstone and Fire,
With awful Thundring rained down,
And did consume that whole Region.
Of all that Land escap'd no mo,
Except *Lot* and his Daughters two.
His Wife was turn'd into a Stone,
So Wifeless was he left alone,
For she was inobedient,
And kept not the Commandement,
When the Angels gave them Command,
Soon to depart out of that Land,
They charged them under great Pain,
Never to look backward again.
When *Lot*'s Wife heard the Thundering
Of flaming Fire, and Lightening,
The woful Cries lamentable
Of People most epouventable:
For none of them had Force to flee,
She yearn'd that sorrowful Sight to see;
And as she turned her anon,
She was transformed in a Stone,
Where she remaineth to this Day:
Of her I have no more to say.
To show at length I am not able,
That piteous Process lamentable,
How Cities, Castles, Towns and Towers,
Villages, Bastallyes and Bowers,
They were all into Powder driven:
Forrests by the Roots up riven:
Their King, their Queen, their People all:
Young and Old burnt in Powder small.
No Creature was left alive.
Fowls, Beasts, Man nor Wife.
The Earth, the Corn, Herbs, Fruits & Trees,
The Children on the Nurses Knees,
Right suddenly in an Instant
Unwarily came that Judgment,

As it was in the Time of *Noy*,
When GOD did all the World destroy,
And for the self Sin of *Sodomie*,
And most abominable Bougerie.
That Vice at length for to declare,
I think it now not necessar.
When all was burnt, Flesh, Blood, and Bones,
The Hills, Valleys, Stocks and Stones:
The Country sank for to conclude,
Where now there stands an ugly Flood,
The which is called, the dead Sea,
Next to the Country of *Inde*:
Whose stinking Strands black as Tar,
The Flowr of it Men feels on far.
Into *Orantius* thou mayest read
Of that Country the Length and Breed,
Of Length fifty Miles and two,
And fourteen Miles of Breadth also.
Lot of his Wife was so agast,
That to a Mountain wild he past,
Of Company he had no mo,
Except his lusty Daughters two:
And by their Provocation,
As *Moses* makes Narration,
Alone into that Mountain wild,
His Daughters two he got with Child,
For they believed in their Thought,
That all the World was gone to nought:
As it became that Nation:
Thinking that Generation
Would fail, except they craftily
Caus'd their Father with them to ly;
And so they found a crafty Wile,
How they their Father might beguile,
And caused him to drink wight Wine,
Which Men to Lechery doth incline:
When he was full and fallen on Sleep,
His Daughters quietly did creep
Into his Bed full secretly,
Provoking him with them to ly:
He knew not how he was beguil'd,
Till both his Daughters were with Child,

And bare two Sons in certain,
They being in that wild Mountain,
Of whom two Nations did proceed,
As in the Scripture thou mayeſt read:
In the which Scripture thou mayeſt ſee
At length this woful Miſery.
This Miſery became but Weer,
From *Noe*'s Flood three hundred Year,
Together with fourſcore and eleven,
As counteth *Carion* full even,
And after *Noah*'s Death I gueſs,
One and fourty Years there was:
When *Abraham* was of Age I ween,
Fourſcore of Years and nineteen.
Then this foul Sin of *Sodomy*
Was puniſhed ſo rigorouſly.
Great GOD preſerve us in our Time,
That we commit not ſuch a Crime.
Tedious it were for me to tell
This Monarchie during what befel
And Wonders that on Earth were wrought
Which to my Purpoſe longeth nought:
At home the People of *Iſrael*
Did long Time into *Egypt* dwell,
And of their great Punition,
Through *Pharaoh*'s Perſecution:
And how *Moſes* did them convey
Through the Red-Sea with meikle Joy:
Where King *Pharaoh* moſt miſerably
Was drowned with his hudge Army:
And how that People wandring was,
Forty Years in the *Wilderneſs*
Moſes that Time, as I heard ſay,
Received the LAW on Mount *Sinay*
That Time *Joſua* from *Jordan*,
Led the People to *Canaan*,
Where *Saul*, *David* and *Solomon*,
With *Hebrew* Kings many one,
Did richly reign in that Country,
Enduring this firſt Monarchie.
The Siege of *Thebes* miſerable,
Where Blood was ſhed incomparable,

Of noble Men into thoſe Days,
With other terrible Affrays,
As how the *Greeks* wrought Vengeance
Upon the noble *Troyans*,
Becauſe that *Paris* did convoy,
Perforce fair *Helena* to *Troy*
Which was King *Menelaus*'s Wife,
Where many a Thouſand loſt their Life,
That Time the valiant *Hercules*,
Throughout the World did him addreſs,
Where he did many a doughty Deed,
As in his Story thou mayſt read:
And how through *Deianira* his Wife,
This Champion did loſe his Life,
In flaming Fire full furiouſly,
The Death he ſuffered cruelly.
That Time *Remus* and *Romulus*
Did found that City moſt famous
Of *Rome*, ſtanding in *Italy*,
As in their Story thou mayeſt ſee;
Wouldſt thou read *Titus Livius*,
Thou ſhouldſt find Works wonderous
Whoſe worthy Deeds are well kend,
And ſhall be to the World's End:
Though they began with Cruelty,
And ended with great Miſery,
As been the Matter to conclude,
Of all Shedders of guiltleſs Blood,
In *Greece* the ornate Poetry,
Medicine, Muſick, Aſtronomy,
During the firſt Monarchy began,
By *Homerus* that famous Man:
Together with *Heſiodus*,
As diverſe Authors ſheweth us.
It were too long to put in Rime,
The Books that they wrote in that Time.
Theſe were the Acts principal,
That Monarchy during which befel.
As for good *Abraham* and his Seed,
Into the BIBLE thou mayſt read,
How in his Time, as I hear tell,
Began the Kingdom Spiritual:

As I have shown to thee before,
Wherefore of them I speak no more.

A short Description of the Second, Third, and Fourth Monarchies.

FAther, said I, which was the Man,
That the next Monarchy began?
E. *Cyrus*, said he, the King of *Perse*,
As Chronicles hath done rehearse;
Prudent and full of Policy
Began the second Monarchy:
For he was the most godly King,
That ever in *Perse* or *Mede* did reign:
For he of his Benignity,
Delivered from Captivity
The whole People of *Israel*,
Into the Time of *Daniel*,
The which had been Prisoners
In *Babylon* full seventy Years.
Therefore GOD of his Grace benign,
Gave him a Divine Knowledging.
During his Time as I hear tell,
He used Counsel of *Daniel*
Carion at length doth specifie
Of his marvellous Nativity,
And of his virtuous Upbringing,
And how he vanquisht *Cresus* King,
With many other valiant Deed,
As into *Carion* thou mayst read.
Whose Succession did endure
To the tenth King thereof be sure.
But after his great Conquessing,
Right Miserable was his Ending,
As *Herodotus* doth describe:
In *Scythia* he lost his Life,
Where the undaunted *Scythians*,
Vanquisht the noble *Persians*.
And after that *Cyrus* was dead,
Queen *Tomyre* hacked off his Head.
Which was the Queen of *Scythians*,
In Despite of the *Persians*.
She cast his Head for to conclude,

Into

Into a Veſſel full of Blood,
And ſaid theſe Words right cruelly:
Drink thou thy Fill, if thou be dry,
For thou didſt ay Blood-ſhedding thirſt,
Now drink at Leaſure, if thou liſt.
After that *Cyrus* Succeſſion
Of all the World had Poſſeſſion,
Alexander with Sword and Fire,
Attain'd perforce the third Empire,
Which was the King of *Macedone*,
With valiant *Greeks* many one:
In Battel fell and furious,
Vanquiſht the mighty *Darius*.
Which was the Tenth and the laſt King,
Which did after King *Cyrus* reign:
As for this Potent Emperor,
Alexander the Conqueror,
If thou at length would read his Reign,
And of his cruel Conqueſſing,
In *Engliſh* Tongue, in his great Book,
At length his Life there thou mayſt look,
How *Alexander* that Potent King,
Was twelve Years in his Conqueſſing:
And how for all his great Conqueſt,
He lived but one Year in Reſt,
When by his Servant ſecretly,
He poiſon'd was full pitеouſly.
Vulcan and *Alexander* compare
To Thunder or Fire-flaught in the Air:
A cruel Planet, a mortal Wierd,
Down thringing People with his Sword.
Ganges that moſt famous Flood,
He mixed with the *Indians* Blood.
And *Euphrates* with the Blood of *Perſe*:
Whoſe Cruelty for to rehearſe,
And guiltleſs Blood which he did ſhed,
Were right abominable to be read.
After his ſhort Proſperity,
He died with great Miſery.
It were too long to be decided,
How all their Realms were divided,
All while that *Ceſar Julius*,

When he had vanquisht *Pompeius*,
Was choſen Emperor and King,
Above the *Romans* for to reign.
That potent Prince was the firſt Man,
Which the fourth Monarchie began,
And had the whole Dominion
Of every Land and Region:
Whoſe Succeſſors did reign but Weer,
Over the World many hundred Year:
But gentle *Julius*, alas,
Reign'd Emperor but little Space,
Which I think Pity to deplore,
In five Months, and little more:
By falſe exorbitant Treaſon,
That prudent Prince was trodden down,
And murdered in the Counſel-houſe,
By cruel *Brutus* and *Caſſius*.
After that *Julius* was ſlain,
Did reign the great *Octavian*,
Of Emperors one of the beſt:
During his Time was Peace and Reſt,
Over all the World in each Region,
As Stories do make Mention:
And eke I make it to thee plain,
During the Time of *Octavian*,
The Son of GOD our LORD JESU
Took Mankind of the Virgin true.
And was that Time in *Bethlem* born,
To ſave Mankind that was forlorn.
As Scripture makes Narration,
Of His bleſt Incarnation.
Now have I told thee, as I can,
How the fourth Monarchy began:
But in thy Mind thou mayſt conſider,
How worldly Power hath been but ſlidder:
For all their great Empires are gone:
Thou ſeeſt there is no Prince alone,
Which hath the whole Dominion,
This Time of every Region.
C. Father, what Reaſon had theſe Kings,
Robbers to be of others Reigns,
But any right and juſt Quarrel,

Whe-

Where through that they might make Battel,
And common People to down thring;
To this, said I, make Answering.
E. My son, said he, that shall be done,
As I best can, and that right soon:
These Monarchies, I understand,
Preordinate were by Command,
Of GOD the Salvator of all,
For to dowuthring, and to make thral
Undaunted People vitious,
And eke for to be gracious,
To them which Virtuous were and Good,
As *Daniel* hath done conclude,
At length into his Prophecies,
How there shall be four Monarchies:
His second Chapter thou mayst see,
How after the first Monarchie,
When *Nebuchodonozor* King
An Image saw in his Sleeping,
With auster Look both high and broad,
And of pure fine Gold was his Head,
His Breast and Arms of Silver bright,
His Womb of Copper, hard and wight,
His Loins and Limbs of Iron right strong,
His Feet of Clay, Iron mixt among.
From the Mountain there came alone,
Without Mens Hands, a full great Stone,
Which on that Figure's Feet did fall,
And dang all down in Powder small.
Of whose Interpretation,
Doctors do make Narration:
The Head of Gold doth signifie,
First, the *Assyrians* Monarchie.
The Silver Breast they do apply,
To *Persians* which rang secondly:
The Womb of Copper or of Brass,
Thirdly, to *Greeks* prepared was.
His Loins and Limbs of Iron and Steel,
Clerks have them compared well,
The *Romans* through their Diligence,
To have the fourth Preeminence
Above each other Nation.

this Interpretation,
he mixed Feet with Iron and Clay,
d ſignifie the latter Day,
hen that the World ſhall be divided,
s afterward ſhall be decided,
CHRIST is ſignifi'd the Stone,
hoſe Monarchy ſhall never be gone:
or under his Dominion,
ll Princes ſhall be trodden down.
hen that great GOD Omnipotent,
ome to his general Judgment,
is Monarchy ſhall then be known,
nd after, ſhall be to thee ſhown.
nd as the Scriptures ſhall thee tell,
ow in the Eighth of *Daniel*,
e ſaw into his Viſion,
y a plain Expoſition,
ow that the *Greeks* ſhould work Vengeance
pon the *Medes* and *Perſians*,
omparing the *Greeks* unto a *Goat*,
ith an Horn fierce, furious and hot,
hich kill'd the Rams with Horns two,
ompar'd the *Perſe* and *Mede* alſo,
nd ſo by *Daniel*'s Prophecies,
ll their great mighty Monarchies,
he which all other Realms ſurpriſed,
y the Great GOD they were deviſed:
s he of *Titus* the *Roman*,
on and Heir to *Veſpaſian*,
ade him a furious Inſtrument
o put the *Jews* to great Torment;
hich I ſuppoſe, ere I hence fare,
hortly that Proceſs to declare.

Of the moſt Miſerable and Terrible Deſtruction of JERUSALEM.

FAther, ſaid I, declare to me,
Enduring the fourth Monarchie,
The moſt Infortune that befel?
E. My Son, ſaid he, that ſhall I tell,
The moſt and manifeſt Miſery
Became upon that great City,

Jeruſalem

Jeruſalem, when it was ſuppreſt,
As Stories do make manifeſt:
But as the Scripture doth deviſe,
Jeruſalem was deſtroyed twice:
Firſt, for their great Idolatry,
Which they committed in *Jury*:
The Honor ought to GOD alone,
They gave to Figures of Stock and Stone:
Before CHRIST's Incarnation
Came this firſt Deſolation,
Five hundred Years fourſcore and ten,
In Chronicles as thou mayſt ken,
How *Nebuchodonozor* King,
That famous City did down thring:
Their King with People many one,
Brought them all bound to *Babylon*,
Where they retained Priſoners,
The Space of threeſcore and ten Years.
And that firſt Deſolation
Was called, the Tranſmigration.
Was no Man left into their Lands,
But poor Folk laboring with their Hands,
Till mighty *Cyrus* King of *Perſe*,
As *Daniel* hath done rehearſe,
Was moved by GOD for to reſtore
The *Jews* where they dwelled before.
If I neglect, I were to blame,
The laſt Siege of *Jeruſalem*,
Whoſe Ruin was moſt Miſerable,
And for to tell right Terrible:
Was never in Earth, City, nor Town,
Got ſuch extream Deſtruction.
The Towns of *Tyre*, *Thebe*, nor *Troy*,
They never ſuffered half ſuch Noy.
The Emperor *Veſpaſian*,
He did deviſe that Siege certain.
There was the Prophecy compleat,
Which CHRIST ſpake on Mount *Olivet*,
When he *Jeruſalem* beheld,
The Tears from his Eyes diſtill'd,
Seing by Divine Preſcience,
The great Deſtruction and Vengeance

Which was to come on that City,
His Heart was pierced with Pity,
Saying, *Jeruſalem*, if thou knew
The great Ruin, ſore thou wouldſt rew;
Or ought that I can to thee ſhow:
The Verity thou wilt not know:
For haſt in Conſideration
Thine holy Viſitation:
Thy People will no Way conſider,
Whom gathred I would have together
As wandring Sheep are without Herds,
Or as the Hen gathereth her Birds
Under her Wings right tenderly,
Which they refuſed deſpitefully:
Therefore ſhall come that dreadful Day,
That no Remedy make you may,
Thy Dungeons ſhall be dung aſunder,
To all the World ſhall at thee wonder.
Thy Temple now moſt triumphant;
Shall be trod down among the Sand.
And as he ſaid, ſo it befell,
As hereafter I ſhall thee tell.
C. Shew me, ſaid I, with Circumſtance,
The ſpecial Cauſe of that Miſchance.
E. Said he, As Scripture doth conclude,
For ſhedding of the guiltleſs Blood
Of Prophets which GOD to them ſent;
And eke becauſe that they miſkent
JESUS the Son of GOD Soveraign,
Whom he among them did remain:
For all the Miracles that he ſhew,
Maliciouſly they him misknew:
Though by his great Power Divine,
The Water clear he turn'd to Wine:
And by the ſelf-ſame Power and Might,
To the Blind-born he gave the Sight:
And gave the Crooked Men their Feet,
And made the Lepers whole compleat.
He healed all, and rais'd the Dead,
Yet held they him at mortal Fead,
Becauſe He ſhew the Verity,
They did conclude that he ſhould die,

The Bishops Princes of the Priests,
They grew so bolden in their Breasts:
The Scribes and Doctors of the Law,
Of GOD nor Man they stood no Aw
On CHRIST JESUS to work Vengeance,
Right so the false *Pharisians*,
A Sect of fained Religion,
Devised his Confusion,
And sent their Servants at the last,
And with strong Cords they bound him fast:
Then scourged him both Back and Side,
That none for Blood might see his Hide:
There was not left a Penny broad
Unwounded from his Feet to Head,
In Manner of Derision,
They plat to him a cruel Crown
Of pricking Thorns sharp and long,
Which on his heavenly Head they throng.
Then caus'd him, for the greater Lack,
Bear his own Gallows on his Back,
To the vile Place of *Calvary*,
Where many a thousand Men might see:
That Innocent they took perforce,
And plat him backward to the Cross:
Through Feet and Hands great Nails they thrust,
Till Blood abundantly out-burst:
Without grudging, Clamor or Cry,
That Pain he suffered patiently:
And for augmenting of his Grieves,
They hanged him between two Thieves:
Where Men might see the bloody Strands,
Which sprang forth from his Feet and Hands:
From Thorns thrusted on his Head,
Ran down bullering Streams red:
In the Presence of many a Man,
That Blood-royal on Rocks ran.
Shortly to say, That Heavenly King,
In extream Dolor there did hing,
Till he said, *Consummatum est*,
With a loud Cry he gave the Ghaist.
When he was dead, they took a Dart,
And pierced that King through the Heart,

From

From whom there came Water and Blood:
The Earth then trembled: ſo conclude,
Phebus did hide his Beams bright,
That through the World there was no Light,
The great Vale of the Temple rave,
The dead Men roſe out of their Grave,
And in the City did appear,
As in the Scripture thou mayſt hear:
Then *Joſeph* of *Arimathie*,
Did bury Him right honeſtly,
But yet He roſe full glorioufly,
On the third Day triumphantly:
With His Diſciples in certain,
Forty Days He did remain,
After to Heaven He aſcended.
The *Jews* nothing their Life amended,
Nor gave no Credit to his Saws,
As at more length the Story ſhaws:
But cruelly they did oppreſs
All Men that CHRIST's Name did profeſs,
And perſecuted many one:
They priſon'd both *Peter* and *John*,
And *Steven* they ſtoned to the Dead:
From *James* the leſs they ſtroke the Head:
This was the Cauſe, in Concluſion,
Of their cruel Confuſion.
The prudent Jew *Joſephus* ſays,
That he was preſent in thoſe Days:
And in his Book makes mention,
How after CHRIST's Aſcenſion,
The Space of two and forty Years,
Began theſe cruel mortal Wears,
The ſecond Year of *Veſpaſian*,
When many taken were and ſlain.
Joſephus plainly doth conclude,
Was never ſeen ſuch a Multitude,
Before that Time into the Town,
Which came for their Confuſion,
There great Infortune ſo befel,
To all the Princes of *Iſrael*.
Convеen'd againſt the Time of *Paſch*,
But to return they had no Grace.

The bold *Romans* with their Chiftan
Titus the Son of *Veſpaſian*,
Their Army over *Indea* ſpread:
Then all Men to the City fled.
Believing there to get Relief.
But all that turn'd to their Miſchief:
The *Romans* leaped them about,
That by no Way they might win out.
Six Months did that Siege endure,
Where loſt were many Creature,
Which there in Miſery did remain,
Till they were all taken and ſlain.
During the Time of this Aſſail,
Their Meat and Drink, and all did fail:
For there was ſuch a Multitude,
That Thouſands died for Fault of Food.
Neceſſity caus'd them eat perforce,
Dog, Cat, and Ratton, Aſs, and Horſe;
Rich Men behooved to eat their Gold,
Then died for Hunger manifold.
Such Hunger was without Remead,
The Quick behoov'd to eat the Dead,
The Filth of Privies many eat,
To length their Life, they thought it ſweet,
The famous Ladies of the Town,
For fault of Food they fell in Swoon,
When they might get no other Meat,
They kill'd their proper Bairns to eat:
But all for nought deſpitefully,
Their own Souldiers full greedily,
Reft them that Fleſh moſt Miſerable:
And they with Mourning Lamentable,
For extream Hunger yield the Sprit.
There was the Prophecie compleat,
As CHRIST before made Narration,
The Day of His grim Paſſion
When that the Ladies for him mourned,
Full piteouſly to them he turned,
And ſaid, Daughters, mourn not for me,
Mourn for your own Poſterity:
Within ſhort Time ſhall come that Day,
That Men of this City ſhall ſay,

Whea

When they are trapp'd in the Snare:
Bleſt be the Womb that never bare.
The barren Paps then ſhall they bleſs,
That doleful Day thou ſhalt not miſs.
This Prophecy it came to paſs,
That they cry many loud, Alas.
Such ſorrowful Lamentation
Was never heard in that Nation:
Seeing the luſty Ladies ſweet,
Dying for Hunger in the Street:
Their Huſbands, nor their Children,
Might give to them no Comforting,
Nor yet relieve them of their Harms;
But either dying in others Arms.
After this woful Indigence,
Among them roſe ſuch Peſtilence,
Wherein there died many Hunder,
Which to declare it were great Wonder.
And for final Concluſion,
Theſe war-like Walls they did ding down.
Prince *Titus* with his Chevalry,
With Trumpets ſounding triumphantly,
He entered in that great City.
But to deplore, I think pity,
The painful Clamor horrible,
Of wounded Folk moſt Miſerable.
There was nought elſe but take and ſlay.
For there might no Man win away:
The Strands of Blood ran through the Street,
Of dead Folk trodden under Feet,
Old Widows in the Preſs were ſmor'd:
Young Virgins ſhamefully deflor'd,
The great Temple of *Solomon*,
With many a curious carved Stone,
With perfect Pinacles on hight,
Which were both beautiful and wight,
Wherein rich Jewels did abound,
They ruſhed rudely to the Ground:
And ſet into their furious Ire,
Sanctum Sanctorum into Fire:
And with extream Confuſion,
All their great Dungeons they dang down,

There bruiſed were the golden Breaſts
Of Biſhops Princes of the Prieſts.
There taken was the great Vengeance
Of the falſe Scribes and Phariſians:
All their painted Hypocriſie,
That Time might make them no Supply.
That Day they dolefully repented,
That to the Death of CHRIST conſented:
Though it was our Salvation,
It was to their Damnation.
The Vengeance for the Blood guiltleſs,
From *Abel* to *Zacharias*,
That Day upon *Jeruſalem* fell,
But tedious it were to tell,
The great extream Confuſion,
And of Blood ſuch Effuſion,
Was never ſlain ſo many a Man,
At one Time ſince the World began:
The *Jews* that Day got their Deſire,
Which they did aſk into their Ire,
And in the Scripture is ſpecified,
That Day when CHRIST was crucified:
When *Ponce Pilate* the Preſident,
Said to them, I am innocent
Of the juſt Blood of CHRIST JESUS.
They cried, His Blood light upon us,
And on our Generation:
They got their Supplication:
That Day with many a careful Cry,
Their Blood was ſhed abundantly.
Joſephus writeth in his Book,
His Chronicles who liſt to look,
During that cruel Siege certain,
Were eleven hundred thouſand ſlain:
Of Priſoners were told and ſeen,
Fourſcore thouſand and ſeventeen:
Out of the Land they did expel
All the People of *Iſrael*:
And for their great Ingratitude,
They live yet under Servitude,
There is no *Jew* in no Country,
Which hath one Foot of Property,

Nor

Nor never had withoutten Wear,
Since this Day sixteen hundred Year:
Nor never shall, I to thee shaw,
Till that they turn to CHRIST's Law.
Some says, That *Jews* manifold,
Were Thirty for a Penny sold,
As *Judas* sold the KING of Glore,
For Thirty Pennies, and no more.
After that many were mischieved,
When Novels past how long they lived
Upon their Gold, withoutten doubt,
They slit their Bellies to search it out:
The rest to *Egypt* they did send,
Prisoners to their Lives End.
Titus took into his Company,
Great Number of the most Worthy;
With him to *Rome* they led them bound,
Then cruelly did them confound,
His Victory for to decore,
And for augmenting of his Glore,
Caus'd put them into publick Places,
Where each Man might behold their Faces,
Then with wild Lions cruelly,
He caus'd devore them dolefully.
This high triumphant mighty Town,
At *Pasch* was put to Confusion.
Because that in the Time of *Pasch*,
They crucified the KING of Grace.
Some have this Matter done indite,
More ornately than I can write,
Wherefore of it I speak no more,
Only to GOD be Laud and Glore.

Of the miserable End of certain tyrannous Princes, and especially the Beginners of the four Monarchies.

NOw have I done declare at thy Desires,
As thou demandest into Terms short,
And who began the principal Empires,
As Chronicles and Stories do report:
Wherefore, my Son, I heartily thee exhort,

Perfectly print into thy Remembrance,
Of this inconſtant World the Variance.

The Princes of theſe four great Monarchies,
In their moſt higheſt Pomp Imperial,
Truſting moſt ſure to be ſet on their Seas,
The fraudful World gave to them mortal Falls
For their Reward, and dark Memorials,
Though over the World they had Preeminence:
Of it they got no other Recompence.

For ſuch like as the Snow doth melt in *May*,
Through the Reflex of *Phebus* Beams bright,
Theſe great Empires right ſo are went away:
Gone is their Glore, their Power, and their Might:
Becauſe they were Robbers withoutten Right,
And Blood-ſhedders full cruel: for to conclude,
Right cruelly therefore was ſhed their Blood.

Behold how GOD ay ſince the World began,
Hath often-times made Kings Inſtruments
To ſcourge People, and to kill many a Man,
Which to his Law were Inobedients:
When they had done, perfurniſht his Intents,
In daunting wrongous People ſhamefully,
He ſuffers them be ſcourged cruelly.

Even as the School-Maſter doth make a Wand
To daunt and ding the Scholars of rude Engine,
The which will not ſtudy at his Command;
He ſcourges them, and only to that Fine,
That they ſhould to his good Counſel incline:
Then they obey, appeaſed is his Ire,
He takes the Wand, and caſts it in the Fire.

GOD of King *Pharaoh* made an Inſtrument,
Which was the great King of *Egyptiance*
His own peculiar People to torment:
That being done, he wrought on him Vengeance,
And let him fall through Inobedience:
And finally he with his great Army,
In the Red-Sea was drowned dolefully.

Right ſo of *Nebuchadonozor* King,
GOD made of him a furious Inſtrument,
Jeruſalem and the *Jews* to down thring;

When

When they to GOD were disobedient:
They reft from him his Riches and his Rent,
And him transformed in a Beast brutal,
Seven Years and more, as writeth *Daniel.*

Alexander through prideful Tyranny
In Years twelve did make his great Conquest,
Ay shedding sakeless Blood full cruelly,
Till he was King of Kings he took no Rest:
In all the World when he was full possest,
In *Babylon* throned triumphantly,
Through Poison strong deceased dolefully.

Duke *Hannibal* the strong *Carthaginane*,
The Daunter of the *Romans* Pomp and Glory:
By his Power were many Thousands slain,
As may be read at length into his Story,
At *Cannes* where he wan the Victory,
Of *Romans* Hands that dead lay on the Ground,
Three heaped Bushels, were of Rings found.

Into that mortal Battel, I heard sane,
Of the *Romans* most worthy Warriors,
Attour Captains, were forty thousand slain:
Of whom there was thirty wise Senators,
And twenty Lords which had been Pretors
That died each in Defence of their Country,
And for to hold their Land at Liberty.

What Reward got the cruel Champion,
When he had slain so great a Multitude?
And when the Glass of his vain Glore was run,
A shameful Death: And shortly to conclude,
This is Reward of all shedders of Blood:
For he got such extream Confusion.
He kill'd himself in drinking strong Poison.

Behold the two most famous Champions,
That is to say, *Julius* and *Pompoy*,
Which did conquess all earthly Regions,
As well many Lands, as Isles into the Sea,
And to the Town of *Rome* caus'd them obey:
For *Pompeius* subdued the *Orient*,
And *Julius Cesar* all the *Occident*.

But finally these two did strive for State,

Whereby three hundred thousand Men were slain:
But *Pompeius* after that great Debate,
He murthered was, the Story telleth plain:
Then *Julius* was Prince and Sovereign,
Above the whole World Emperor and King;
But into Rest short Time endur'd his Reign.

For within five Months, and little more,
Amidst the Lords into the Counsil-house,
He murther'd was, what needs Process more,
As I have said, by *Brute* and *Cassius*.
If thou wouldst know their Deeds dolorous,
Thou mayst at length go read the *Roman* Story,
Which hath this Matter put in Memory.

Gone is the golden World of *Assyrians*,
Of whom King *Ninus* was first and Principal,
Gone is the Silver World of *Persians*,
The Copper World of *Greeks* now thral,
The World of Iron which was the last of all,
Compared to the *Romans* in their Glore,
Are gone right, so, I hear of them no more.

Now in the World of Iron mixt with Clay,
As *Daniel* at length hath done indite:
The great Empires are molten clean away:
Now is the World of Dolor and Despite;
I see nought else but Trouble infinite:
Wherefore, my Son, I make it to thee kend,
This World, I wot, is drawing to an End.

Tokens of Dearth, Hunger and Pestilence,
With cruel Wars both by Sea and Land:
Realm against Realm, with mortal Violence,
Which signifies the last Day even at Hand:
Wherefore, my Son, be in thy Faith constant,
Raising thine Heart to GOD to cry for Grace,
And mend thy Life whilst thou hast Time & Space.

Of the first Spiritual and Papal Monarchie.

C. FAther, is there no Prince reignand,
Which hath the World now at Command,
As had the King of *Assyrians*,
Perse, *Greeks* or the *Romans*,

Who

Who hath now Dominion
Of every Land and Region?
E. There is no Prince, my Son, said he,
That hath the principal Monarchie
Above the World universal,
With whole Power Imperial,
As *Alexander*, or *Darius*,
Or as had *Cesar Julius*,
For *Orient* and *Occident*,
Were all to them Obedient.
Notwithstanding, I find one King,
Which into *Europe* now doth reign,
That is the potent Prince of *Rome*,
Empiring over all Christendom,
To whom no Prince may be compare,
As Canon Laws can declare.
All Princes of the *Occident*,
Are to his Grace Obedient:
For he hath whole Power compleat,
Both of the Body and the Sprit,
Which never had no Prince before,
Except the mighty KING of Glore.
To CHRIST he is the great Lieutenand,
In holy *Peter's* Seat sittand:
So he is of all Kings King,
Which into *Europe* now doth reign.
And as the *Roman* Emperours,
Having the World under their Cures,
Had Princes, Knights, and Champions,
Rulers into all Regions,
Upholding their Authority,
Using Justice and Policy:
Right so this potent Pope of *Rome*;
The Soveraign King of Christendom,
Hath into every Country,
His Princes of great Gravity:
In some Country his Cardinals,
In their most precious Apparels,
Arch-bishops, Bishops thou may'st see,
Defending his Authority:
With other potent Patriarchs,
Colleges full of cunning Clerks:

Abbots and Priors, as ye ken,
Misrulers of Religious Men.
Officials with their Procurators,
Whose longsom Laws spoils the Poors.
Arch-Deans, and Deans of Dignity,
Great Doctors of Divinity,
Their Chanters and their Sacrisians,
Their Thesaurers, and their Subdeans,
Legions of Priests Seculars:
Parsons, Vicars, Monks and Friers,
Of diverse Orders many one,
Which longsom were for to expone:
In sundry Habits as ye ken,
Differing from other Christian Men,
Fair Ladies of Religion,
Professed in every Region.
False Hermites fashioned like the Friers
Proud Parish-Clerks and Pardoners,
Their Grinters and their Chamberlains,
With their Temporal Courtisans:
Thus all the World by Land and Sea,
His Sanctitude they do obey:
Not only his Spiritual Kingdom,
But the great Emperor of *Rome*,
And Kings of every Region,
That Day when they receive the Crown,
They make Oath of Fidelity,
To defend his Authority.
Moreover, with humble Reverence,
They make to him Obedience,
By themselves, or Ambassadors,
Or other ornate Orators:
Who did gainstand his Majesty,
His Laws or yet his Liberty,
Or holds any Opinion
Contrair his great Dominion,
Either by way of Deeds or Words,
Are put to Death by Fire and Swords,
Saint *Peter* stiled was *Sanctus*
But he is called *Sanctissimus*,
His Stile at length if thou wouldst knaw,
Thou must go look the Canon Law,

Both

Both in the ſixth of *Clementin*,
His ſtately Stile there may be ſeen.
There thou ſhalt find, read if thou can,
How he is neither God nor Man.
C. What is he then, by your Judgment?
E. Said he, Methinks him different,
Far from our Sovereign LORD JESUS,
And to his Kind contrarious:
For CHRIST was natural GOD and Man.
C. If he be neither, what is he than?
E. The Canon Law, my Son ſaid he,
That Queſtion will declare to thee.
It doth tranſcend my rude Ingine,
His Sanctitude for to define;
Or to ſhow the Authority
Pertaining to his Majeſty,
So great a Prince where ſhalt thou find,
That ſpiritually may looſe or bind:
Nor by whom Sins are forgiven,
Be they with his Diſciples ſhriven?
Whomever he binds with his Might,
They bounden are in GOD's Sight:
Whomever he looſes on Earth here down,
Are looſed by GOD in his Region.
As he is Prince of *Purgatory*,
Delivering Souls from Pain to Glory:
Of that dark Dungeon, withoutten doubt,
Whomever he pleaſeth, he takes out.
Our ſecret Sins every Year.
We muſt ſhow to ſome Prieſt or Frier,
And take their Abſolution,
Or elſe get no Remiſſion:
So by this did they clearly ken,
The Secrets of all ſecular Men.
Their Secrets we know not at all,
Thus are we to them bound and thral:
Whatever their Miniſters commands
Muſt be obeyed without demands.
Wherefore, my Son, I ſay to thee,
This is a marvellous Monarchy,
Which hath Power Imperial,
Both of the Body and the Soul,

C. Father, said I, declare to me,
Who did begin this Monarchie;
E. Said he, CHRIST JESUS, God and Man,
That Empire graciously began,
Not by Fire, nor by the Sword,
But by the Virtue of His Word,
And left into His Testament
Many a devote Document,
With His Successors to be used.
Though many of them be now abused:
For *Peter* and *Paul* with all the rest
Of their Brethren, made manifest
The Law of GOD, with true Intent,
Preaching the Old and New Testament.
They led their Lives in Poverty,
Devotion and true Humility.
As did their Master CHRIST JESUS,
And were not half so Glorious,
As their Successors now in *Rome*,
Empiring over all *Christendom*.
After the Death of *Peter* and *Paul*,
And of CHRIST's true Disciples all,
Their Successors within few Years,
As at more length the Story bears,
Right cruelly came to the Hight,
From spiritual Life to temporal Right.
C. Father, ere we pass further more,
When did begin their temporal Glore:
E. My Son, said he, Thou shalt understand,
Ere ever a *Pope* got any Land,
Two and thirty great Popes of *Rome*,
Received the Crown of Martyrdom:
But not the threefold Diadem.
To wear three Crowns they thought great Shame,
Till *Sylvester* the Confessor,
From *Constantine* the Emperor,
Received the Realm of *Italy*,
Right so of *Rome* the great City,
That was the Root of their Riches,
Then sprang the Wall of Wealthiness,
When that the Pope was made a King,
All Princes bowed at his Bidding.

This

This Act was done withoutten Wear,
From CHRIST's Death three hundred Year,
Then Lady *Sensuality*,
Took Lodging in that great City,
Where she sinsyn hath done remain,
As their own Lady Soveraign.
There Kings into all Nations,
Made Priests great Foundations:
They thought great Merit and honor,
To counterfeit the Emperor:
As did *David* of *Scotland* King,
The which did found during his Reign,
Fifteen Abbays with temporal Lands,
Withoutten Tithes and Offerands:
By whose holy Simplicity,
He left the Crown in Poverty.
Now have I shown thee as I can,
How their temporal Empire began,
Ascending up ay Gree by Gree,
Aboye the Emperor's Majestie:
So when they got among their Hands,
Of *Italy* all the Emperor's Lands,
After that into each Country
Sprang up their Temporality,
With such great Riches, and such Rent,
That they gan to be negligent,
In making Ministration
To CHRIST's true Congregation,
And took no more Pain in their Preaching,
And far less Travel in their Teaching:
Changing their Spirituality
In temporal Sensuality.
C. Father, think ye that they are sure,
That their Empire shall long endure?
E. Appearantly it may be kend,
said he, their Glore shall have an End:
I mean their temporal Monarchie,
shall turn into Humilitie:
Through GOD's Word, without Debate,
They shall turn to their first Estate,
As in *Daniel*'s Prophecy appears,
Thereto shall not be many Years,

Albeit

Albeit CHRIST's Faith ſhall never fail,
But more and more it ſhall prevail,
Though CHRIST's true Congregation
Suffers great Tribulation.
C. Father, ſaid I, by what Reaſon,
Think ye their Empire ſhould come down,
Conſidering their Preeminence?
E. Said he, for Diſobedience,
Abuſing the Commandement
Which CHRIST left in His Teſtament,
Uſing their own Tradition,
Contrair CHRIST's Inſtitution:
For CHRIST in His laſt Convention,
The Day of His Aſcenſion,
To his Diſciples gave Command,
That they ſhould paſs to every Land,
To teach and preach with true Intent,
His Law and His Commandement:
No other Office He to them gave:
He did not bid them ſeek or crave,
Corps, Preſents, nor Offerands,
Nor yet Lordſhips, nor temporal Lands:
But now it may be heard and ſeen,
Both with thine Ears, and eke thine Een,
How Prelates now in every Land,
Take little Cure of CHRIST's Command;
Neither into their Deeds nor Saws,
Neglecting their own canon Laws:
Uſing themſelves contrarious,
For the moſt Part to CHRIST JESUS.
CHRIST thought no ſhame to be a Preacher,
And to all People of Truth a Teacher:
A Pope, a Biſhop, a Cardinal,
To teach and preach will not be thral.
They ſend forth Friers to teach for them,
Which makes the People mock them for ſhame,
CHRIST would not be a temporal King,
Richly into no Realm to reign,
But fled temporal Authority,
As in the Scripture thou mayſt ſee,
All Men may know how Popes reigns
In Dignity above all Kings,

As well of Temporality,
As into Spirituality.
Thou mayeſt ſee by Experience,
The Pope's princely Preeminence,
In Chronicles, if thou liſt to look,
How *Carion* writes in his Book.
A notable Narration,
The Year of our Salvation
Eleven hundred and ſix and fifty,
Pope *Alexander* preſumptuouſly,
Which was the third Pope of that Name,
Fredrick the Emperor he did deſame,
In *Venice* that triumphant Town,
That noble Emperor he caus'd lay down
Upon his Womb with Shame and Lack,
Then trode his Feet upon his Neck,
In Token of Obedience:
There he ſhews his Preeminence,
And caus'd his Clergy for to ſing
Theſe Words hereafter following:
Super aſpidem & baſiliſcum ambulabis,
Et conculcabis leonem & draconem. That is,
Thou ſhalt walk upon the Adder and Cocatrice,
And thou ſhalt rread down the Lion and Dragon.
Then ſaid the humble Emperor:
I do to Peter *this Honour,*
The Pope anſwered with Words wroth,
Thou ſhalt me honour and Peter *both.*
CHRIST for to ſhow his humble Sprit,
Did waſh his poor Diſciples Feet:
The Pope's Holineſs, I wiſs,
Will ſuffer Kings their Feet to kiſs.
Birds had their Neſts, and Tods their Den,
But CHRIST JESUS Saviour of Men,
In Earth had not a Penny-bread,
Whereupon he might repoſe his Head:
Albeit the Pope's Excellence
Hath Caſtles of Magnificence:
Abbots, Biſhops, Cardinals,
Have pleaſant Palaces Royals,
Like Paradiſe all theſe pleaſant Places,
Wanting no Pleaſure of their Faces.

John, *Andrew*, *James*, *Peter* nor *Paul*,
Had few Houſes among them all:
From Time they knew the Verity,
They did contemn all Proſperity:
And were right heartily content
Of Meat and Drink, and Abuliment,
To ſave Mankind that was forlorn,
CHRIST bare a cruel Crown of Thorn.
The Pope three Crowns for the Nons,
Of Gold, powdered with precious Stones:
Of Gold and Silver, I am ſure,
CHRIST JESUS took but little Cure,
And left not when he yield the Sprit,
To buy himſelf a Winding-ſheet:
But his Succeſſor good Pope *John*,
When he deceaſed in *Avignon*,
He left behind him a Treaſure,
of Gold and Silver great Meaſure,
By a juſt Computation,
Well five and twenty Million,
As doth endite *Palmerus*:
Read him, and thou ſhalt find it thus,
CHRIST's Diſciples were well known,
Through Vertue which was to them ſhown:
But ſpecially fervent Charity,
Great Patience and Humility.
The Pope's Flocks in all Regions,
Are known beſt by their clipped Crowns.
CHRIST he did honor Matrimony
Into *Cana* of *Galilee*,
Where he by his Power divine,
Did turn the Water into Wine:
And eke he choos'd ſome married Men
To be his Servants as ye ken.
And *Peter* during all his Life,
He thought no Sin to have a Wife.
Ye ſhall not find in no Paſſage,
Where CHRIST forbiddeth Marriage,
But lawful for each Man to marry
Which lacks the Gift of Chaſtity.
The Pope hath made the contrair Laws
In his Kingdom, as all Men knaws:

None

None of his Priests dare marry Wives,
Under the Pain even of their Lives:
Though they had Concubines fifteen,
Into that Case are overseen,
What Chastity they keep in *Rome*,
Is well known over all *Christendom*.
CHRIST did show his Obedience
unto the Emperor's Excellence,
And caused *Peter* for to pay
Tribute to *Cesar* for them tway.
Paul bids us be obedient
To Kings as the most excellent:
The Contrair did Pope *Celestin*,
When that his Sanctitude serene
Did crown *Henry* the Emperor,
I think he did him small Honor,
For with his Hand he did him crown,
Then with his Feet the Crown cast down,
Saying, I have Authority,
Men to exalt to Dignity,
And to make Emperors and Kings,
And then deprive them of their Reigns,
Peter by mine Opinion,
Did never use such Dominion:
Appearantly by my Judgment,
This Pope read never the New Testament:
If he had learned at that Lore,
He had refused such vain Glore;
As *Barnabas*, *Peter* and *Paul*,
And right so Christ's Disciples all.
The good Captain *Cornelius*,
When Saint *Peter* came to his House,
To worship him fell at his Feet:
But Saint *Peter* with humble Sprit,
Did raise him up with Diligence,
And did refuse such Reverence.
Right so Saint *John* th' Evangelist,
The Angel's Feet he would have kist,
And he refused such Honor,
Saying, I am but Servitor,
And Eke thy Fellow and thy Brother:
Give Glore to GOD, and to none other.

And likewiſe *Barnabas* and *Paul*,
Such Honour did refuſe at all,
In *Lyſtra* where they wrought great Works:
The Prieſts of *Jupiter* and his Clerks,
And all the People with their Advice,
Would have made to them Sacrifice;
Of which they were ſo diſcontent,
That they their Clothing rave and rent,
And *Paul* among them rudely ran,
Saying, I am a mortal Man:
Give Glory to GOD of Kings KING,
That made Heaven, Earth, and every Thing.
Since *Peter* and *John* vain Glore refuſed,
With Popes why ſhould vain Glore be uſed?
Peter, *Andrew*, *John*, *James* and *Paul*,
And CHRIST's true Diſciples all,
By GOD's Word their Faith defended:
To burn and ſcald they never pretended,
The Pope defends his Traditions,
By flaming Fire without Remiſſions:
Albeit Men break the Law Divine,
They are not put to ſo great Pine,
For Whoredom, nor Idolatry,
For Inceſt nor Adultery;
Or when young Virgins are deflored,
For ſuch Things Men are not abhorred:
But who that eats Fleſh into Lent,
Are terribly put to Torment:
And if a Prieſt happen to marry,
They do him baniſh, curſe and warry,
Though it be not againſt the Law
Of GOD, as Men may clearly knaw.
Between theſe two what Difference been,
By faithful Folk it may be ſeen.
Such Antitheſes many mo,
I might declare, which I let go:
Of each Order the ſtately Stile;
The ſilly Nuns will think grea' ſhame,
Except they called be, Madam:
The poor Prieſt thinks he gets no Right,
Be he not ſtiled like a Knight,
And called Sir before his Name.

As Sir *Thomas* and Sir *William*.
All Monks, as ye may hear and ſee,
Are called Deans for Dignitie:
Albeit his Mother milk the Cow,
He muſt be called Dean *Andrew*,
Dean *Peter*, Dean *Paul*, Dean *Robert*:
With CHRIST they take a painful Part,
With double Clothing from the Cold,
Eating and drinking when they wold:
Wit curious countring in the Queer:
GOD knows if they buy heaven full dear,
My Lord Abbot right venerable,
Ay marſhalled upmoſt at the Table:
My Lord Biſhop right reverent,
Sits above Earls in Parliament:
And Cardinals during their Reigns,
Fellows to princes and to Kings;
The Pope exalted in Honor,
Above the potent Emperor.
The proud Parſon I think truly.
He leads his Life right luſtily:
For why, he hath no other Pyne,
But takes the Tithes, and ſpends them ſyn:
But he is oblisht by Reaſon
To preach unto his Pariſhon:
Though they lack Preaching ſeventeen Year,
He will not lack a peck of Bear:
Some Parſon hath at his Command
The wanton Winches of the Land:
Als they have great Prerogatives,
That they may part ay with their Wives,
Without Divorce or Summoning,
Then take another without Wedding.
Some would think it a luſty Life.
Ay when he liſts to change a Wife.
And take another of more Beauty:
But ſeculars lack that Liberty,
The which are bound in Marriage.
But they like Rams into their Rage,
Unpiſſed, runs among the Ews,
So long as Nature in them grows:
And eke the Vicar, as I trow,

He

He will not fail to take a Cow,
And upmoſt Cloth (though Babes them ban)
From a poor ſilly Huſband-man,
When that he lieth for to die,
Having ſmall Children two or three:
That hath three Kine withoutten ma,
The Vicar muſt have one of tha,
With the gray Cloke that haps the Bed,
Albeit that he be poorly clad:
And if his Wife die on the Morn,
Though all the Babes ſhould be forlorn,
Tho other Cow he cleeks away,
With the poor Coat of Raploch gray;
And if within two Years or three,
The eldeſt Child happen to die,
Of the third Cow he will be ſure.
When he them hath all under Cure,
And Father and Mother both are dead,
Beg muſt the Babes without Remead:
They hold the Corps at the Kirk Stile,
And there it muſt remain a while,
Till they get ſufficient Soverty,
For their Church-Right and Duty.
Then comes the Landlord perforce,
And cleeks to him an hired Horſe.
Poor Labourers would theſe Laws were down,
Which never founded was by Reaſon.
I heard them ſay under Confeſſion,
That Law was brother to Oppreſſion.
My Son, I have ſhown as I can,
How the fifth Monarchy began,
Whoſe great Empire for to report,
At length the Time been all too ſhort.

A ſhort Deſcription of the Court of Rome.

FAther, ſaid I, What Rule keep they in *Rome*,
Which hath ſpiritual Dominion,
And Monarchy above all *Chriſtendom*?
Show me, I make you Supplication.

E. My Son, would I make true Narration,
Said he, to *Peter* and *Paul* though they ſucceed,
I think they prove not that into their Deed.

Fa

For *Peter*, *Andrew* and *John*, were Fishers fine,
f Men and Women to the Christian Faith:
ut they have spread their Net with Hook and Line,
n Rents, Riches, on Gold and other Graith:
ch fishing to neglect they will be laith.
or why, they have fished overtwhart Strands,
great Part truly of all temporal Lands.

With the tenth Part of all Goods moveable,
or the upholding of their Dignities;
been their Fishing very profitable.
n the dry Land, as well as on the Seas:
heir Berry Water they spread over all Countries,
nd with their Hosenet daily draws to *Rome*,
he most fine Gold that is in *Christendom*.

I dare well say, within this fifty Year,
me hath received forth of this Region,
r Bulls and Benefices which they buy full dear,
hat might full well have paid a King's Ransom.
t were I worthy for to wear a Crown,
iests should no more our Substance so consume,
nding yearly so great Riches to *Rome*.

to their Tramelt-net they fang'd a Fish
re than a Whale, worthy of Memory,
whom they had many a dainty Dish,
which they are exalted to great Glory.
at marvellous Monster called *Purgatory*:
beit to us it be not amiable,
hath to them been very profitable.

Let they that fruitful Fish escape their Net,
r which they have so great Commodities:
more fat Fish I trust they shall not get,
ough they should search out through the Ocean (Seas:
ieu, the daily dolorous Dirigies,
ly poor Priests may sing with Heart full sorry,
ck they that painful Palace *Purgatory*.

Farewel Monkry, with Chanon, Nun and Frier:
as, they will be lightlied in all Lands:
wls will no more be known in Church or Quire,
they that fruitful Fish escape their Hands.
unsel you to bind him fast in Bands:

For

For *Peter*, *Andrew* nor *John* could never get
So profitable a Fish into their net.

Their Merchandise unto all Nations,
As printed Lead, their Wax, and their Parchment,
Their Pardons and their Dispensations,
They do exceed some temporal Prince's Rent,
In such Traffick they are not negligent:
Of Benefice they make good Merchandise,
Though Simony, which they hold little Vice.

CHRIST did command *Peter* to feed his Sheep,
And so he did feed them full tenderly:
Of that command they take but little keep,
But CHRIST's sheep they spoil piteously,
And with the Wool they clothe them curiously:
Like greedy Wolves they take of them their Food,
They eat their Flesh, and drink both Milk and Blood.

For their Office, they serve but little Hire:
I think such Pastors are not worth to prise,
Which cannot guide their Sheep about the Mire,
They are so busie in their Merchandise:
Though *Peter* was Porter of Paradise.
That pleasant Passage craftily they close
Through them right few gets entress, I suppose.

CHRIST JESUS said, as *Matthew* doth report,
Wo be to Scribes and to Pharisiance,
The which did close of Paradise the Port:
Of them we have the same Experience,
To enter there they make small Diligence,
They take such Care of temporal Business,
Right so from us they stop the plain Entress.

The spiritual Keys that CHRIST to *Peter* gave,
Their Colour with Smoke and Rust are faded:
Unexercised they hold them in their Neeve:
Of that Office they serve to be derided
With GOD's Word, except that they amend it,
Opening the Port which long Time hath been closed
That we may enter with them, and be rejoiced.

Contrair to CHRIST's Institution,
To them that dies in Habit of a Frier,

Rom

Rome hath them granted full Remiſſion,
To paſs to Heaven ſtraight Way withouten Wear,
Which been in *Scotland* uſed many a Year.
Is there ſuch Vertue in a Frier's Hood,
I think in vain CHRIST JESUS ſhed his Blood.

Would GOD, the Pope who hath Preeminence.
With Advice of his Councils General,
That they would make their debtful Diligence,
That Chriſt's Laws might be keeped over all,
And truly preached both to great and ſmall:
And give to them ſpiritual Authority,
Which can perfectly ſhow forth the Verity.

Who cannot preach, a Prieſt ſhould not be named,
As may be proved by the Law divine:
And by the Canon Law they are defamed,
That takes Prieſt-hood but only to that Fine:
To all Vertue their Hearts they ſhould incline,
In ſpecial to preach with true Intents,
And miniſter the needful Sacraments.

As for their Monks, their Canons and their Friers,
And luſty Ladies of Religion,
I know not whereto their Office effeirs:
But Men may ſee their great Abuſion:
They are not like, into Concluſion,
Neither into their Words, nor by their Works,
To the Apoſtles, Prophets, nor Patriarchs.

If preſently theſe Prelates cannot preach,
Then let each Biſhop have a Suffragan,
Of Succeſſor, who can the People teach,
On their Expences yearly to remain,
To cauſe the People from their Vice refrain:
And when a Prelate happens to deceaſe,
Then put a perfect Preacher in his Place.

Do they not ſo, on them ſhall ly the Charge,
Giving unable Men Authority,
As who would make a Steers-man to a Barge,
Of one blind-born, which can no Danger ſee:
If that Ship drown, forſooth I ſay for me,
Who gave the Steers-man ſuch Commiſſion,
Should of the Ship make Reſtitution.

The

The humane Laws that are contrarious,
And not conforming to the Law divine,
They ſhould expel, and hold them odious,
When they perceive them come to no good Fine,
Invented but by ſenſual Mens Engine;
As that Law which forbiddeth Marriage,
Cauſing young Clerks burn into Luſt's Rage.

Full hard it is Chaſtity to obſerve,
Without great Grace and Abſtinence.
Into our Fleſh ay reigneth till we ſterve,
That firſt original Sin, Concupiſcence,
Which we through *Adam*'s Diſobedience
Have done incur, and ſhall endure for ever,
Till that our Soul and Body Death diſſervor.

Wherefore made GOD of Marriage the Band
In Paradiſe? as Scripture doth record.
In *Galilee*, right ſo I underſtand,
Was Marriage honored by CHRIST our LORD:
Old Law and New, thereto they do concord.
I think, for me, better that they had ſleeped,
Than to have made a Law, and never keeped.

Took not CHRIST JESUS His Humanity
Of a Virgin in Marriage contracted,
And of her Fleſh clad His Divinity?
Why have they done this bleſſed Bond dejected
In their Kingdom? would GOD it were corrected,
That young Prelates might marry luſty Wives,
And not in ſenſual Luſt to lead their Lives.

Did not CHRIST chooſe of honeſt married Men
As well as they had keeped Chaſtity,
For to be his Diſciples, as ye ken,
As in the Scripture clearly thou mayſt ſee?
They keeped ſtill their Wives with Honeſty:
As *Peter*, and his ſpouſed Brethren all,
Obſerved Chaſtity Matrimonial.

But now appears the Prophecy of *Paul*,
How ſome ſhould riſe into the latter Age,
That from the true Faith ſhould depart and fall,
And ſome forbid the Bond of Marriage.
Als thou ſhalt find into that ſame Paſſage,

They

They ſhould command from Meats for to abſtain,
Which GOD create His people to ſuſtain.

But ſince the Pope our ſpiritual Prince and King'
He doth over-ſee ſuch vices manifeſt,
And in his Kingdom ſuffers for to reign,
The Men by whom the Verity is ſuppreſt,
I excuſe not himſelf more than the Reſt.
Alas, how ſhould we Members be well uſed,
When thus our ſpiritual Heads are abuſed.

The famous ancient Doctor *Avicen*,
Says, When ill Rheum deſcendeth from the Head,
Into the Members genders meikle Pain,
Except there be made haſtily Remead,
When the cold Humor doth therefrom proceed,
In Sinnews it cauſeth Arthritica,
Right ſo unto the Hands of *Chiragra*.

Of Maladies it genders many mo,
Except Men get ſome Sovereign Preſerve.
As in his Thighs *Siatica Paſſio*,
And in the Breaſt ſometimes the ſtrong Caterve,
Which cauſeth Men right haſtily to ſtarve:
And *Podagra* right difficle for to cure
In Mens Feet, which long Time doth endure.

So to this moſt triumphant Court of *Rome*,
This Similitude I may full well compare,
Which hath been Heirſhip over all *Chriſtendom*,
And to the World an evil Exemplar,
That ſometimes was Lead-ſtar and Luminar,
And the moſt ſapient Seat of Sanctitude,
And now, alas, bare of Beatitude.

Their Kingdom may be called *Babylon*,
Which ſometimes was a bright *Jeruſalem*,
As plainly meaneth the Apoſtle *John*.
Their moſt famous City hath loſt the Fame:
Inhabiters thereof their noble Name.
For why they have of Saints the Habitacle,
To *Simon Magus* made a Tabernacle.

A horrible Vail of every Kind of Vice,
A lothly Loch of ſtinking Lecherie.

A curſed Cave, corrupted with Covetice,
Bordered about with Pride and *Simonie*:
Some ſay, A Ciſtern full of *Sodomie*:
Whoſe Vice in ſpecial, if I would declare,
It were enough for to perturb the Air.

Of Truth the whom Chriſtian Religion,
Through them is ſcandalized and offended:
It cannot fail, but their Abuſion,
Before the Throne of GOD it is aſcended.
I dread, but doubt, except that they amend it,
The Plagues of *John* his *Revelation*,
Shall fall upon their *Generation*.

O LORD, which hath the Heart of every King
Into Thine Hand, I make Thee ſupplication,
Convert that Court, that of Thy Grace benign,
They would make general Reformation
Among themſelves in every Nation,
That they may be an holy Exemplar
To us Thy poor Laick common Popular.

Hungred, alas! for Fault of ſpiritual Food,
Becauſe from us is hid the Verity:
O Prince, that ſhed for us his precious Blood,
Kindle in us the Fire of Charity,
And ſave us from eternal Miſery,
Now labouring in Thy Church Militant,
That we may come to Thy Church Triumphant.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

Making Mention of the Death of the Antichriſt *of the general Judgment, &c. With an Exhortation by* Experience *to the* Courteour.

C. PRudent Father Experience,
Since you of your Benevolence,
Hath cauſed me for to conſider.
How worldly Pomp and Glore been ſlidder,
By diverſe Stories miſerable,
Which to rehearſe been lamentable.

Yet

Yet ere ſhe paſs out of this Vale,
I pray you give me your Counſel,
What ſhall I do in Time coming,
To have the Glore everlaſting?
E. My Son, ſaid he, ſet thine Intent
To keep the LORD's Commandement:
And preaſs thee not to climb over hy,
To no worldly Authority.
Who in this World do moſt rejoice,
Are fardeſt ay from their Purpoſe.
Wouldſt thou leave worldly Vanities,
And think on four Extremities,
Which are to come, and that ſhortly,
Thou wouldſt never ſin wilfully:
Print theſe four in thy Memory,
Death, the Hell and Heaven's Glory,
And extream Judgment general,
Where thou muſt render a Count of all;
Thou ſhalt not fail to be Content,
Of quiet Life and ſober Rent,
Conſidering no Man can be ſure
In Earth one Hour for to endure:
So all worldly Proſperity
Is mixed with great Miſery,
Were thou Emperor of *Aſia*,
King of *Europe* and *Africa*,
Great Dominator of the Sea:
And though the Heavens did thee obey,
All Fiſhes ſwimming in the Strand,
All Beaſts and Fowls at thy Command;
Concluding thou were King over all,
Under the Heavens Imperial,
In that moſt high Authority,
Thou ſhouldſt find leaſt Tranquillity.
Example of King *Solomon*,
More precious Life had never none:
Such Riches with ſo great Pleaſure,
Had never King nor Emperour,
With moſt profound Intelligence,
And ſuper-excellent Sapience,
His pleaſant Habitations,
Precelled all other Nations.

Gardens and Parks for Harts and Hinds,
Stanks with Fiſhes of diverſe Kinds:
Moſt profound Maſters of Muſick,
That in the World was none them like:
Such Treaſure of Gold and precious Stones,
In Earth had never a King at once.
He had ſeven hundred luſty Queens,
And three hundred fair Concubines.
In Earth there was nothing pleaſand,
Contrarious to his Command:
Yet all his great Proſperity,
He thought it vain and Vanity,
And never found Repoſe compleat,
Without Affliction of the Sprit.
C. Father, ſaid I, It marvels me,
He having ſuch Proſperity,
With ſo great Riches above Meaſure,
For he had infinite Pleaſure.
E. My Son, ſaid I, If thou wouldſt know,
The Verity I ſhall thee ſhow:
There is no worldly Thing at all,
May ſatisfie a Man's Soul:
For it is ſo inſatiable,
That Heaven and Earth may not be able
A Soul alone for to content,
Till it ſee GOD Omnipotent.
Was never none, nor never ſhall be
Satiate, that Sight till that he ſee.
Wherefore, my Son, ſet not thy Cure,
In Earth where nothing can be ſure,
Except the Death allannerly,
Which follows Men continually:
Therefore, my Son, remember thee,
Within ſhort Time that thou muſt die,
Not knowing when, how, or in what Place,
But as it pleaſeth the KING of Grace.

Of DEATH.

OF Miſeries moſt miſerable,
Is Death, and moſt abominable:
That dreadful Dragon with his Darts,
Ay ready for to pierce the Hearts

Of

Of every Creature on Live:
Contrair whose Strength may no Man strive,
Of dolent Death this sore Sentence,
Was given through Disobedience
Of our Parents, alas, therefore,
As I have done declare before,
How they and their Posterity,
Were all condemned for to dy.
Albeit the Flesh to Death be thral,
GOD hath the Soul made Immortal;
And so of His Benignity,
Hath mixt His Justice with Mercy:
Therefore call to Remembrance,
Of this false World the Variance,
How we like Pilgrims Even and Morrow,
Are ravelling through this Vale of Sorrow;
Sometime in vain Prosperity,
And sometime in great Misery.
Sometime in Bliss, sometime in Baill,
Sometime right Sick, and sometime Haill:
Sometime full Rich, and sometime Poor;
Wherefore, my Son, take little Cure,
Neither of great Prosperity,
Nor yet of greater Misery:
But pleasant Life, and hard Mischance,
Ponder them both in one Ballance,
Considering none other Authority:
Riches, Wisdom, nor Dignity,
Empire of Realms, Beauty, nor Strength,
May not one Day our Lives length:
Since we are sure that we must die,
Farewel all vain Felicity.
Greatly it doth perturb my Mind,
Of dolent Death the diverse Kind:
Though Death to every Man resorts,
Yet strikes he into sundry Sorts:
Some by hot Fevers Violence,
Some by contagious Pestilence,
Some by Justice Execution,
Been put to Death without Remission.
Some Hanged, some do lose their Heads,
Some Hurt, some Sodden into Leads:

And ſome for their unlawful Acts,
Are rent and riven on the Rakes,
Some are diſſolved by Poiſon
Some on the Night are murdered down:
Some falls into Phreneſie,
Some dies into Hydropiſie.
And other ſtrange Infirmities,
Wherein many a Thouſand dies,
Which humane Nature doth abhore;
As in the Gut, Gravel and Gore,
Some in the Flux and Fever quartan,
But ay the Hour of Death's uncertain.
Some are diſſolved ſuddenly,
By Catharre or Apoplexy.
Some do deſtroy their ſelf, and alſo
As *Hannibal* and wiſe *Cato*.
By Thunder Death doth ſome conſume,
As he did the third King of *Rome*,
Called *Tullus Hoſtilius*,
As writeth great *Valerius*,
For he and his Houſhold at once,
Were burnt by Thunder, Fleſh and Bones,
Some dieth by extream Exceſs,
Of Joy, as *Valerie* doth expreſs,
Some by extream Melancholly,
Will die but other Maladie.
In Chronicles thou mayſt well ken,
How many hundred thouſand Men
Are ſlain, ſince firſt the World began
In Battel, and how many a Man,
Upon the Seas do loſe their Lives,
When that Ships upon the Rocks rives:
Though ſome die naturally through Age,
Far mo die raving in a Rage.
Happy is he the which hath Space,
At his laſt Hour to cry for Grace.
Albeit Death be abominable,
I think it ſhould be comfortable
To them of the faithful Number,
For they depart from Care and Cumber,
From Trouble, Travel, Sturt and Strife,
To Joy and everlaſting Life.

Polidorus

Polidorus Virgilius,
To that Effect he writeth thus:
In *Thrace* when any Child was born,
Their Kin and Friends was them beforn,
With dolent Lamentation,
For the great Tribulation,
Calamity, Cumber and Cure,
That they on Earth are to endure;
But at their Death and Burying,
They make great Joy and Banqueting,
That they have paſt from Miſery,
To Reſt and great Felicity.
Since Death been final Concluſion,
What avails worldly Proviſion,
When Wiſdom may not countermand,
Nor Strength the Stour may not gain-ſtand:
Ten thouſand Millions of Treaſure,
May not prolong thy Life one Hour:
After whoſe dolent departing,
Thy Spirit ſhall but tarrying,
Straight way to Joy ineſtimable,
Or to ſtrong Pain intolerable:
Thy vile corrupted Carion,
Shall turn to Putrification,
And ſo remain in Powder ſmall,
Unto the Judgment general.

A ſhort Deſcription of the Antichriſt.

SAid I, Father, I hear Men ſay,
That there ſhall riſe before that Day,
Which ye call general Judgment,
A wicked Man from Satan ſent,
And contrary the Law of CHRIST,
Called the cruel *Antichriſt*:
And ſome ſay, That miſchievous Man
Deſcended ſhall of the Tribe of *Dan*,
That ſhould be born in *Babylon*,
The which deceive ſhall many One,
Infidels ſhall of every Airt,
With that falſe Prophet take a Part;
And how *Enoch* and *Elias*,
Shall preach againſt that falſe *Meſſias*:

But finally his falſe Doctrine,
And he, ſhall be put to Ruine:
But neither by the Fire nor Sword,
But by the Virtue of GOD's Word:
And if this be of Verity,
The Sooth, I pray you, ſhow to me?
E. My Son, ſaid he, as writeth *John*,
There ſhall not be a Man alone,
Having that Name in Special;
But *Antichriſts*, in General
Have been, and now are many one:
And right ſo in the Time of *John*,
Were *Antichriſts*, as himſelf ſays,
As preſently now in theſe Days,
Are right many withoutten doubt,
Were their falſe Laws well ſought out:
Who was a greater *Antichriſt*,
And more contrarious to CHRIST,
Than the falſe Prophet *Mahomet*,
Which his curſt Laws made ſo ſweet?
In *Turky* yet they are obſerved,
Where through the Hell he hath deſerved
All *Turky*, *Saracens* and *Jews*,
That in the SON of GOD not trows,
Are *Antichriſts*, I thee declare,
Becauſe to CHRIST they are contrair,
Daniel ſays, in his Prophecies,
That after theſe great Monarchies
Shall riſe a marvellous potent King,
Which with a ſhameful Face ſhall reign,
Mighty and Wiſe in dark Speakings,
And proſperous in all pleaſant Things:
Through his Falſhood and Craftineſs,
He ſhall flow into Wealthineſs.
The godly People he ſhall noy
By cruel Death, and them deſtroy.
The KING of Kings ſhall him gainſtand,
Then be deſtroyed withoutten Hand.
Paul ſays, before the LORD's coming,
That there ſhall be a departing,
And that Man of Iniquity,
To all Men he ſhall opened be:

Which shall sit on the holy Seat,
Contrary GOD to make Debate;
But that Son of Perdition
Shall be put to Confusion,
By Power of the Holy Sprit,
When he his Time hath done compleat
Believe not that in Time coming,
A greater *Antichrist* shall reign,
Than there hath been, and presently
Are now, as Clerks can espy:
Therefore my Will is that thou knaw,
Whatever they be that make the Law,
Though they be called Christian Men,
By natural Reason thou mayst ken,
Be they never of so great Valor,
Pope, Cardinal, King or Emperor,
Extolling their Traditions,
Above CHRIST's Institutions,
Making Laws contrair to CHRIST,
He is a very *Antichrist*.
And who doth fortifie or defend
Such Law, I make it to thee kend,
Be he a Pope, Emperor, King or Queen,
Great Sorrow shall on them be seen,
At CHRIST His extream Judgment,
Except in Time they do repent.

A short Remembrance of the most Terrible Day of Judgment.

E. FAther, said I, with your Licence,
Since you have such Experience,
Yet one Thing at you would I spear,
When shall this dreadful Day appear,
Which you call Judgment general,
What things before that Day shall fall?
Where shall appear that dreadful Judge?
Or how may Faulters get Refuge?

E. Said he, As to thy first Question,
I can make no Solution:
Wherefore perturb not thine Intent,
To know the Day, Hour, or Moment;
To GOD alone the Day is knowa,

Which never was to Angels ſhown:
Albeit by diverſe Conjectures,
And principal Expoſitures,
Of *Daniel* and his Prophecy,
And by the Sentence of *Elie*,
Which have declared as they can,
How long its ſince the World began:
And for to ſhow have done their Cure,
How long they truſt it ſhall endure:
And eke how many Ages been,
As in their Works it may be ſeen.
But to declare theſe Queſtions,
There are diverſe Opinions,
Some Writers have the World divided
In ſix Ages, as been decided,
Into *Faſciculis temporum*,
And *Chronica chronicorum*:
And by the Sentence of *Elie*,
The World divided is in three,
As cunning Maſter *Carion*,
Hath made plain Expoſition.
How *Elie* ſays withoutten Wears,
The World ſhall laſt ſix thouſand Years:
Of whom I follow the Sentence,
And let the other Books go hence.
From the Creation of *Adam*,
Two thouſand Years to *Abraham*,
From *Abraham* by this Narration,
To CHRIST His Incarnation,
Right ſo hath been two thouſand Years,
As by their Prophecies appears;
From CHRIST, as they make to us kend,
Two thouſand Years to the World's End,
The which are by-gone, as I ween,
A thouſand ſix hundred, ten and thirteen,
And ſo remains to come but Wear,
Three hundred, threeſcore and eighteen Year,
And then the LORD Omnipotent,
Shall come to His great Judgment.
CHRIST ſays, The Time ſhall be made ſhort,
As *Matthew* plainly doth report,
That for the World's Iniquity,

The

The latter Time shall shortned be:
For Pleasure of the chosen Number,
That they may pass from Care & Cumber.
So by this Count it may be kend,
The World is drawing near an End:
For Legions are come no Doubt,
Of *Antichrist* were they sought out:
And many Tokens do appear,
As after shortly thou shalt hear:
How that Saint *Jerom* doth indite,
That he hath read in *Hebrew* Writ,
Of fifteen Things in special,
Before that Judgment general:
Of some of them I take no Cure,
Which I find not in the Scripture.
A Part of them though I declare,
First, I will to the Scripture fare:
CHRIST says, Before that Day of Doom,
There shall be Signs of Sun and Moon:
The Sun shall hide his Beams bright,
So that the Moon shall give no Light:
The glistring Stars by Mens Judgment,
Shall fall forth of the Firmament.
Of these Signs, ere we farther gone,
Some moral Sense we will expone,
As cunning Clerks have oft declar'd,
And have the Sun and Moon compar'd,
The Sun to the State spiritual,
The Moon to princes temporal.
Right so the Stars they do compare,
To Laick common Popular.
The Moon and Stars have no Light,
But the Reflex of *Phebus* bright:
So when the Sun of Light is dark,
The Moon and Stars must needs be mirk.
Right so when Pastors spirituals,
Popes, Bishops and Cardinals,
In their Beginning shews great Light,
The temporal State was ruled right:
But now, alas, it is not so;
Their shining Lamps been long ago,
Their radious Beams are turn'd to Reck,

For now in Earth nothing they ſeek,
Except Riches and Dignity,
Following their Senſuality.
Many Prelates are now reignand,
The which no more do underſtand
What doth pertain to their Office,
Then they can kindle Fire with Ice.
Wo be to Popes, I ſay for me,
That ſuffers ſuch Enormity,
That ignorant worldly Creatures
Should in the Church have any Cures.
No marvel though the People ſlide,
When they have blind Men to their Guide:
For a Prelate that cannot preach,
Nor GOD's Law to People teach,
Eſay compares them in his Wark,
To a dumb Dog that cannot bark:
And CHRIST him calleth in His Grief,
Moſt like a Murtherer or a Thief.
The cunning Doctor *Auguſtine*,
To Wolves and Devils doth them define
The Canon Law doth them defame,
That of a Prelate bears the Name,
And will not preach the divine Laws,
As the Decrees plainly ſhaws.
But thoſe that have Authority,
To provide ſpiritual Dignity,
Might if they pleaſed to take Pain,
Cauſe them light all their Lamps again,
But ever, alas that is not done,
So darkned been both Sun and Moon.
Were Kings Lives well declared,
The which are to the Moon compared,
Men might conſider their Eſtate,
From Charity degenerate,
I think they ſhould think meikle Shame
Of CHRIST for to take their Surname,
They live not like to *Chriſtians*,
But more like *Turks* or *Pagans*,
Turks contrair *Turks* makes little Wear,
But *Chriſtian* Princes takes no Fear,
Which ſhould agree as Brother with Brother:

But now each one dings down another:
I know no reasonable Cause wherefore,
Except Pride, Covetous, and vain Glore:
The Emperor moves his Ordinance
Contrair the potent king of *France*,
And *France* right so with great Rigor,
Contrair his Friend the Emperor,
And right so *France* against *England*,
England also against *Scotland*,
And eke the *Scots* with all their Might,
Do fight for to defend their Right
Between the Realms of *Albion*,
Where Battels have been many one,
Can be made no Affinity,
Nor yet no Consanguinity:
Nor by no Way they can consider,
That they may have no Peace together,
I dread these Wars make no ending,
Till they be both under one King,
Though CHRIST the Sovereign KING of Grace,
Left in His Testament Love and Peace,
Our Kings from War will not refrain,
Till there be many a Thousand slain:
Great Damage made by Sea and Land,
As all the World may understand.

C. Father, I think that temporal kings
May fight for to defend their Reigns:
For I have seen the spiritual State
Make War, their Rights for to debate,
I saw Pope *Julius* manfully,
Pass to the Field triumphantly,
With a right awful Ordinance,
Contrair *Lewis* the king of *France*:
And for to do him more Despite,
He did his Region interdite,

E. My Son, said he, as I suppose,
That belongs well to our Purpose,
How Sun and Moon are both denude
Of Light, as Clerks do conclude:
Comparing them, as you heard tell,
To spiritual State and temporal:
And common People have despaired,

Which to the Stars have been compared.
Laick People follow ay their Heads,
And ſpecially into their Deeds,
The moſt Part of Religion
Been turned to Abuſion.
What doeth avail religious Weeds,
When they are contrair to their Deeds?
What Holineſs is there within
A Wolf clad in a Wedder's Skin?
So by theſe Tokens doth appear,
The Day of Judgment draweth near.
Now let us leave this moral Senſe,
Proceeding to our Purpoſe hence,
And of this Matter ſpeak no more,
Beginning where we left before.
The Scripture ſays, After theſe Signs,
Shall be ſeen many marvellous Things,
Then ſhall riſe Tribulations
In Earth, and great Mutations,
As well here under, as above,
When Power of the Heavens ſhall move;
Such cruel Wars ſhall be ere than,
was never ſince the World began:
The which ſhall cauſe great Indigence,
As Dearth, Hunger and Peſtilence:
The horrible Sound of the Sea,
The People ſhall perturb and flee:
Jerom ſays, It ſhall riſe on hight
Above the Mountains by Mens ſight:
But it ſhall not ſpread over the Land,
But like a Wall ſhall ſtraight upſtand,
Then ſettle down again ſo low,
That no Man ſhall the Water know:
Great Whales ſhall rummiſh, rout and rair,
Whoſe Sound redound ſhall in the Air,
All Fiſh and Monſters marvellous,
Shall cry with Sounds odious.
That Men ſhall wither on the Eird,
And weeping warie ſhall their Weird,
With loud alas and Wail-away,
That ever we lived to ſee that Day,
And ſpecially thoſe that dwelling be,

Upon

Upon the Coasts of the Sea.
Right so, as *Jeronie* concludes,
Shall be seen Ferlies on the Floods:
The Sea with moving marvellous,
Shall burn with Flames furious:
Right so shall burn Fountains and Flood,
And Herb and Trees shall sweat like Blood.
Fowls shall fall forth out of the Air,
Wild Beasts to the Plain repair,
And in their Manner make their Moan,
Howling with many griesly Groan,
The Bodies of the dead Creatures,
Appear shall on their Sepulchres:
Then shall both Men, Women and Bairns
Come crying forth of dark Caverns,
Where they for Dread were hid before,
With Sighs and Sobs, and Heart full sore,
Wandring about as they were wood:
Affamished for want of Food:
None may make other Comforting,
But double Grief and Lamenting.
What may they do but weep and wonder,
When they see Rocks shake all asunder,
Through trembling of the Earth and quaking
of Sorrow then shall be no slacking.
They that are living in those Days,
May tell of terrible Affrays.
Then Riches, Rents, and great Treasure,
That Time may do them small Pleasure:
But when such Wonders do appear,
Men may be sure that Day draws near.
The just Men shall pass to the Glore,
Unjust to Pain for evermore.

C. Father, said I, we daily read
An Article into our Creed,
Saying that Christ omnipotent,
Into that general Judgment,
Shall judge both quick and dead also;
Wherefore declare me ere I go,
If there shall any Man or Wife,
That Day be founded upon Life?

E. Said he, as to that Question,

I shall

I ſhall make ſome Solution:
The Scripture plainly doth expone,
When all Tokens are come and gone,
Yet many an hundred thouſand Men,
That ſelf-ſame Day ſhall be livand,
Albeit there ſhall no Creature.
Neither of Day nor Hour be ſure,
For CHRIST ſhall come ſo ſuddenly,
That no Man ſhall the Time eſpy,
As it was in the Time of *Noy*,
When GOD did all the World deſtroy,
Some one the Field ſhall be laboring,
Some in the Temple marrying,
Some before Judges making Plea,
And ſome Men ſailing on the Sea:
Thoſe that be on the Field going
Shall not return to their Lodging:
Who been upon the Houſe above,
Shall not have Leiſure to remove.
Two ſhall be in the Mill grinding,
Which ſhall be taken without Warning,
The one to everlaſting Glore,
The other loſt for evermore.
Two ſhall be lying in one Bed,
The one to Pleaſure ſhall be led,
The other ſhall be left alone,
Weeping with many a grievous Grone.
And ſo, my Son, thou mayſt well trow,
The world ſhall be as it is now,
The people uſing Buſineſs,
As Holy Scripture doth expreſs,
Since no Man knows the Hour nor Day,
The Scripture bids us watch and pray,
And for our Sins be penitent,
As CHRIST would come incontinent.

The Manner how CHRIST ſhall come to His Judgment.

WHen all the Tokens are brought to End,
Then ſhall the SON of GOD deſcend:
As Fireflaughts haſtily glancing,
Deſcend ſhall the great heavenly KING,

As *Phebus* in the *Orient*
Lightneth in haſte the *Occident*,
So pleaſantly He ſhall appear
Among the heavenly Clouds clear,
With great Power and Majeſtie,
Above the Country of *Indie*,
As Clerks have concluded haill,
Direct above the luſty Vale
Of *Joſophat*, and Mount *Olivet*:
All Prophecy there ſhall be compleat.
The Angels of the Orders nine,
Environ ſhall the Throne divine,
With humble Adoration,
Making him Miniſtration:
In His Preſence there ſhall be born
The Sign of Croſs, and Crown of Thorn:
Pilate and Nails, Scourges and Spear,
With every Thing that did Him deer,
The Time of his grim Paſſion.
And for our Conſolation,
Appear ſhall in his Hands and Feet,
And in his Side the Print compleat,
Of His five Wounds precious,
Shining like Rubies radious,
To Reprobates Confuſion:
And for final Concluſion,
He ſitting in His Tribunal,
With great Power Imperial,
Then ſhall an Angel blow a Blaſt,
Which ſhall make all the World agaſt,
With hidious Voice and vehement.
Riſe up dead folk, come to Judgment.
With that all reaſonable Creature,
That ever was formed by Nature,
Shall ſuddenly riſe up at once,
Conjoined with Soul, Fleſh, blood and Bones.
That terrible Trumpet, I hear tell,
Shall be heard in Heaven, Earth and Hell:
Thoſe that were drowned in the Sea,
That boiſtrous blaſt they ſhall obey,
Where-ever the Body buried was,
All ſhall be found into that Place,

Angels

Angels shall pass in the four Arts
Of Earth, and bring them from all Parts,
And with an instant Diligence,
Present them to His Excellence.
Saint *Jerom* thought continually
On this Judgment so ardently:
He said, Whether I eat or drink,
Or wake or sleep, forsooth I think,
That terrible Trumpet like a Bell,
So quickly in mine Ears doth knell,
As instantlie as it were present,
Rise up dead Folk, come to Judgment,
If Saint *Jerom* took such Affray,
Alas, what shall we Sinners say.
All those that shall be found alive,
Then shall Immortal be believe:
And in the Twinkling of an Eye,
With Fire they shall translated be,
And never for to die again,
As divine Scripture showeth plain:
As ready both for Pain and Glore,
As they which died long Time before.
Some Authors say, They shall appear
In Age of three and thirty Year,
Whether they die young or old,
Whose great Number may not be told.
That Day shall not be mist one Man,
Which was born since the World began.
The Angel shall them separate,
As doth an Herd, sheep from the Goat,
And those that be of Belial's Band,
Trembling upon the Earth shall stand,
On the left Hand of that great Judge,
But esperance to get Refuge;
But these that are predestinate,
Shall from the Earth be elevate:
And that most happy Company,
Shall ordered be triumphantly,
At the Right Hand of CHRIST our KING,
High in the Air with loud Loving.
Full gloriously there shall compear,
More bright than *Phebus* in his Sphere,

The Virgin *Mary* QUEEN of Queens.
With many a thousand of Virgins,
The Fathers of the Old Testament,
Which were to GOD Obedient,
Father *Adam* shall them convoy,
With *Abel*, *Seth*, *Enoch* and *Noy*.
Abraham with all his faithful Warks,
With all the prudent Patriarchs:
John the *Baptist* shall there compear,
The principal and last Messenger,
Wich came but half a Year before
The Coming of the KING of Glore.
Moses and *Esaias* honorable,
With all true Prophets venerable.
David with all the faithful Kings,
Which vertuously did rule their Reigns,
The noble Chiftain *Josue*,
With gentle *Judas Maccabe*,
With many a noble Champion,
Which in their Time with great Renown
Manfully to their Lives End,
The Law of GOD they did defend.
With *Eve* that Day shall be present,
The Ladies of the Old Testament:
Deborah, *Adam*'s Daughter dear,
With four most lusty Ladies clear,
Which kept were in the Ark with *Noy*.
Sara and *Keturah* with Joy,
The which to *Abraham* Wives been,
With good *Rebecca* there shall be seen.
The prudent Wives of *Israel*,
Good *Leah* and the fair *Rachel*,
With *Judith*, *Esther* and *Susanna*,
And the right sapient Queen *Seba*.
There shall compear *Peter* and *Paul*,
With CHRIST His good Disciples all.
Laurence and *Steven* with their blest Band
Of Martyrs more than Ten thousand.
Gregory, *Ambrose* and *Augustin*,
With Confessors a triumphant Train.
With Saint *Francis* and *Benedick*,
Saint *Bernard* and Saint *Dominick*,

The

With

With ſmall Number of Monks and Friers,
Of *Carmelites* and *Cardiliers*,
That for the Love of CHRIST only,
Renounc'd the World unfeignedly:
With *Elizabeth* and *Anna*:
All good Wives ſhall compear that Day.
The bleſt and holy *Magdalen*,
That day before her Sovereign.
Right pleaſantly He ſhall preſent,
all Sinners that were penitent,
Which of their Guilt here asked Grace,
In Heaven with her ſhall have a Place,
But wo be to that bailful Band,
Which ſhall ſtand low at his left Hand;
Wo then to Kings and Emperors,
That were unrighteous Conquerors,
For their Glore and particular Good,
Caus'd ſhed ſo meikle ſakeleſs Blood,
Both Scepter, Crown, and Robe Royal,
That Day they ſhall make count of all,
And for their cruel Tyranny,
Shall puniſht be perpetually.
Ye Lords and Barons more and leſs,
That our poor Tenants did oppreſs,
By great Girſum and double Maill,
More than your Lands were avail,
With ſore exorbitant Carriage,
With Mercheets of their Marriage,
Tormented both in Peace and Wear,
With Burdens more than they can bear,
Be they have paid to you their Maill,
And to the Prieſt the Teinds haill:
And when the Land again is ſown,
What reſts behind, I would were known.
I truſt, they and their poor Houſhold,
May tell of much Hunger and Cold,
Except ye have of them Pity,
I dread you ſhall get no Mercy,
That Day when CHRIST Omnipotent,
Comes to his general Judgment.
Wo be to publick Oppreſſors,
To Tyrants and to Tranſgreſſors,

Murtherers and common Thieves,
at did not mend their great Miſchiefs,
nicators and Uſurers,
mmon publick Adulterers,
perverſe wicked Hereticks,
falſe deceitful Schiſmaticks,
ſhall be preſent in that Place,
th many lamentable alas,
e curſt *Cain* that never was good,
th all ſhedders of ſakeleſs Blood,
mrod the Founder of *Babylon*,
th falſe Idolaters many one,
nus the King of *Aſſyria*,
th great Dole ſhall compear that Day,
ich firſt invented Imagery,
herethrough came great Idolatry,
making of that Image *Bell*,
at Day his Hire ſhall be in Hell.
e great Oppreſſor *Pharao*,
at Tyrant Emperor *Nero*,
ll with them curſt King *Herod* bring,
th many other careful King.
e cruel King *Antiochus*,
th the moſt furious *Olofernus*,
at Oppreſſors of *Iſrael*,
at Day their Hire ſhall be in Hell.
th *Judas* ſhall compear a Clan
falſe Traitors to God and Man.
ere ſhall compear of every Land,
th *Ponce Pilate* a bailful Band
temporal and ſpiritual States,
ſe Judges with their Advocates.
ere ſhall our Senators of the Seſſion,
all their Faults make clear Confeſſion.
ere ſhall be ſeen the fraudful Failries:
th Sheriffs, Provoſts, and of Baillies:
icials with their conſiſtory Clerks,
ll make Count of their wrongous Warks,
er and their perverſe Procutors,
preſſors both of Rich and Poors,
rough Dilators full of falſe Deceit,
ich many one caus'd beg their Meat.

Great

Great Dole that Day to Judges been,
That comes not with their Conſcience clean,
That Day ſhall paſs by Peremptors
Without Cautel or Dilators,
No *duplicandum* nor *triplicandum*,
But ſhortly paſs to *ſententiandum*,
Without Continuations,
Or any Applications.
That Sentence ſhall not be retreated,
Nor with no Man of Law debated,
Ye Labourers of Sea and Lands,
Perfect Crafts-men, and rich Merchands,
Leave your Deceits and crafty Wiles,
Which ſilly ſimple Folk beguiles:
Make Recompence here as ye may,
Remembring on that dreadful Day,
With *Mahomet* ſhall compear, no Doubt,
Of *Antichriſts* an hidious Rout.
Biſhop *Annas* and *Caiaphas*,
With them in Company ſhall paſs.
The Scribes and falſe Phariſiens,
Which wrought on Chriſt great Violence,
With many a *Turk* and *Saracen*.
With great Sorrow there ſhall be ſeen,
Popes with their Traditions,
Contrair CHRIST's Inſtitutions,
With many a Cowl and clipped Crown,
Which CHRIST's Laws hath beaten down:
And would not ſuffer for to preach
The Verity, nor the People teach,
But Laick-men put to great Torment,
Which uſed CHRIST his Teſtament.
All Kings and Queens there ſhall be kend,
The which ſuch Laws do defend.
To that Court ſhall come many one
Of that black Byk of *Babylon*,
The innocent Blood that Day ſhall cry
Aloud Vengeance full piteouſly,
On theſe cruel bloody Butchers
Of Martyrs, Prophets and Preachers:
Some with the Fire, ſome with the Sword,
Which plainly preached GOD his Word.

hat Day they ſhall rewarded be,
onform to their Iniquitie.
he *Sodomites* and *Gomorrhance*,
n whom GOD wrought ſo great Vengeance,
ith *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiron*,
ith their Aſſiſtants many one:
he Holy Scripture will thee tell,
w they ſank down all to the Hell,
ith *Simon Magus* ſhall reſort,
proud Prieſts a ſhameful Sort.
he ſelf-ſame Day there ſhall be ſeen,
ny a cruel careful Queen:
een *Semiramis*, King *Ninus* Wife,
Tiger full of Sturt and Strife,
gether with Queen *Jezabel*,
hich was covetous and cruel.
e falſe deceitful *Delila*,
th cruel Queen *Clytemneſtra*,
e which did murther in the Night,
amemnon both wiſe and wight.
e which was her Sovereign Lord,
Greek Stories do record:
th cruel Queens many one,
hich longſom were for to expone.
e wanton Ladies and Burgeſs Wives,
at now for ſideſt Tails ſtrives,
pping the Filth among your Feet,
ſing the Duſt into the Street,
at Day for all your Pomp and Pride,
r Tails ſhall not your Hips hide,
eſe Vanities ye ſhall repent,
leſs that ye be penitent.
ich *Pythoniſſa*, I hear tell,
ich raiſ'd the Spirit of *Samuel*,
t Day with her there ſhall reſort,
rank Witches a ſorrowful Sort,
ught from all Parts many a Mile,
m *Savoy*, *Athol* and *Argyle*,
from the Rynds of *Galloway*,
h a woful Wail-away.
e Brethren of Religion,
Time leave your Abuſion,

With which ye have the World abuſed,
Or ye that Day ſhall be refuſed.
I ſpeak to you all in general,
Not to one Order ſpecial:
That Day all Creatures ſhall ken,
If ye were Saints or worldy Men,
Or if ye took the Chapelry,
That ye might live moſt pleaſantly,
And get good large Portion,
Or for a Godly Devotion,
That Day your fained Sanctitudes,
Shall not be known by your Hoods:
Your Superſtitious Ceremonies,
Participate with Idolatries.
Cords, cutted Shoes, nor clipped Head,
That Day ſhall ſtand you in no Stead:
For Cowls black, gray, nor begard,
Ye ſhall that Day get your Reward.
Your polite painted Flatterie,
Your diſſimulate Hypocriſie,
That Day they ſhall be clearly known,
When they ſhall reap as they have ſown:
Therefore in Time be penitent,
Or elſe that Day ye ſhall be ſhent,
I pray you heartily, as I may,
Remember on that dreadful Day.
Ye Abbots, Priors, or Prioreſs,
Conſider what ye do confeſs;
And how that your Promotion
Was nothing for Devotion,
But to obtain the Abbacy:
Ye made your Vow of Chaſtity,
Of Poverty and Obedience:
Therefore remord your Conſcience.
How theſe three Vows been obſerved,
And what Reward hath been deſerved:
Wherefore repent while ye have Space,
Since God is liberal of his Grace.
C. Father, ſaid I, declare to me,
Where ſhall our Prelates ordered be,
Which now are in the World livand?
With whom ſhall come that ſpiritual Band?

E. Said he, As Saint *Bernard* deſcrives,
Except that they amend their Lives,
And leave their wanton vitious Warks,
Not with the Prophets, nor Patriarchs,
Nor with the Martyrs and Confeſſours,
The which to Chriſt were true Preachers.
Their Predeceſſors *Peter* and *Paul*,
That Day will them miſknow at all:
So ſhall they not, I ſay for me,
With the Apoſtles ordered be:
I truſt they will dwell on the Border
Of Hell, where there ſhall be no Order,
Enlong the Flood of *Phelegeton*,
Or on the Braes of *Acheron*,
Crying on *Charon*, I conclude,
To ferry them over that furious Flood,
To eternal Confuſion,
Except they leave their Abuſion,
I truſt, theſe Prelates more and leſs,
Shall make clear Count of their Riches,
That dreadful Day with Hearts full ſore,
And what Service they did therefore.
The princely Pomp, or Apparel,
Of Pope, Biſhop, or Cardinal,
Their Royal Rents and Dignitie,
That Day ſhall not regarded be.
There ſhall no Tails, as I hear ſay,
Of Biſhops be born up that Day.
Come they not with their Conſcience clean,
On them great Sorrow ſhall be ſeen,
Except that they their Lives amend
In Time, and ſo I make an End.

The Manner how CHRIST ſhall give his Sentence.

WHen all theſe Congregations
Are brought out of all Nations,
Which ſhall be without Proceſs,
Though I have made ſo long Digreſs:
For in the Twinkling of an Eye
All Mankind ſhall preſented be
Before that King's Excellence,
Then ſhortly ſhall he give Sentence:

First, saying to that blessed Band,
Which ordered be at His Right Hand,
Come with my Father's Benediction,
And receive your Possession,
Which was for you preordinate
Before the World was first create:
When I was Hungry, ye me fed:
When I was Naked, ye me Cled:
Oft-times ye gave me Harbery,
And gave me Drink when I was dry:
And visit me with Minds meek,
When I was Prisoner and sick:
In all such Tribulation,
Ye gave me Consolation.
Then shall they say, O potent KING,
When saw we Thee desire such Thing?
We never saw Thine Excellence
Subdued to such Indigence.
Yet shall He say, I you assure,
When ever ye did receive the Poor,
And for my Sake made them Supplie,
That Gift doubtless ye gave to Me:
Therefore shall now begin your Glore,
Which shall endure for evermore.
Then shall He look on His left Hand,
And say unto that hateful Band,
Pass with My Malediction,
To eternal Affliction,
In Company with Fiends fell,
In everlasting Fire of Hell.
When I stood Naked at your Gate,
Hungry and Thirsty, Cold and Wet,
Right Feeble, sick and like to die,
I never got of you Supplie:
And when I lay in Prison strong,
Of you I might have lyen full long,
Without your Consolation,
Or any Supportation.
Trembling for Dread, then shall they say,
With many hideous Harm say,
Alas, Good LORD, when saw we Thee
Subject to such Necessitie?

When ſaw we Thee come to our Door,
Hungry and Thirſty, Naked and Poor?
When ſaw we Thee in Priſon ly,
Or Thee refuſed Harbery?
Then ſhall that moſt Precellent KING,
To theſe Wretches make Anſwering:
That Time when ye refus'd the Poor,
Which needful cried at your Door,
And of your Superfluity,
For My Sake made them no Supplie:
Refuſing them, ye Me refuſed,
With Wretchedneſs, ſo ye were abuſed:
Therefore ye ſhall have to your Hire,
The everlaſting burning Fire,
Without Grace, Peace, or Comforting.
Then ſhall they cry full ſore Weeping;
That we were made, alas, Good LORD:
Alas is there no Miſericord?
But thus withoutten Hope of Grace,
Tyne Preſence of that Pleaſant Face,
Alas! for us it had been Good,
We had been ſmored in our Cod.
Then with a Rear the Earth ſhall rive,
And Swallow them both Man and Wive,
Then ſhall theſe Creatures forlorn,
Wary the Hour that they were born,
With many an hideous Cry and Yell,
From Time they feel the Flames fell,
Upon their tender Bodies bite,
Whoſe Torment ſhall be infinite
The Earth ſhall cloſe, and from their Sight
Shall taken be all Kind of Light.
There ſhall be Howling and Weeping,
Withoutten Hope of Comforting.
In that ineſtimable Pain,
Eternally they ſhall remain,
Burning in furious Flames red,
Ever dying, but never dead:
That the ſmall Minute of an Hour,
To them ſhall be ſo great Dolour,
They ſhall think they have done remain
A thouſand Years into that Pain,

Alas, I tremble to hear tell,
That terrible tormenting of Hell.
That painful Pit for to deplore,
Which muſt endure for evermore.
Then ſhall theſe glorified Creatures,
With Mirth and infinite Pleaſures,
Conveyed with Joy Angelical,
Paſs to the Heavens Imperial,
With CHRIST JESUS our Sovereign KING,
In Glore everlaſtingly to reign;
Of Man which paſſeth the Engine,
The thouſand Part for to define,
Allannerly to the leaſt Pleaſure
Preordinate for one Creature.
Then ſhall a Fire as Clerks fain,
Make all the Hills and Valleys plain,
From Earth up to the Heavens Empire,
All ſhall renew'd be by that Fire,
Purging all Things material,
Under the Heavens imperial:
Both Earth and Water, Fire and Air,
Shall be more perfect made and fair,
The which before had mixed been,
Shall then be puriſi'd and made clean.
The Earth like Cryſtal ſhall be clear,
And every Planet in his Sphear,
Shall reſt withoutten more Moving,
Both ſtarry Heaven and Cryſtalin.
The firſt and higheſt Heavens moveable,
Will ſtand but Turnings, firm and ſtable.
The Sun into the *Orient*,
Will ſtand, and in the *Occident*
Reſt ſhall the Moon, and be more clear
Than now is *Phebus* in his Sphear:
And eke the Lantern of the Heaven,
Shall give more Light by Degrees ſeven,
Than it gave ſince the World began:
The Heavens renewed ſhall be then.
Right ſo the Earth with ſuch Device,
Compared to the heavenly Paradiſe:
So Heaven and Earth ſhall be all one,
As meaneth the Apoſtle *John*.

The great Sea ſhall no more appear,
But like a Cryſtal pure and clear,
Paſſing Imagination
Of Man, to make Narration.
Of Glore, which GOD hath done prepare
To every one which cometh there:
The which with Ears, nor yet with Een
Of Man may not be heard nor ſeen;
With Heart it is unthinkable,
And with Tongue unpronounceable;
Whoſe Pleaſures ſhall be ſo perfite,
Having in GOD ſo great Delite.
The Space now of a thouſand Year,
That Time ſhall not an Hour appear,
Which cannot comprehended be,
Till we that pleaſant Sight ſhall ſee,
When *Paul* was raviſht in the Sprit
To the third Heaven of Glore repleat,
He ſays, The Secrets which he ſaw
They were not lawful for to ſhaw
To no Man on Earth livand;
Wherefore preſs not to underſtand,
Albeit thereto thou haſt Deſire,
The Secrets of the Heavens Empire.
The more Men look on *Phebus* bright,
The more feeble ſhall be their Sight.
Right ſo let no Man ſet his Cure
To ſeek the high Divine Nature.
The more Men ſtudy I ſuppoſe,
Shall be the more from their Purpoſe.
To know whereto ſhould Men intend,
Which Angels cannot comprehend?
But after this great Judgment,
All Things to us ſhall be patent.
Let us with *Paul* our Minds addreſs,
He being full of Heavenlineſs,
Full humbly he teacheth us
Not for to be too Curious:
Albeit Men be of great Engine,
To ſeek the high Secrets Divine,
Whoſe Judgments are unſearchable,
His Ways ſtrange and inveſtigable,

That is to say, Past out finding,
Of whom no Man can find ending.
It sufficeth us for to implore,
Great GOD to bring us to His Glore.

Of certain Pleasures of the glorified Bodies.

SInce there is none in Earth may comprehend
The heavenly Glore, and Wisdom infinite:
Wherefore, my Son, I pray thee not pretend
Too far to seek that Matter of Delite,
Which passeth natural Reason to endite,
That GOD before that He the World create,
Prepar'd to them which are Predestinate,

All mortal Men shall be made Immortal,
That is to say, never to die again:
Impossible, and so celestial,
That Fire nor Sword may do to them no Pain,
Nor Heat, nor Cold, nor Frost, nor Wind, nor Rain
Though such Things were, may do to them no dear,
These Creatures right so shall they be as clear.

As flaming *Phebus* in his Mansion,
Considering then if there shall be great Light,
When every one into his Region
Shall shine like to the Sun, and be as bright:
Let us with *Paul* desire to see that Sight,
To be dissolv'd *Paul* had a great Desire,
With CHRIST to be into the Heaven's Empire.

And moreover, as Clerks can descrive,
These marvellous Lights they been incomparable
Among the Rest, in all their Senses five,
They shall have sensual Pleasures delectable,
The heavenly Sound which shall be inenarrable,
Into their Ears continually shall reign,
And eke the Sight of CHRIST JESUS our KING.

Into this triumphant Throne Imperial,
With His Mother the Virgin, QUEEN of Queens,
There shall be seen the Court celestial,
Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors and Virgins,
Brighter than *Phebus* in his Sphear that shines,
The Patriarchs and Prophets venerable,
There shall be seen in Glore inestimable.

And

And with their Spiritual Eyes ſhall be ſeen
That Sight which is moſt ſuperexcellent,
GOD as He is, and evermore hath been,
Continually that Sight contempland.
Auguſtine ſaith, He rather take in Hand
To be in Hell he ſeeing the Eſſence
Of GOD, than be in Heaven without His Preſence.

Who ſeeing GOD in his Divinity,
He ſeeth in Him all other pleaſant Things,
The which with Tongue cannot pronounced be:
What Pleaſure been to ſee the KING of Kings?
The greateſt Pain the damned Folk down thrings,
And to the Devil's moſt Punition,
It is of GOD to lack Fruition.

And moreover they ſhall feel ſuch a Smell,
Surmounting far the Flewr of earthly Flowers:
And in their Mouth a Taſte, as I hear tell,
Of ſweet and ſupernatural Sapours:
Als they ſhall ſee the heavenly bright Colours,
Shining among theſe Creatures divine,
Which to deſerive tranſcendeth Man's Ingine,

And eke they ſhall have ſuch Agility,
In one Inſtant to paſs for their Pleaſure,
Ten thouſand Miles in Twinkling of an Eye,
So that their Joies ſhall be without Meaſure,
They ſhall rejoice to ſee the great Dolor
Of damned Folk in Hell, and their Torment,
Becauſe it is of GOD the juſt Judgment.

Subtility they ſhall have marvellous,
Suppoſing that there were a Wall of Braſs,
A glorious Body may right haſtily,
Out through the Wall without Impediment paſs,
Such like as doth the Sun-beams out through the Glaſs,
As CHRIST to His Diſciples did appear,
All Entreſs cloſs, and none of them did ſtear.

Albeit in Heaven though every Creature
Have not alike Felicity and Glore,
Yet every one ſhall have ſo great Pleaſure,
And ſo content, that they deſire no more:
To have more Joy they ſhall no more implore,

But they shall all be satisfied and content,
Like to this rude Example subsequent.

Take a Crowat, a Pint-stoup, and a Quart,
A Gallon Pitcher, a Punsion and a Tun
Of Wine, or Balm, give every one his Part,
And fill them full till they be over-run:
The little Crowat, in Comparison,
Shall be so full, that it shall hold no more
Of such Measures, though they were twenty score,

Into the Tun, or in the Punsion,
So that these Vessels in one Quantity
May hold no more, except they over-run,
Yet have they not alike in Quantity.
So by this rude Example thou mayst see,
Though every one be not alike in Glore,
Are satisfi'd that they desire no more.

Though presently by GOD His Purveyance,
Both Beasts and Fowls, and Fishes in the Sea,
Are necessary for Man's Sustenance,
With Corns, Herbs, Flowers, and fruitful Trees,
Then shall there be no Commodity:
The Earth shall bear no Plant, nor Beast brutal;
But as the Heavens shall be bright like Crystal.

Suppose some be on Earth walking here down,
Or high above, where-ever they please to go,
Of GOD they have ay clear Fruition,
Both East and West, Up, Down, or To and Fro:
Clerks have declared Pleasures many mo,
Which doth transcend all mortal Man's Ingine,
The thousand Part of those Pleasures divine.

Into the Heaven they shall perfectly knaw
Their tender Friends, their Father and their Mother,
Their Predecessors whom they never saw:
Their Spouses, Children, their Sister and their Brother.
And every one shall have such Love to other,
Of others Glore and Joy they shall rejoice,
As of their own, as Clerks do suppose.

Then shall be seen that bright *Jerusalem*,
Which *John* saw in his *Revelation*:
We mortal Men, alas, are sore to blame,

That

That will not have Conſideration,
And a continual Contemplation,
With hot Deſire to come unto that Glore
Which Pleaſure ſhall endure for evermore.

O LORD our GOD and King Omnipotent,
Which knew ere Thou the Heavens and Earth create
Who would to Thee be diſobedint,
And ſo deſerve for to be reprobate:
Thou knowſt the Number of Predeſtinate,
Whom Thou didſt call and haſt them juſtified,
And ſhall in Heaven with thee be glorified.

Grant us to be, LORD, of that choſen Sort,
Which of Thy Mercy Superexcellent
Didſt purifie, as Scripture doth report,
With the Blood of that Holy Innocent,
JESUS, which made Himſelf Obedient
Unto the Death, and ſtarved on the Rood:
Let us, O LORD, be purged with that Blood.

All Creatures that ever GOD created,
As writeth *Paul*, they wiſh to ſee that Day;
When the Children of GOD predeſtinated,
Shall do appear in their new freſh Array,
When Corruption ſhall be cleans'd all away,
And chang'd ſhall be their mortal Quality,
In the great Glore of Immortality.

And moreover all things corporal,
Under the Coneave of the Heaven's Empire,
That now to labour ſubject are and thral:
Sun, Moon and Stars, Earth, Water, Air and Fire,
In a Manner they have an hot Deſire,
Wiſhing that Day, that they may be at Reſt,
As *Eraſmus* expoundeth manifeſt.

We ſee the great Globe of the Firmament
Continually in moving marvellous:
The ſeven Planets contrary their Intent,
Are reft about with Courſe contrarious.
The Wind and Sea with Storms furious,
The troubled Air, with Froſt, and Snow and Rain,
Until that Day, they travail ay in Pain.

And all the Angels of the Orders nine,

Having Compassion on our Miseries,
They with after that Day, and to that Fine
To see us fred from our Infirmities,
And cleansed from these great Calamities,
And troublous Life which never shall have end
Until that Day, I make it to be kend.

An Exhortation given by Father Experience *unto his Son the* Courteour.

MY Son, now mark well in thy Memory,
Of this false World the Troubles transitory,
Whose dreadful Days do now draw near an End:
Then call on GOD to be thine Adjutory,
And every Day, my Son, *Memento mori*;
And wotst not when or where that thou shalt wend,
Here to remain, I pray thee not pretend.
And since thou knowst the Time is very short,
In CHRIST His Blood set all whole thy Comfort.

Be not so much so lift in temporal Things,
Since thou perceiv'st Pope, Emperor or Kings
Into the Earth have no Place permanent:
Thou seest that Death them dolefully down thrings,
And reaves them from their Rents, Riches & Reigns:
Therefore on CHRIST confirm thy whole Intent,
And of thy Calling be right well content:
Then GOD that feedeth the Fowls of thee Air,
All needful Things He shall for thee prepare.

Consider in thy Contemplation,
Ay since the World's first Creation,
Mankind hath suffered this Misery mortal:
Ay tormented with Tribulation,
With Dolor, Dread and Desolation:
Gentiles, and chosen People of *Israel*,
To this Unhap, are all subject and thral:
Which Misery, no doubt, shall ever endure
Till the last Day, my Son, thereof be sure.

That Day, as I have made Narration,
Shall be the Day of Consolation,
To all the Children of the chosen Number:
There ended shall be their Desolation,
And eke I make thee Supplication,

In earthly Matters take thee no more Cumber.
Dread not to die, for Death is but a ſlumber:
Live a juſt Life, and with a joious Heart,
And of thy Goods take pleaſantly thy Part.

Of our Talking now let us make an End:
Behold how *Phebus* downward doth deſcend,
Toward his Palace in the *Occident*:
Dame *Cynthia*, I ſee, ſhe doth pretend,
Into her watery Region to aſcend,
With Viſage pale into the *Orient*.
The Dew now donks, the Roſes redolent.
The Mary-golds that all Day were rejoyeed
Of *Phebus* Heat, now craftily are cloſed.

The bliſtful Birds are bowning to their Trees,
And ceaſeth from their heavenly Harmonies.
The Corn-craik in the Croft I hear her cry:
The Bat, the Howlet, feeble of their Eyes,
For their Paſtime now in the Evening flies,
The Nightingale with mirthful Melody,
Her natural Notes do pierce up through the ſky,
To *Cynthia* making her Obſervance,
Which on the Night doth take her Daliance.

I ſee *Pole Arctick* in the North appear,
And *Venus* riſing with her Beams clear,
Wherefore, my Son, I hold it Time to go,
Would GOD, ſaid I, you did remain all Year,
That I might of your heavenly Leſſons lear:
Of your departing I am very wo.
Take Patience, ſaid he, it muſt be ſo:
Perchance I ſhall return with Diligence,
Thus I departed from *Experience*.

And ſped me Home with Heart ſighing full ſore,
And entered in my quiet Oratore:
I took Paper, and there began to write
This Miſery, as you have heard before:
All Gentle Readers heartily I implore:
For to excuſe my rural rude Endite:
Though *Phariſees*, would have at me Deſpite,
Which would not that their Craftineſs were kend,
Let GOD be Judge, and ſo I make an End.

FINIS *quoad* LINDSAY.

The

The Teſtament and Complaint of our Sovereign Lord King James *the fifth his* Papingo, *lying ſore wounded, and may not die, till every Man have heard what ſhe ſays: Wherefore, Gentle Readers, haſte you, that ſhe may be put out of Pain, compiled by Sir* David Lindſay *of the* Mount, *Knight, alias Lyon, King of Arms.*

Livor poſt fata quieſcit.

THE PROLGUGE.

ALthough I had Ingine Angelical,
With Sapience more than Solomonical,
I wot not what Matter put in Memory:
The Poets old in Stile Heroical,
In brief and ſubtil Terms Rhetorical,
Of every Matter, Tragedy and Story,
So ornately to their high Laud and Glory,
Have done endite, whoſe ſupream Sapience
Tranſcendeth far my dull Intelligence.

Of Poets now into our vulgar Tongue,
For why, the Bell of Rhetorick been rung
By *Chaucer*, *Gower*, *Ligat* laureat,
Who dare preſume theſe Poets to impugn,
Whoſe ſweet Sentence through *Albion* been ſung?
Or who can now the Works counterfeit
Of *Kennedie*, with Terms aureat
Of wiſe *Dunbar*, who Language had at large,
As may be ſeen into his Golden Targe?

Quintin, *Mercer*, *Roul*, *Henderſon*, *Hay* and *Holland*,
Though they be dead, their Lives are livand:
Which to rehearſe, makes Readers to rejoice.
Alas, for once that Lamp was in this Land,
Of Eloquence the flowing balmy Strand:
And in our *Engliſh* Rhetorick the Roſe,
As of Rubies the Carbuncle is choſe.
And as *Phebus* doth *Cynthia* precel,
So *Gawn Douglas* Biſhop of *Dunkel*.

Had when he was into this Land alive,

Above vulgar Poets prerogative,
Both in practick Speculation:
I ſay no more: Good Readers may deſcrive
His worthy Works in Number mo than Five:
And ſpecially the true Tranſlation,
Of *Virgil*, which been Conſolation
To cunning Men, to know his great Ingine,
As well in natural Science, as divine.

And in the Court been preſent in theſe Days
That Ballads, brieves luſtily and lays,
Which to our Prince daily they do preſent,
Who can ſay more than Sir *James Engliſh* ſays,
In Ballads, Farces and in pleaſant Plays;
But *Culroſs* hath his Pen made impotent:
Rid in cunning and practick right prudent:
And *Stewart* who deſires a ſtately ſtile,
Full ornate Works daily compile.

Stewart of *Lorn* will carp moſt curiouſly,
Galbraith, *Kinloch*, when they liſt them apply,
Into that Art are crafty of Ingine:
But now of late is ſtart up haſtily
A cunning Clerk, which writeth craftily,
A Plant of Poets, called *Ballentine*,
Whoſe ornate Writs my Wits cannot define:
Get he into the Court Authority,
He will precel *Quintine* and *Kennedy*.

So though I had Ingine, as I have none,
I know not what to write, by ſweet St. *John*,
For why in all the Earth, of Eloquence
Is nothing left but barren Stock and Stone,
The polite Terms are pulled every one,
By theſe ſurnamed Poets of Prudence:
And ſince I find none other true Sentence,
I ſhall declare ere I depart you fro,
The Complaint of a wounded *Papingo*.

Wherefore becauſe my Matter is but rude,
Of Sentence and of Rhetorick denude,
To rural Folk my Writing is directed,
Far ſteemed from the Sight of Men of Good:
For cunning Men I know will ſoon conclude,

It nothing dows, but for to be dejected;
And when I hear my Matter is detracted:
Then ſhall I ſwear, I made it but in Mows,
To Landwart Laſſes, that milk the Kine and Ews.

The Complaint of the Papingo.

WHo climbs too high, perforce his Foot may fail,
Expream I ſhall thee by Experience,
If that thou pleaſe to hear a piteous Tale,
How a fair Bird by fatal Violence,
Devoted was, and might not make Defence
Contrair the Death, ſo failed natural Strength,
As after I ſhall ſhow you at more Length.

A *Papingo*, right pleaſant and perfite,
Preſented was to our moſt Noble King,
Of whom his Grace a long Time had Delite,
More fair in Form, I wót flew never on Wing,
This proper Bird he gave in Governing
To me, which was his ſimple Serviture,
To which I did my Diligence and Cure,

To learn her Language artificial,
To play Plat-foot, and whiſſel, Foot before:
But of her Inclination natural,
She counterfeit all Fowls leſs and more:
Of her Courage ſhe would without my Lore,
Sing like the Merl, and crow like the Cock,
Pew like the Gled, chant like the Laverock.

Bark like a Dog, and Kekkle like a Kae,
Bleat like an Hog, and Buller like a Bull,
Gail like a Gouk, and weep when ſhe was wae
Climb on a Cord, and Laugh and play the Fool,
She might have been a Menſtrel againſt Yool.
This bleſſed Bird was to me ſo pleaſant,
Where ever I fure, I bare her on mine Hand,

And ſo befel upon a mirthful Morrow,
Into my Garth I paſt me to repoſe,
This Bird and I, as we were wont beforrow,
Among the Flowers freſh, fragrant and formoſe:
My vital Spirits truly did rejoice,
When *Phebus* roſe, and rave the Clouds ſable,
Through Brightneſs of his Beams amiable.

Without

Without Vapor was well purificate,
The temperate Air, ſoft, ſober, and ſeren:
The Earth by Nature ſo edificate,
With wholſom Herbs, blew, white, red and green,
Which elevate my ſpirit from the ſpleen,
That Day *Saturn* and *Mars* durſt not appear,
Nor *Eole* from his Cave he durſt not ſtear.

That Day perforce behooved to be fair,
By Influence and Courſe celeſtial,
No Planet preſs'd for to perturb the Air:
For *Mercury* by moving natural,
Exalted was into the Throne triumphal
Of his Manſion, into the fifteen Gree,
In his own ſovereign Sign of Virginie.

That Day did *Phebus* pleaſantly depart
From *Gemini*, and entred into *Cancer*:
That Day *Cupido* did extend his Dart.
Venus that Day conjoin'd with *Jupiter*.
That Day *Neptunus* hid him like a Skar:
That Day Dame Nature with great Buſineſs,
Furthered *Flora* to ſhow her Craftineſs.

And retrograde was *Mars* in *Capricorn*,
And *Cynthia* in *Sagitar* aſſeaſed:
That Day came *Ceres*, Goddeſs of the Corn,
Full joyfully *John*-upon-land ſhe pleaſed:
The bad Reſpect of *Saturn* was appeaſed
That Day by *Juno*, of *Jupiter* the Joy,
Perturbing Spirits cauſing to hold coy.

The Sound of Birds ſurmounting all the Skye,
With Melody of Notes muſical,
The Balmy Dreps of Dew *Titan* up-drys,
Hanging upon the tender Twiſts ſmall,
The heavenly Hew, and Sound Angelical,
Such perfect Pleaſures printed in mine Heart,
That with great Pain from them I might depart.

So ſtill among thoſe Herbs amiable,
I did remain a Space for my Paſſance,
But worldly Pleaſure is ſo variable,
Mixed with Sorrow, Dread, and Inconſtance,
That thereunto is no Comparisance;

So

So might I say, my short Solace, alas,
Was driven to Dolor in a little Space.

For in that Earth among these fragrant Flowrs,
Walking alone, none but my Bird and I:
Unto the Time, that I had said mine Hours,
This Bird I set upon a Branch me by,
But she began to speak right speedily,
And in that Tree did so highly ascend,
That by no Way I might her apprehend.

Sweet Bird, said I, beware, mount not too hie,
Return in Time, perchance thy Feet may failie,
Thou art right Fat and not well us'd to flie:
The greedy Gled, I dread she thee assailie.
I will, said she, Vailyie *quod* Vailyie.
It is my kind to climb ay to the Hight;
Of Feather and Bone, I wot well I am Wight.

So on the highest little tender Twist,
With Wings display'd she sat full wantonly:
But Boreas blew a Blast ere ever she wist,
Which brake the Branch, and blew her suddenly
Down to the Ground with many a careful Cry,
Upon a Stob, she lighted on her Breast,
The Blood rusht out, and she cry'd for a Priest.

GOD wot if then mine Heart was wo begone,
To see that Fowl slighter among the Flowrs,
Which with great Mourning gan to make her Mone,
Now coming are, said she, the fatal Hours
Of bitter Death, now must I thole the showrs,
Of Dame Nature, I pray thee of thy Grace,
Lend me Leisure to speak a little Space.

For to complain my Fate unfortunate,
And to dispone my Goods ere I depart,
Since of all Comfort I am desolate,
Alone except the Death here with his Dart,
With awful Chear, ready to pierce mine Heart:
And with that Word she took a Passion.
Then flatly fell, and swaped into Swoon.

With sorry Heart pierc'd with Compassion,
And salt Tears distilling from mine Een,

To hear that Birds Lamentation,
I did approach under an Haw-thorn Green,
Where I might hear and ſee, and not be ſeen:
And when this Bird had ſwooned twice or thrice
She began to ſpeak, ſaying on this wiſe,

O falſe Fortune, why haſt thou me beguil'd;
This Day at Morn, who knew this careful Caſe,
Vain Hope, through thee my Reaſon was exil'd;
Having ſuch Truſt into thy fained Face:
That ever I was brought to the Court, alas,
Had I in Forreſt flown among my Feers,
I might full well have lived many Years.

Prudent Counſel, alas, I did refuſe,
Againſt Reaſon uſing mine Appetite
Ambition did ſo mine Heart abuſe,
That *Eolus* at me had great Deſpite,
Poets of me have Matter to indite:
Which clamb ſo high, and wo is me therefore,
Not doubting that the Death ſhould me devore.

This Day at Morn my Form and Feathers fair,
Above the proud Peacock was precelling,
And now a cative Carion full of Care,
Bathing in Blood down from Heart diſtilling,
And in mine Ears the Bell of Death is knelling,
O World ſo falſe, and changeable Felicity,
Fy on thy Pride, Avarice and Immundicity,

In thee I ſee nothing is permanent:
Of thy ſhort Solace, Sorrow is the End:
Thy falſe infortunate Gifts been to us lent.
This Day full proud, the Morn nothing to ſpend,
Oh, ye that do pretend ay to aſcend,
My fatal End have in Remembrance,
And you defend from this unhappy Chance.

Whether that I was ſtricken in Extaſie.
Or through a ſtrong Imagination;
But it appeared in my Fantaſie,
I heard this dolent Lamentation:
Thus dulled into Deſolation.
Methought this Bird did brieve in her Manner
Her Counſel to the King, as you ſhall hear,

The first Epistle of the Papingo, *directed to King James the fifth.*

PRepotent Prince Peerless in Pulchritude,
Glore, Honor, Laud, Triumph, and Victory
Be unto thine high excellent Celsitude,
With martial Deeds condign of Memory.
Since *Atropos* consumed hath my Glory,
And dolent Death, alas, must us depart,
I leave to thee my true unfained Heart.

Together with this schedule subsequent,
With most reverent Recommendation:
I grant thy Grace gets many Document,
By famous Fathers Predication:
With many notable Narration,
By pleasant Poets in Stile heroical,
How thou shouldst guide thy Seat Imperial.

Some do deplore the great Calamities,
Of divers Realms the Transmutation,
Some piteously do treat of Tragedies,
All for thy Grace's Information:
So I intend but Adulation,
Into my barren rustical Indite,
Among the rest (Sir) something for to write.

Sovereign conceive this simple Similitude,
Of Officers serving thy Seneyorie:
Who guides them well, get at thy Grace great Good
Who are unjust, degraded are of Glory,
And cancellate out of thy Memory:
Providing them more pleasant in their Place.
Believe right so GOD shall do with thy Grace.

Consider well thou be Officiar,
And a Vassal to that King incomparable:
Press thou to please that puissant Prince preclare
Thy rich Reward shall be inestimable,
Exalted high in Glore interminable,
Above Archangels, vertuous Potestats,
Pleasantly placed among the Principats.

Of thy Virtue Poets perpetually
Shall make Mention until the World be ended:

If thou exerce thine Office prudently,
In Heaven and Earth thy Grace ſhall be commended:
Wherefore effear that He be not offended,
Who hath exalted thee to ſuch Honor,
Of his People to be a Governor.

And in the Earth hath made ſuch Ordinance,
Under thy Feet all Things terreſtrial,
Are ſubject to thy Pleaſure and Paſtance:
Both Fowls and Fiſhes, and beaſts paſtoral:
Men to thy Service, and Women they are thral;
Hawking, Hunting, Arms, and lawful Armour,
Preordinate by GOD for thy Pleaſure.

Maſters of Muſick to recreate thy Spirit,
With daunted Voice, and pleaſant Inſtrument:
Thus mayſt thou be of all Pleaſures compleat,
If in thine Office thou be diligent:
But be thou found ſlothful and negligent,
Or unjuſt in thine Execution,
Thou ſhalt not fail divine Punition.

Wherefore ſince thou haſt ſuch Capacity
To learn to play ſo pleaſantly, and ſing,
Ride Horſe, run Spear, with great Audacity,
Shoot with Hand-bow, Croſs-bow, and Culvering:
Among the reſt, Sir, learn to be a King:
Kyth on that Craft thy pregnant freſh Ingine,
Granted to thee by Influence divine.

And ſince the Definition of a King,
Is for to have of People Governance,
Addreſs thee firſt, above all other Thing,
To put thy Body to ſuch Ordinance,
That thy Vertue thine Honor may advance:
For how ſhould Princes govern their Regions,
That cannot duly guide their own Perſons?

And if thy Grace would live right pleaſantly,
Call thy Councel, and caſt on them thy Cure:
Their juſt Decrees defend and fortifie:
Without good Counſel may no Prince long endure:
Work with Counſel, then ſhall thy Work be ſure.
Chooſe thy Council of the moſt Sapient,
Without Regard to Blood, Riches or Rent,

Among

Among all other Pastime and Pleasure,
Now in thy adolescent Years young,
Wouldst thou each Day study but half an Hour,
The Regiment of princely governing,
To thy People it were a pleasant Thing,
There mightest thou find thine own Vocation,
How thou shouldst use the Scepter, Sword and Crow

The Chronicles to know, I thee exhort,
Which may be Mirror to thy Majesty;
There shalt thou find both good and ill Report,
Of Every Prince after his Quality:
Though they be dead, yet their Works shall not di
Trust well thou wilt be stiled in that Story,
As thou deserves to be put in Memory.

Requeste that Roy which was rent on the Rood
Thee to defend from Deeds of Defame,
That no Poet report of thee but good:
For Princes Days endure but as a Dream:
Since first King *Fergus* bare a Diadem,
Thou art the last King of fivescore and five,
And all are dead, and none but thou alive.

Of whose Number fifty and five were slain,
And most Part of their own Misgovernance:
Wherefore, I thee beseech, my Sovereign,
Consider of their Lives the Circumstance:
And when thou knoweste the Cause of their Mischanc
On Virtue then exalt thy self on Hie,
Trusting in GOD t' escape that Destinie.

Treat each true Baron as he were thy Brother,
Which must, at need, thee and thy Realm defend
When suddenly one doth oppress another,
Let Justice mixt with Mercy them amend,
Have thou their Hearts, thou hast enough to spend
And by the contrair, thou art but King of Bone,
From Time that their Hearts are from thee gone.

I have no Leisure for to write at Length,
My whole Intent unto thine Excellence:
Decreased so I am in Wit and Strength,
My mortal Wound doth me such Violence:
People of me may have Experience:

Becau

ecauſe, alas, I was uncounſellable:
ow muſt I die a Cative miſerable.

he ſecond Epiſtle of the Papingo, *directed to her Brethren of Court.*

) Rethren of Court, with Mind precordial,
) To the Great God heartily I commend you:
Imprint my Fall into your Memorial,
ogether with this Schedule that I ſend you:
e preſs over high, I pray you, not pretend you.
is vain Aſcence of Court, who will conſider,
ho ſits moſt hie, ſhall find his Seat moſt ſlidder.

So ye that now go laughing up the Ladder,
ake heed in Time, faſtning your Fingers faſt.
ho climbs moſt hie, moſt Dint hath of the Weather,
nd leaſt Defence againſt that bitter Blaſt
falſe Fortune, which never taketh reſt:
t now redoubted daily ſhe down thrings,
ot ſparing Popes, Emperors not Kings.

Though ye be mounted up above the Skys,
nd have both King and Court in Governance:
me were as high, which now right lowly lyes,
mplaining ſore the Court its Variance:
he preterit Time may be Experience,
hich through vain Hope of Court did climb ſo hie,
hen lacked Wings when they thought beſt to flie.

Since each Court is untruſt and tranſitory,
anging as oft as Weather cock in Wind,
aking ſome glad, and other ſome right ſorry:
femoſt this Day, the Morn may go behind.
t not vain Hope of Court your Reaſon blind.
uſt well ſome Men will give you Lands as Lords,
hat would be glad to ſee you hang on Cords.

I durſt declare the Miſerability
diverſe Courts, were not my Time is ſhort;
he dreadful Change, vain Glory, and Vility,
he painful Pleaſures, as Poets do report.
metime in Hope, ſometime in Diſcomfort:
nd how ſome Men do ſpend their Youth-hood haill
Court, and ends into the Hoſpital.

How

How ſome in Court are quiet Counſellers,
Without Regard to Common weal of Kings,
Caſting their Cure for to be Conquerers:
And when they were high raiſed in their Reigns,
How change of Court them dolefully down thring,
And when they were from their Eſtate depoſed,
How many of their Fall been right rejoiced.

And now fond fained Fools and Flatterers,
For ſmall ſervice obtain oft great Rewards:
Panders, Pike-thanks, Cultrons, and Clatterers,
Loups up from Lands, then lights among the Laird
Blaſphemators, Beggars and common Bards,
Sometime in Court have more Authority,
Than devout Doctors of Divinity.

Who in the ſame Courts been Bairns of Beliel,
Full of diſſimulate painted Flattery,
Provoking by intoxicate Counſel,
Princes to Whoredom and to Harlotry:
Who do in Princes put ſuch Haſatry,
I ſay for me, ſuch peart Provocators,
Should puniſht be above all ſtrong Traitors.

What Travel, Trouble, and Calamity
Have been in Court within theſe hundred Years?
What mortal Changes, and what Miſeries:
What Noble-men been brought upon their Beers?
Truſt well, my Friends, follow you muſt your Feet
So ſince in Court been no Tranquillity,
Set not on it your whole Felicity.

The Court changes oft-times with ſuch Out-rage,
That few or none may make it Reſiſtance:
And ſpareth not the Prince more than the Page,
As well appeareth by Experience.
The Duke of *Rothſay* might make no Defence,
Which was pertaining Roy of this Region,
But dolefully devoured was in Priſon,

What Dread, what Dolor had that noble King
Robert the third, when once he knew the Caſe
Of his two Sons the dolent Departing,
Prince *David* Dead, and *James* Captive? alas!
To true *Scots*-men which was a careful Caſe,

his may ye know, the Court is variand,
hen Blood Royal the Change may not gain-ſtand.

Who reign'd in Court more hie and triumphand.
han Duke *Murdock* while that his Day endured?
as he not then Protector of *Scotland*?
et of the Court he was not well aſſured.
changed ſo, his long ſervice was ſmored,
e and his fair ſon *Walter* but remead,
refaulted were, and put to doleful Dead.

King *James* the firſt, the Patron of Prudence,
emm of Ingine, and Pearl of Policie,
ell of Juſtice, and Flood of Eloquence,
hoſe Vertue doth tranſcend my Fantaſie,
r to deſcrive; yet when he ſtood moſt hie,
falſe exorbitant Conſpiration,
at prudent Prince was piteouſly put down.

And *James* the ſecond, Roy of great Renowa,
ing in his ſuper-excellent Glore,
rough rackleſs ſhooting of a great Canon,
e dolent Death, alas! did him devore.
e Thing hath been of which I marvel more,
at Fortune had at him ſuch mortal Fead,
ng fifty thouſand to wail him by the Head.

My Heart is pierced with Pains for to panſe,
for to write that Court's Variance
James the third, when he had Governance:
e Dolor, Dread, and Deſolation,
e Change of Court and Conſpiration:
d how that *Cochran* with his Company,
at Time in Court clamb ſo preſumptuouſly,

t had been good theſe Bairns had not been born,
whom that noble Prince was ſo abuſed:
ey grew as did the Weeds among the Corn.
at prudent Lords Counſel was refuſed,
d held him quiet, as he had been incluſed.
s! that Prince by their Abuſion,
s finally brought to Confuſion.

ey clamb ſo hie, and got ſuch Audience,
d with their Prince grew ſo familiar:

His

His German Brethren might get no Presence
The Duke of *Albany*, and the Earl of *Mar*,
Like banisht Men were holden at the Bar:
Till in the King there grew such mortal Fead,
He fleem'd the Duke, and put the Earl to dead.

Thus *Cochran* with his cative Company,
Forc'd them to flee, but yet they wanted Feather
A bove the high Cedars of *Lebanie*
They clamb so hie, till they lap over their Ladder
On *Lawder* Bridge then keeped were in Tedder
Strangled to Death, they got no other Grace:
Their King captive which was a careful Case.

To put in Writ the Fate unfortunate,
And mortal Change, perturbeth mine Engine;
My Wit's been weak, my Fingers fatigate,
To dict or write the Rancour and Ruine.
The civil War the Battel intestine,
How that the Son with Banner broad displayed,
Against his Father in Battel came arrayed.

Would God that Day the Prince had been comforte
With Sapience of the proud *Solomon*;
And with the Strength of *Samson* been support
With the bold Host of the graet *Agamemnon*.
What should I wish; Remedy there is none:
At Morn a King with Sceptre, Sword and Crow
At Night with Death a deformed Carion.

Alas! where is that right redoubted Roy,
That potent Prince, gentle *James* the Feird,
I pray to CHRIST his Soul for to convoy:
A greater Noble never reign'd on the Eird,
O *Atropus*; wary may be thy Wierd,
For he was Mirror of Humility,
Lead-star and Lamp of Liberality.

During his Time of Justice did prevail,
The savage *Isles* trembled for Terrour:
Eskdale, *Ewisdale*, *Liddisdale*, and *Annandale*,
Durst not rebel, doubting his Dints dour,
And of his Lords had such perfect Favour.
So for to show, that he affeared not one,
Out through the Realm he would ride him alon
A

And of his Court through *Europe* ſprang the Fame
Of luſty Lords, and tender Ladies ying:
Triumphant Turneys, Juſting, and knightly Game,
With all Paſtime, according for a King,
He was the Glory of princely Governing;
Who through the ardent Love he had to *France*,
Againſt *England* did move his Ordinance.

Of *Flowden* Field the Ruin to revolve,
Of that moſt dolent Day for to deplore,
I nill for Dread, leſt Dolor you deſolve:
How you that Prince in his triumphant Glore
Deſtroyed was, what needeth Proceſs more?
Not by the Vertue of the *Engliſh* Ordinance,
But by his own wilful Miſgovernance.

Alas, that Day, had he been counſellable,
He hath obtain'd Laud, Glore and Victory:
Whoſe piteous Proceſs been ſo lamentable,
I ſorry to put it in Memory.
I never read in Tragedy nor Story,
At one Journey ſo many Nobles ſlain,
For the Defence and Love of their Sovereign.

Now Brethren mark into your Remembrance,
A Mirror of theſe Mutabilities,
So may ye know of the Court's Inconſtance:
When Princes are thus pulled from their Sees,
After whoſe Death, what ſtrange Adverſities?
What great Miſrule into this Region rang,
When our Prince young could neither ſpeak nor gang?

During his tender Youth and Innocence,
What Sloth, what Reaf, what Murder and Miſchance?
There was nought elſe but Wreaking and Miſchance,
Into that Court there reign'd ſuch Variance:
Divers Rules made divers Ordinance.
Sometime our Queen reign'd in Authority,
Sometime the proud Duke of *Albany*.

Sometime the Realm was rul'd by Regents,
Sometime by Lieutenants Leaders of the Law:
Then reign'd ſo many Diſobedients,
That few or none ſtood of another aw:
Oppreſſion did ſo loud his Bogle blaw,

That none durſt ride but into Fear of Wear,
John upon-land that Time did loſe his Meir.

Who was more high in Honor elevate
Than was *Margaret*, our high and mighty Princeſs?
Such Power was to her appropriate,
Of King and Realm, that ſhe was Governeſs,
Yet came a Change within a ſhort Proceſs:
That Pearl preclare, that luſty pleaſant Queen,
Long Time into that Court durſt not be ſeen.

The Arch-biſhop of St. *Andrews James Beton*,
Chancellor and Primate in Power Paſtoral,
Clamb next the King, moſt in this Region:
The Ladder ſhook, he lap and got a fall:
Authority, nor Power Spiritual,
Riches, Friendſhip might not that Time prevail,
When Dame *Curia* began to ſtir her Tail.

His high Prudence avail'd him not a Mite,
That Time the Court bare him ſuch mortal Feud,
As Priſoner they kept him in Deſpite,
And ſometime wiſt not where to hide his Head:
But diſaguis'd like *John* the Reaff he yeed,
Had not been Hope bare him ſuch Company,
He had been ſtrangled by Melancholly.

What Cumber and Care was in the Court of *Frane*
When King *Francis* was taken Priſoner,
The Duke of *Burbon* amidſt his Ordinance,
Died at one Stroke, right bailful brought to Beer:
The Court of *Rome* that Time ran all arier,
When Pope *Clement* was put in Priſon ſtrong,
The noble City put to Confuſion.

In *England* who had greater Governance,
Than their triumphant courtly Cardinal?
The Common-weal, ſome ſays, he did advance,
By equal Juſtice, both to great and ſmall:
There was no Prelate unto him peregal:
Engliſh Men ſays, Had he reign'd longer Space,
He had depoſed Saint *Peter* of his Place.

His princely Pomp, nor papal Gravity,
His Palace Royal, rich and radious;

or yet the Flood of Superfluity
f his Riches, nor Travel tedious,
hen once Dame *Curia* held him odious,
vail'd him not his Prudents most profound;
he Ladder brake, and he fell on the Ground.

Where been the doughty Earls of *Douglass*,
hich Royally into this Region rang,
rfault and slain: What needeth more Process?
he Earl of *March* was marshalled them among.
me *Curia* them dolefully down throng.
nd now of late who clam more hie among us,
han did *Archbald*, sometime the Earl of *Angus*?

Who with the Prince was more familiar,
r of his Grace had more Authority?
as he not great Warden and Chancellor?
t when he stood upon his highest Gree,
usting nothing but Perpetuity,
as suddenly deposed from his Place,
rfault and fleemed, he got no other Grace.

Wherefore trust not unto Authority,
dear Brethren, I pray you heartfully;
esume not in your vain Prosperity:
nfirm your Trust in GOD all utterly,
en serve your Prince with Heart entire truly:
d when ye see the Court is at the Best,
ounsel you then draw you to your Rest.

Where is the high triumphant Court of *Troy*?
Alexander, with his twelve prudent Peers?
Julius. that right redoubted Roy?
amemnon, most worthy in his Wears?
show their Fine my frayed Heart affears:
e murthered were, some poisoned piteously,
ir careful Courts dispersed dolefully.

rust well there is no constant Court but one,
ere CHRIST is KING, whose Time interminable,
high triumphant Glore shall never be gone:
t quiet Court mirthful and immutable,
hout Variance stands ay firm and stable,
mulance, Flattery, and false Report,
that Court shall never get Resort.

Truſt well my Friends, this is no fained Fare,
For who that is in the Extream of Dead,
The Verity doubtleſs they ſhould declare,
Without Regard to Favour or to Feed.
While ye have Time, dear Brethren, make Remeid
Adieu for ever, of me ye get no more,
Beſeeching God to bring you to His Glore.

Adieu, *Edinburgh*, thou high triumphant Town
In whoſe Bounds right merrily I have been:
Of true Tradeſ-men the Root of this Region,
Moſt ready to receive Court, King and Queen:
Thy Policy and Juſtice may be ſeen,
Were Devotion, Wiſdom and Honeſty,
And Credence loſt, it may be found in thee.

Adieu fair *Sndown*, with thy Towers hie,
The Chappel-royal, Park and Table round,
May, *June* and *July* would I dwell in thee.
Were I a Man might hear the Birds ſound,
Which doth againſt thy Royal Rock reſound.
Adieu, *Lithgow*, whoſe Palace of Pleaſance,
Might be a Pattern in *Portugal* or *France*.

Farewel *Falkland*, the Fortreſs ſure of *Fife*,
Thy polite Park under the *Lowman d Law*:
Sometime in thee I led a luſty Life:
Thy Fallow-deer to ſee them rake and raw,
Court-men to come to thee they ſtand great aw,
Saying, Thy Burgh been of all thy Borrows bail,
Becauſe in thee they never got good Ale.

The Communing between the Papingo, *and holy Executors.*

THe *Py* perceived the *Papingo* in Pain,
He lighted down, and fained him to greet:
Siſter, ſaid he, alas, who hath you ſlain?
I pray you make Proviſion for your Sprite:
Diſpone your Goods, and you confeſs complete:
I have Power by your Contrition,
Of all your Miſs, to give you full Remiſſion.

I am, ſaid ſhe, a Channon Regular.
And of my Brethren Prior Principal:

My white Rocket, my clean Life doth declare,
The Black is of the Death Memorial:
Wherefore I think, all your Goods natural,
Should be submitted whole unto my Cure,
To know I am an holy Creature.

The Raven came rouping when he heard the Rair,
So did the Glede with many a piteous Pew,
And fainedly they counterfeit great Care.
Sister, said they, your Reckleſneſs we rew:
Now beſt it is our Counſel you enſue,
Since ye pretend to this Promotion,
Religious Men of great Devotion.

I am black Monk, ſaid the ratling Raven:
So ſaid the Glede, I am an holy Frier,
And have Power to bring you quick to Heaven:
It is well known my Conſcience been clear,
The black Bible pronounce I ſhall perqueer,
So to our Brethren you will give ſome Good:
GOD wot if ye had need of Lives Food.

The *Papingo* ſaid, Father, by the Rood,
Albeit your Raiment be religious like,
Your Conſcience I ſuſpect, it be not good:
I did perceive, when privily ye did pike
A Chicken from an Hen under a Dike.
I grant, ſaid he, that Hen ſhe was my Friend,
And I that Chicken took but for my Teind.

You know, the Faith by us muſt be ſuſtain'd,
So by the Pope it is preordinate,
That ſpiritual Men ſhould live upon their Teind;
But well I wot you been predeſtinate,
In your Extremes to be ſo fortunate,
So have ſuch holy Conſolation:
Wherefore we make you Exhortation.

Since Dame Nature hath granted you ſuch Grace,
Leiſure to make Confeſſion general,
Now forth your Sin in Time while you have Space,
Then of your Goods make a Memorial,
We three ſhall make your Feaſt Funeral,
And with great Bliſs bury we ſhall your Bones,
Then Trentals twenty rattle all at once.

The Rukes shall rear, that Men shall on them re
And cry, *Commemoratio animarum*:
We shall make Chickens peep, and Gaslings pew,
Although the Geese and Hens should make *Alarum*
And we shall serve *Secundum usum sarrum*,
And make you safe, we find Saint *Blaise* to Burgh,
Crying to you the careful Corinogh.

And we shall sing about your Sepulture,
Saint *Mungo*'s Matins, and the meekle Creed,
And then devoutly say, I you assure,
The old *Placebo* backward on the Beed:
And we shall wear for you the Mourning Weed:
And through your Sprit with *Pluto* were possest,
Devoutly shall your Dirigie be drest.

Father, said he, Your facund Words fair,
Full sore I dread the contrair to your Deeds:
The Wives of the Villages cries with Care,
When they perceive ye mow orethwart their Meed
Your false Conceit both Duke and Drake sore dread
I marvel soothly, that ye be not ashamed,
For your Default, being so sore defamed.

I do abhor my poor perturbed Sprite,
To make to you any Confession:
I hear Men say, you are an Hypocrite,
Exempted from the Senyie of the Session.
To put my Goods in your Possession,
That will I not, so help me dame Nature,
Nor of my Corps I will give you no Cure.

But if I had the noble Nightingal,
The gentle Jay, the Merl, and Turtle true,
Mine Obsequies and Feasts funeral,
Order they would with Notes all of the New,
The pleasant Pown most Angel-like of Hew:
Would GOD I were with him this Day confest,
And my Devise duly by him addrest.

The mirthful Mavice, with the gay Goldspink,
And lusty Lark, would GOD they were present,
Mine Infortune forsooth they would fore-think,
And comfort me that been so Impotent.
The swift Swallow in Practick most prudent,

I know she would my bleeding stanch believe,
With her most vertuous Stone restringitive.

Count me the Case under Confession,
The Glede said proudly to the *Papingo*:
And we shall swear by our Profession,
Counsel to keep, and show it no mo.
We thee beseech, ere thou depart us fro,
Declare to us some Causes reasonable,
Why we are holden so abominable?

By thy Travel thou hast Experience,
First being bred into the *Orient*:
Then by thy good service and Diligence,
To Princes made here in the *Occident*:
Thou knowest the vulgar Peoples Judgment,
Were thou transcurred the hot Meridional,
Then next the Pole the Plage Septentrional.

So by thine high Ingine superlative,
Of all Countries thou know'st the Qualities:
Wherefore I thee conjure by GOD alive,
The Verity declare withoutten Lies,
What thou hast heard by Lands or by Seas,
Of us Church-Men, both good and evil Report,
And how they judge, show us, we thee exhort?

Father, said she, I native Creature,
Dare not presume with such Matter to mell:
Or of your Cases, ye know, I have no Cure:
Demand them which with Prudence do excel:
I may not pew, my Pains have been so fell:
Also perchance ye will not stand Content,
To know the vulgar People their Judgment.

Yet will Death a little withdraw his Dart.
All that lieth in my Memorial,
I shall declare with true unfained Heart.
And first, I say to you in general,
The common People sayeth, Ye be all
Degenerate from your holy Primitives,
As testifies the Process of your Lives.

Of your Peerless prudent Predecessors,
The Beginning, I grant, was very good:

Apoſtles, Martyrs, Virgins and Confeſſors,
The Sound of their excellent Sanctitude,
Was heard over all the World by Land and Flood,
Planting the Faith by Predication,
As CHRIST had made to them Narration.

To fortifie the Faith they took no Fear
Before Princes, preaching right prudently:
Of dolorous Death they doubted not dear,
The Verity declaring fervently,
And Martyrdom they ſuffered patiently:
They took no Cure of Lands, Riches, nor Rent:
Doctrine and Death were both equivalent.

To ſhow their works at length were great wonder,
Whoſe Miracles they were ſo manifeſt,
In Name of CHRIST they healed many Hunder,
Raiſing the Dead and purging the poſſeſt
With perverſe Spirits which had been oppreſt:
The Crooked ran, the blind Men got their Een,
The deaf Man heard, and Lepers were made clean.

The Prelates ſpouſed were with Poverty,
Into thoſe Days when they flouriſht with Fame:
And with her genred Lady Chaſtity,
And Dame Devotion notable of Name:
Humble they were, ſimple, and full of Shame,
Thus Chaſtity, and Dame Devotion,
Were principal Cauſe of their Promotion.

Thus they continued in this Life divine,
Ay till there reigned in *Rome's* great City:
A potent Prince, was named *Conſtantine*,
Perceived the Church had ſpouſed Poverty,
With good Intent, and moved with Pity,
Cauſe of Divorce he put between them two,
And parted them withoutten Words mo.

Then ſhortly with a great Solemnity,
Withoutten any Diſpenſation,
The Church he ſpouſed with Dame Property,
Which haſtily by Proclamation,
To Poverty caus'd make Narration.
Under the Pain of piercing of her Een,
That with the Church ſhe never ſhould be ſeen.

Sain

Saint *Sylvester* the Time reign'd Pope in *Rome*,
Which first consented to the Marriage
Of Property, of which began the Bloom,
Taking the Cure on her with hie Courage;
Devotion drew her to an Hermitage,
When she considered Lady Property,
So high exalted into Dignity.

O *Sylvester*! where was thy Discretion,
Which *Peter* did renounce, thou didst receive:
Andrew and *John* they did leave their Possession,
Their Ships and Nets, their Lines, and all the leave:
Of temporal Substance nothing would they have
Contrarious to their Contemplation,
But soberly their Sustentation.

John the *Baptist* went to the Wilderness,
Lazarus, *Martha*, and *Mary Magdalene*,
Left Heretage and Goods, both more and less:
Prudent Saint *Paul* thought Property profane,
From Town to Town he ran, in Wind and Rain
Upon his Feet, teaching the Word of Grace,
And never was subjected to Riches.

The Glede then said, I hear nothing but Good
Proceed shortly, and thy Matter advance.
The *Papingo* said, Father, by the Rood,
I were too long to hear the Circumstance,
How Property with her new Alliance,
Grew great with Child, as true Men to me told,
And bare two Daughters goodly to behold.

The eldest Daughter named was Riches,
The second Sister Sensuality,
Which did increase within a short Process,
Ever-pleasant to the Spirituality,
In great Substance and excellent Beauty,
These Ladies two grew so within few Years,
That in the World were none might be their Peers.

Thus Royal Riches, and Lady sensual,
From that Time forth they took whole Governance
Of the most Part of the Spiritual:
And they again with humble Observance,
Marously their Wits they did advance,

As true Lovers their Lady for to please:
GOD wot if then their Hearts were right at Ease.

Some they forgot to study, pray and preach.
They grew so subject to Dame sensual;
And thought but Pain poor People for to teach;
Yet they decreed it into their Council,
They would no more to Marriage be thral,
Trusting surely to observe Chastity,
And all beguil'd, said Sensuality.

Apparantly they did expel their Wives,
That they might live at large without Thirlage,
At Liberty to lead their lusty Lives,
Thinking Men thral that been in Marriage;
For new Faces provoke do new Courage.
Thus Chastity they turn into Delight,
Wanting of Wives been Cause of Appetite.

Dame Chastity did steal away for Shame,
When once she did perceive their Purveyance:
Dame Sensual a Letter did proclaim,
And her exiled *Italy* and *France*.
In *England* could she get no Ordinance.
Then to the King, and to the Court of *Scotland*
She turned her withouten more Demand.

Trusting into that Court to get Comfort,
She made her humble Supplication:
Shortly they said, she should get no Support,
But threatned her with Blasphemation:
To Priests go make your Protestation.
It is, said they, many a hundred Year,
Since Chastity had any Entrance here.

Tired for Travel, she to the Priests past,
And to the Rulers of Religion:
Of her Presence shortly they were agast,
Saying, They thought it but Abusion
Her to receive; so with Conclusion,
With one Advice decreed and gave Doom,
They would receit no Rebel out of *Rome*.

Should we receive that *Romans* have refused,
And banisht *England*, *Italy* and *France*,

For you Flattery, then were we well abuſed:
Paſs hence, ſaid they, and faſt your Ways advance,
Among the Nuns go ſeek your Ordinance:
For we have made Oath of Fidelity
To Dame Riches and Senſuality.

Then Patiently ſhe made Progreſſion
Towards the Nuns with heart ſighing full ſore:
They gave her Preſence with Proceſſion,
Receiving her with Honour, Laud and Glore,
Purpoſing to preſerve her evermore:
Of that Novels came to Dame Property,
To Riches, and to Senſuality.

Which ſped them at the Poſt right ſpeedily,
And ſet a Siege proudly about that Place;
The ſilly Nuns did yield them haſtily,
And humbly of that Guilt they asked Grace,
Then gave their Bands of perpetual Peace:
Receiving them they caſt up Doors wide,
Then Chaſtity there no longer might bide.

So for Refuge faſt to the Friers ſhe fled,
Who ſaid, they would of Ladies take no Cure.
Where is ſhe now? then ſaid the greedy Gled,
Not among you, ſaid ſhe, I you aſſure:
I truſt ſhe be upon the *Borrow Moor*,
By ſouth *Edinburgh*, and that right many meanes,
Profeſt among the Siſters of the Beans.

There hath ſhe found her Mother Poverty,
And devotion her own Siſter carnal;
There hath ſhe found Faith, Hope and Charity,
Together with the virtuous Cardinal,
There hath ſhe found a Convent yet unthral
To Dame Senſual, nor yet with Riches abuſed;
So quietly theſe Ladies are incloſed.

The Pyat ſaid, I dread that they aſſailed,
They render them as did the holy Nuns.
Doubt not, ſaid he, for they are ſo artailed,
They Purpoſe to defend them with their Guns,
Ready to ſhoot, they have ſix great Canons,
Perſeverance, Conſtance and Conſcience,
Auſterity, Labor and Abſtinence.

To

To reſiſt ſubtil Senſuality,
Strongly they are enarmed Feet and Hand
By Abſtinence, and keeped Poverty,
Contrair Riches, and all her falſe Servands.
They have a Bombard braſed up in Bands,
To keep their Port in the midſt of their Cloſs,
Which is called, *Domine, cuſtodi nos.*

Within whoſe Shot there dare no Enemies
Approach their Place, for Dread of Dints dour:
Both Night and Day they work as buſie Bees,
For their Defence ready to ſtand in Stour:
And have ſuch Watches on their outer Towr,
That Dame Senſual with Siege dare not aſſaily,
Nor come within a Shot of their Artailly.

The Pyat ſaid, Whereto ſhould they preſume,
For to reſiſt ſweet Senſualitie,
Or Dame Riches, which Rulers are at *Rome*?
Are they more conſtant in their Qualitie,
Than the Princes of Spiritualitie,
Which pleaſantly, withoutten Obſtinacie,
Have them received in their Habitacie.

How long, truſt ye, theſe Ladies ſhall remain
So ſolitar in ſuch Perfection?
The *Papingo* ſaid, Brother in certain,
So long as they obey Correction,
Chooſing their Heads by Election,
Unthral to Riches, and to Povertie,
But as requireth their Neceſſitie.

O prudent Prelates, where was your Preſcience?
That took in Hand to obſerve Chaſtitie
But auſtere Life, Labour and Abſtinence?
Perceive ye not the great Proſperitie,
Apparently to come of Propertie?
Ye know great Cheer, great Eaſe and Idleneſs
To Lecherie was Mother and Miſtreſs.

Thou rav'ſt unrock'd, the Raven ſaid by the Rood,
So to reprove Riches and Povertie:
Abraham and *Iſaac* were rich, and very good:
Jacob and *Joſeph* had Proſperitie.
The *Papingo* ſaid, That is of Veritie:

Riches,

Riches, I grant, is not to be refuſed,
Providing als that they be not abuſed.

Then ſaid the Raven a Replication,
And ſaid, Thy Reaſon is not worth a Mite,
As I ſhall prove with Proteſtation:
That no Man take my word into Deſpite:
I ſay, The temporal Princes have the Wite,
That in the Church ſuch Paſtors do provide,
To govern Souls, themſelves that cannot guide.

Long Time after the Church took Property,
The Prelates liv'd in great Perfection,
Unthral to Riches or Senſuality,
Under the holy Spirit's Protection,
Orderly choſen by Election,
As *Gregorie*, *Jerom*, *Ambroſe* and *Auguſtine*,
Benedict, *Bernard*, *Clement*, *Clete*, and *Line*,
Such patient Prelates entered by the Port,
Pleaſing the People by Predication:
Now Dyke-loupers do in the Church reſort,
By Symonie and Supplication
Of Princes by their Preſentation,
To ſilly Souls that are the LORD's Sheep,
Are given to hungry ravenous Wolves to keep.

No marvel is though we religious Men,
Degenred be, and in our Life confuſed,
But ſing and drink, none other Craft we ken,
Our ſpiritual Fathers have us ſo abuſed:
Againſt our will theſe Traitors been intruſed,
Sick men have now Religious Men in Cures,
Moſeſt Virgins in keeping of ſtrong Whores.

Princes, Princes, where is your high Prudence,
Diſpoſition of your Benefices?
The guardoning of your Courticiens,
Some Cauſe of theſe great Enormities,
Where is a Sort waiting like hungry Flies,
Or ſpiritual Cure, though they be nothing able,
Whoſe greedy Thirſt been ay inſatiable,

Princes I pray you be no more abuſed,
Of vertuous Men having ſo ſmall Regard:

Why

Why ſhould Vertue through Flattery be refuſed,
That Man of Cunning can get no Reward,
Alas, that ever a Bragger or a Baird,
A Whore-maſter or common Hazarture,
Should in the Church get any Kind of Cure.

Were I a Man worthy to wear a Crown
Ay when there vaked any Benefices:
I ſhould cauſe call a Congregation,
The Principal of all the Prelacies,
Moſt cunning Clerks of Univerſities,
Moſt Famous Fathers of Religion,
With their Advice make Diſpoſition.

I ſhould diſpone all Offices paſtoral,
To Doctors of Divinity or Jure,
And cauſed Dame Vertue pull up all her Sails,
When cunning Men had in the Church moſt Cure,
Cauſe Lords ſend their Sons, I you aſſure,
To ſeek Science, and famous Schools frequent,
Then them promove that were moſt Sapient.

Great Pleaſure 'twere to hear a Biſhop preach,
A Dean, a Doctor of Divinitie,
An Abbot which could well the Convent teach,
A Parſon flowing in Philoſophie.
I tine my Time to wiſh which will not be,
Were not the Preaching of the begging Friers,
Loſt were the Faith amongſt the Seculiers,

As for their Preaching, ſaid the *Papingo*,
I them excuſe, for why, they been ſo thral
To Property, and her dign Daughters two,
Dame Riches, and fair Lady Senſual:
They may not uſe no Paſtime ſpiritual:
And in their Habits take ſuch great Delite,
They have refuſed Ruſſet and Rapluch white.

Taking to them ſcarlet and Cramoſie,
With Menever, Mertrick, Greece and rich Armine,
Their low Hearts exalted are ſo hie,
To ſee their papal Pomp it is a Pine.
More rich Array is now with Prinyies fine,
Upon the bairding of the Biſhops Mool,
Than ever had *Peter* or *Paul* againſt Yool,

Their

Their fair Ladies their Chains may not escape,
Dame Sensual such Seed in them hath sown:
Less Skaith it were with Licence of the Pope,
That each Prelate a Wife had of his own,
Than see their Bastards throghout the Country blown,
For now be they well comed from the Schools,
They fall to Work as they were common Bulls.

Pew, said the Gled thou preacheſt all in vain,
Ye secular Folks have of your Case no Cures.
I grant, said she, yet Men will speak again,
How ye have made an hundred thousand Whores,
Which had not been, were not your lecherous Lures,
And if I lie, heartily I me repent:
Was never a Bird, I know more Penitent,

Then she her shrave with devout Countenance
To that false Gled, which fained him a Frier:
And when she had fulfilled her Penance,
Full subtilly at her he can enquire:
Chooſe you, said he, which of us Brethren here,
Shall have of your natural Goods the Cures:
You know none been more holy Creatures.

I am content, said the poor *Papingo*,
That you Frier Gled and Corby Monk your Brother
Have Cure of all my Goods, and eke no mo.
Since at this Time Friendship I find no other.
We shall be to you true, as to our Brother,
Said they, and swore to fulfil her Intent.
Of that, said she, I take an Instrument.

The Pyat said, What shall mine Office be;
Over-man, said she, unto the other two.
The rouping Raven said, Sweet Sister, let see
Your whole Intent, for it is Time to go.
The greedy Gled said, Brother, do not so:
We will remain, and here hold up her Head,
And never depart from her till she be dead.

The *Papingo* thanked them tenderly.
And said, Since ye have tane on you the Cure,
Then part my natural Goods equally,
That ever I had or have of Dame Nature,
First to the Howlat indigent and poor,

Which

Which on the Day for Shame dare not be ſeen,
To her I leave my gay Galbert of Green.

My bright depured Eyes as Cryſtal clear,
Unto the Bat you ſhall them both preſent;
In *Phebus* Preſence, which dare not appear,
Of natural Light he is ſo impotent.
My birniſht Back I leave with good Intent
Unto the gentle piteous Pelican,
To help to pierce her tender Heart in Twain.

I leave the Gouk, which hath no Song but one,
My Muſick, with my Voice angelical;
And to the Gooſe give ye when I am gone.
Mine Eloquence and Tongue rhetorical:
And take and dry my Bones great and ſmall,
Then cloſe them in a Caſe of Ebur fine,
And them preſent unto the Phenix ſyne,

To burn with her when ſhe her Life renews,
In *Arabie* ye ſhall her find but Weer,
And ſhall her know by her moſt heavenly Hews,
Gold, Azure, Gowls, Purple and Syneper:
Her Date is for to live five hundred Year,
Make to that Bird my Commendation,
Alſo I make you Supplication.

Since of my Corps I have given you the Cure,
Ye ſpeed you to the Court but tarrying,
And take mine Heart of perfect Portraiture,
And it preſent unto the Sovereign King;
I know you will it cloſe into a Ring.
Commend me to his Grace, I you exhort,
And of my Paſſion make him true Report.

Ye three my Tripes ſhall have for your Travel,
With Liver and Lung to part equal among you,
Praying *Pluto* the potent Prince of Hell,
If ye failyie, that in his Net he fang you:
Be to me true, though I nothing belong you,
Sore I ſuſpect your Conſcience been too large.
Doubt not, ſaid they, we take it with the Charge.

Adieu Brethren, ſaid the poor *Papingo*,
To talk no more, I have no Time to tarry:
But ſince my Sprit muſt from my Body go,

I re-

recommend it to the Queen of *Farie*.
ternally into her Court to tarrie,
n Wilderneſs among the Holts Hore.
Then ſhe inclin'd her Head, and ſpake no more.

Plunged into her mortal Paſſion,
ull grievouſly ſhe gripped to the Ground:
t were too long to make Narration,
Vith Sighs full ſore, with many a Sting and Stound,
ut of the Wound the Blood did ſo abound,
Compaſs round was with her Blood made red:
Vithout Remead there is nothing but Dead.

And by ſhe had *in Manus tuas* ſaid,
xtincted was her natural Senſes five:
er Head full ſoftly on her Shoulders laid,
Then yield the Spirit with Pains pungitive.
The Raven began rudely to rug and rive,
ull ravenous like his empty Throat to feed,
at ſoftly Brother (ſaid the greedy Glede.)

While ſhe is hot, let part her even among us,
ake thou one Half, and reach to me the other:
nto our Right, I wot no Wight dare wrong us.
The Pyat ſaid, The Fiend receive the other,
Vhy make ye me Step-bairn, and I your Brother.
ou do me wrong (Sir Glede) I ſhrew your Heart,
Take here, ſaid he, the Puddings for thy Part.

Then wot ye well my Heart was wonder ſair,
or to behold that dolent Departing:
er Angel Feathers flying in the Air,
xcept the Heart was left of her nothing:
The Pyat ſaid, That pertains to the King,
Vhich to his Grace I purpoſe to preſent.
Thou (ſaid the Glede) ſhalt fail of thine Intent.

The Raven ſaid, GOD nor I rax in a Rope,
f thou get this to either King or Duke:
The Pyat ſaid, Plain I not to the Pope,
Then in a Smiddy I be ſmor'd with Smook,
Vith that the Glede the Piece caught in his Clook,
nd fled his Way, the reſt with all their Might,
o chaſe the Glede, flew all out of my Sight.

Now

Now have ye heard the little Tragedie,
The sore Complaint, the Testament and Misehaa
Of this poor Bird which did ascend so hie;
Beseeching you excuse mine Ignorance,
And rude Endite, which is not to advance,
And to the Quier I give Commandment,
Make no Repair where Poets been present.

Because thou been of Rhetorick so denude,
Be never seen near hand none other Book:
With King nor Queen, with Lord, nor Men of Good
With Coat unclean, claim Kindred to some Cook
Steal in an Nook, when they list on thee look.
For Smell of Smook Men will abhor to hear the
Here I forswear thee, wherefore to lurk go lear thee

The Dream of Sir David Lindsay *of the* Mount *Knight, familiar Servitor to our Sovereign Lord, King* James *the fifth.*

The Epistle to the King's Grace.

RIght potent Prince, of his Imperial Bloo
Unto thy Grace I trust it be well know
My Service done unto thy Celsitude,
Which needeth not at length for to be shown:
And though my Youth-hood near be overblown.
Exerc'd in Service of your Excellence:
Hope hath me height a goodly Recompence.

When thou wast young I bare thee in mine Arm
Full tenderly till thou began to gang:
And in thy Bed oft happed thee full warm,
With Lute in Hand then sweetly to thee sang,
Sometime in dancing fiercefully I sang,
And sometimes playing fairses on the Flure,
And sometime of mine Office taking Cure.

And sometime like a Feind transfigurate,
And sometime like a greesly Ghost of gay,
In diverse Forms ofttimes disfigurate,
and sometimes disguised full pleasantly;
So since thy Birth, I have continually
Been exercis'd and ay to thy Pleasure,

A

And sometimes Steward, Capper, and Carvour,
Thy Purse-master and Secret Thesaurer,
Thine Usher ay since thy Nativity:
And in thy Chamber Chief Cubicular,
Which to this Hour hath keeped my Lautie,
Loving be to the Blessed TRINITY,
That such a wretched Worm hath made so able:
To such a Prince to be so agreeable.

But now thou art by natural Influence,
High of Ingine, and right inquisitive.
Of antique Stories and Deeds martial:
More pleasantly the Time for to overdrive,
I have at length the Stories to descrive,
Of *Hector*, *Arthur*, and gentle *Julius*,
Of *Alexander* and worthy *Pompeius*,

Of *Jason* and *Medea* all at length,
Of *Hercules* the Acts honorable,
And of *Samson* supernatural strength,
And of the leel Lovers the Stories amiable.
And oft-times have I fained many a Fable
Of *Troylus* the Sorrow and the Joy,
And Sieges all of *Tyr*, *Thebes* and *Troy*.

The Prophecies of *Rymer*, *Bede* and *Merlin*,
And many other pleasant History,
Of the red *Erin* and *Gyre Carlin*:
Comforting thee when that I saw thee Sory:
Now with Support of the KING of Glory,
I shall thee show a Story of the new,
The which before I never to thee shew.

But humbly I beseech thine Excellence,
With ornate Terms though I cannot express
This simple Matter for lack of Eloquence:
Yet notwithstanding all my Business,
With Heart and Hand my Mind I will address,
As best I can and most compendious.
Now I begin, the Matter happned thus.

The Prologue.

INto the Kallends of *January*,
When fresh *Phebus* by moving circular

From

From *Capricorn* was entred into *Aquarie*,
With Blasts that had the Branches made full bare:
The Snow and Sleet perturbed all the Air,
And fleemed Flots from every Bank and Buss,
Through the Support of austere *Eolus*.

After that I the longsom Winter Night
Had lien waking in my bed alone:
Through heavy Thought, that no way sleep I might
Remembring of divers Things bygone:
So up I rose, and clothed me anone:
By this fair *Titan* with his Beams light,
Over the World had spread his Banner bright.

With Cloke and Hood I dressed me believe,
With double Shoes, and Mittans on mine Hands:
Albeit the Air was right penetrative,
Yet sure I forth, lanching ov'r through the Lands
Toward the Sea, to sport me on the Sands;
Because unbloomed was both Bank and Bray:
And so as I was passing by the Way,

I met Dame *Flora* in Dole-weed disguised,
Which into *May* was dulce and delectable,
With sturdy Storms her Sweetness was surprised;
Her heavenly Hews were turned into Sable,
Which sometime were to Lovers amiable:
Fled from the Frost the tender Flowrs I saw,
Under Dame Nature's Mantle lurking law.

The small Fowls in Flocks saw I flee,
To Nature making Lamentation:
They lighted down beside me on a Tree:
Of their Complaint I had Compassion,
And with a piteous Lamentation,
They said, Blessed be Summer with thy Flowrs
And wearied be thou Winter with thy Showrs.

Alas, *Aurora*, the silly Lark can cry,
Where hast thou left thy balmy Liquor sweet
That us rejoiced, we mounting in the Sky?
Thy Silver Drops are turned into Sleet.
O sary *Phebus*, where is thy wholsom Heat?
Why sufferest thou thy heavenly pleasant Face,
With misty Vapours be obscur'd? alas.

Wher

Where art thou *May* with *June* thy Sister Sheen
Well bordered with Desires of Delight?
And gentle *July* with thy Mantle green,
Embalmed with Roses both red and white?
How Old and Cold *January* in Despite:
Leaves from us all Pastime and Pleasure,
Alas, what gentle Heart may this endure?

Wersyled with the Clouds odious,
Was the golden Skys of the *Orient*:
Changing in Sorrow Songs melodious,
Which we had wont to sing with good Intent,
Resounding to the Heavens Firmament:
But now our Day is changed into Night.
With that they rose, and flew out of my Sight,

Pensive in heart passing full soberly,
Unto the Sea forward I past anone:
The Sea was out, the Sand was smooth and dry,
Then up and down I mused mine alone,
Till that I spy'd a litle Cave of Stone,
High in a Craig, upward I did approach,
Without staying, and clamb up to the Roach,

And purposed for passing of the Time,
Me to defend from Otiosity,
With Pen and Paper to register in Rime,
Some merry Matter of Antiquity:
And Idleness, Ground of Iniquity,
He made so dull my Spirits me within,
That I knew not at what End to begin.

But sat still in that Cave, where I might see
The waltering of the Waves up and down:
And this false world's Instability,
Unto the Sea making Comparison,
And of this wretched world's Variation:
To them that fixes all their whole Intent,
Considering who most had should most repent.

So with my Hood I happed me full warm:
And in my Cloke I folded both my Feet:
I thought my Corps with Cold should take no Harm:
My Mittans held my Hands full well in Heat:
The scouling Rock me covered from the sleet.

There

There ſtill did I ſit my Bones for to reſt,
Till *Morpheus* with ſleep my Sprit oppreſt.

So through the boiſtrous Blaſts of *Eolus*,
And through my waking on the Night before:
And through the Seas moving marvellous,
By *Neptunus*, with many a Rout and Roar,
Conſtrain'd I was to ſleep withoutten more
And what I dreamed in Concluſion,
I ſhall you tell a moſt marvellous Viſion.

The Dream of Sir David Lindſay.

I Thought a Lady of Portrature perfite,
Did ſalute me with benign Countenance:
And I which of her Preſence had Delite,
To her again made humble Reverence,
And her demanded, ſaving her Pleaſure,
What was her Name? She anſwered courteouſly,
Dame Remembrance, ſaid ſhe, called am I.

Which come now is for Paſſime and Pleaſure
Of thee, and for to bear thee Company;
Becauſe I ſee thy Sprit, without Meaſure,
So ſore perturbed by Melancholly:
Cauſing thy Corps to wax both cold and dry,
Therefore get up, and go anon with me;
So were we both in twinkling of an Eye.

Down through the Earth in midſt of the Center,
Ere ever I wiſt, into the loweſt Hell:
And in that careful Cave when we did enter,
Youting and youling we heard with many a Yell,
In Flame of Fire right furious and fell,
Was crying many careful Creature,
Blaſpheming GOD, and warying Nature.

There ſaw we divers Popes and Emperours,
Without Recover many careful King.
There ſaw we many wrongous Conquerors,
Withoutten Right Revers of other Reigns;
The Men of Kirk lay bouden into Bings,
There ſaw we many careful Cardinal,
And Arch-biſhops in their Pontifical.

Proud and perverſe Prelates out of Number,
Friers, Abbots, and falſe flattering Friers: To

o ſpecifie them all, it were a Cumber:
egular Chanons, churle Monks and Charterers,
rious Clerks, and Prieſts Seculars.
here was ſome Part of each Religion,
holy Kirk which did Abuſion,

Then I demanded Dame Remembrance,
he Cauſe of theſe Prelates Punition;
e ſaid the Cauſe of their unhappy Chance,
as covetous Luſt and Ambition,
he which now makes them lack Fruition
f GOD, and here eternally muſt dwell,
to this painful poiſoned Pit of Hell.

And they did not inſtruct the Ignorant,
woking them to Penitence by preaching;
t ſerved worldy Princes inſolent,
d were promoved by their fained Fleitching,
t for their Science, Wiſdom, nor their Teaching
Simonie was their Promotion,
re for Deniers, than for Devotion.

Another Cauſe of the Punition
theſe unhappy Prelates imprudent,
ey made not equal Diſtribution
holy Kirk Patrimony, nor Rent;
t temporally they have it all miſpent,
hich ſhould have been triparted into Three;
ſt, to uphold the Kirk in Honeſty.

The ſecond Part, to ſuſtain their Eſtates.
he tarid Part to be given to the Poors,
t they diſpone theſe Goods all other Gates,
Carts and Dice, or Harlotry and Whores.
oſe Gatives took no Cure of their Cures:
eir Church Ruin, their Ladies cleanly clad,
d richly ſuled both in Boord and Bed.

Their Baſtard Bairns proudly they provided,
e Kirk Goods largely they did on them ſpend,
their Default their Subdites were miſguided,
d counted not their GOD for to offend,
ich cauſed them lack Grace at the latter End.
ing that tout, I ſaw in Cups of Braſs,
on Magus and Biſhop *Caiaphas*.

Biſhop

Bishop *Annas* and the Traitor *Judas*,
Mahomet that Prophet poisonable:
Core, *Dathan* and *Abiram* there was.
Hereticks we saw innumerable,
It was a sight right wondrous Lamentable,
How that they lay into these Flames fleeting,
With careful Cries, sore groaning and weeping.

Religious Men were punisht painfully,
For vain Glory and Disobedience,
Breaking their Constitutions wilfully:
Not having their Over-men in Reverence,
To know their Rule they took no Diligence:
Unlawfully they used Property,
Passing the Bounds of wilful Poverty.

Full sore weeping, with Voices lamentable,
They cried loud, O Emperor *Constantine*,
We may wite thy Possession poisonable,
Of all our great Punition and Pain:
Albeit your Purpose was to a good Fine,
Thou banisht from us true Devotion,
Having such eye to our Promotion.

There we beheld a Den full dolorous,
Where that Princes and Lords temporal
Were cruciate with Pains rigorous.
But to expream their Pains in special,
It doth exceed all my Memorial:
Importable Pain they had but comforting:
Their Blood Royal made them no supporting.

Some cative King for cruel Oppression,
And other some for their wrongous Conquess,
Were condemned they and their Succession.
Some for publick Adultery and Incest,
Some suffered People never to live in Rest,
Delited so in Pleasure sensual,
Wherefore their Pain was there perpetual.

There was the cursed Emperor *Nero*,
Of every Vice the horrible Vessel.
There was *Pharaoh*, with many Princes mo,
Oppressors of the Children of *Israel*,
Herod, with many mo than I can tell,

Po

once Pilate was there hanged by the Halse,
With unjust Judges, for their Sentence false.

Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Barons and Knights,
With their Princes was punisht painfully,
rticipant they were of their Unrights.
orward we went, and let these Lords ly,
nd saw where Ladies lamentably,
ke mad Lions were carefully crying
Flame of Fire right furiously frying.

Empresses, Queens, and Ladies of Honor,
any Dutchess, and Countess full of Care,
ey pierc'd mine Heart these tender Creatures,
pined in that Pit full of Despair.
unged in Pain with many ruthful Rare,
me for their Pride, some for Adultery,
d for their tysing of Men to Lechery.

ome had been cruel and malicious,
me for making of wrongous Heritors.
r to rehearse their Lives vicious,
were a great Stay to the Auditors.
Lechery they were the very Lures,
th their provocative Impudicity,
ught many a Man to Infelicity.

me Women for their Pusilanimity,
-set with Shame they did them never shrive,
ecret Sins done into Quiety,
some repented never in their Life.
houtten Ruth these Ruffians did them reive
orously without any Compassion,
at was their Dool and Lamentation.

hat we were made, they cry'd full oft, Alas!
stormented with Pains intolerable,
minded not when we had Time and Space,
took in Earth our Lusts delectable:
refore with Fiends ugly and horrible,
are condemn'd for evermore, Alas,
nally withoutten Hope of Grace.

here is the Meat and Drink delicious,
which we fed our careful Carions:
Silver, Silk, and Pearls precious,

Our Riches, Rents, and our Poſſeſſions,
Withoutten Hope of our Remiſſions.
Alas, our Pains they are inſufferable,
And our Tormeuts to count innumerable.

Then we beheld where many a Thouſand
Common People lay flightering in the Fire!
Of every State there was a bailful Band,
There might be ſeen many a ſorrowful Syre,
Some for Envy ſuffered, and ſome for Ire.
And ſome for Lack of Reſtitution,
Of wrongous goods without Remiſſion.

Menſworn Merchants for their wrongous Winning:
Heurders of Gold and common Uſurers:
Falſe Men of Law in Cautels right cunning:
Thieves, Reavers, and Publick Oppreſſors:
Some Part there were of unleal Laborers,
Craftſmen there ſaw we out of Number:
Of each Sort to declare, it was a Cumber.

Alſo longſom for me is to indite,
Of this Priſon the Pains in ſpecial:
The Heat, the Cold, the Dolor and Deſpite,
Wherefore I ſpeak of them in general.
That doleful Den, that Furnace infernal,
Whoſe Reward is to rew without Remead,
Ever dying, and never to be dead.

Hunger and Thirſt inſtead of Meat and Drink,
And for their Clothing, Toads and Scorpions:
That dark Manſion is tapiſſed with Stink,
They ſee nothing but horrible Viſions:
They have but Scorns and Deriſion,
Of foul Fiends, and Blaſphemations.
Their Feeling is importable Paſſions.

For Melody, miſerable Mourning:
There was no Solace, but Dolor infinite,
In bailful Beds bitterly burning,
With ſobbing, ſighing, ſorrow, and with Spite,
Their Conſciences their Heart ſo did bite!
To hear them flyte, it was a Cauſe of Care,
So in Deſpite plunged into Deſpair,

A lit

little above that dolorous Dungeon,
entred into a Country full of Care,
ere that we ſaw many a Legion,
eping and howling with many a ruthful Rair:
at Place is that, ſaid I, of Bleſs ſo bare?
anſwered and ſaid, *Purgatory*,
ich purgeth Souls ere they come to Glory.

ſee no Pleaſure here, but meikle Pain:
erefore, ſaid I, leave we this Sort in thral,
urpoſe never to come here again.
yet I do believe, and ever ſhall,
r the true Kirk can nowiſe err at all:
Things to be, as Clerks do conclude,
eit my Hope ſtands moſt in CHRIST's Blood.

bove that in the third Priſon anon,
entred in a Place of Perdition,
ere many Babes were making drearie Moan,
uſe they lacked the Fruition
GOD, which was the great Punition
Baptiſm, they lacked the Enſeanie,
ards we went, and left that mirthleſs Menyie.

to a Vault above the Place of Pain,
the which but Sojourn we aſcended,
t was the Limb, in the which did remain
Fore-fathers, becauſe *Adam* offended,
g the Fruit, the which was ſo offended,
a Year they dwelt in that Dungeon,
Darkneſs, and with Deſolation.

en through the Earth of Nature cold and dry,
to eſcape thoſe Places perilous;
ſted us right wonder ſpeedily,
e beheld the Secrets marvellous,
ines of Gold, and Stones precious:
lver, and of every fine Metal,
h to declare, it were too long to dwell.

through the Water ſhortly we intended,
n environs the Earth withoutten Doubt:
through the Air ſhortly we aſcended,

His Regions through, beholding in and out:
Which Earth and Water closed round about,
Syne shortly upward through the Fire we went,
Which was the highest and hotest Element.

When we had all the Elements overpast,
That is to say, Earth, Water, Air and Fire:
Upward we went withoutten any Red,
To see the Heavens was our most Desire:
But ere we might win to the Heaven's Empire,
It behooved us to pass the Way full even,
Up through the Spheres of the Planets seven.

First to the Moon, and visit all her Sphere,
Queen of the Sea, and Beauty of the Night:
Of Nature moist and cold, and nothing clear,
For of her self she hath none other Light,
But the Reflex of *Phebus* Beams so bright,
The twelve Signs she passeth round about,
In eight and twenty Days withoutten Doubt.

Then we ascended to *Mercurius*,
Which Poets call the God of Eloquence:
Right Doctor-like, with Terms delicious,
In Art expert, and full of Sapience,
It was Pleasure to pause on his Prudence:
Painters and Poets are subject to his Cure,
And hot and dry he is of his Nature.

Also as cunning Astrologers says,
He doth complete his Course naturally,
In three hundred and eight and thirty Days,
Then upward we ascended hastily
To fair *Venus*, where she right lustily
Was set into a Seat of Silver sheen,
That fair fresh Goddess, that lusty Love's Queen.

They pierc'd mine Heart, her Blinks amorous,
Albeit that sometime she is changeable:
With Countenance, and cheerful Colorous,
Sometime right pleasant, glad and delectable:
Sometime constant, and sometime variable,
Yet her Beauty resplendent as the Fire,
Swages the Wrath of *Mars* that God of Ire.

This pleaſant Planet, if I can right deſcrive,
is both hot and moiſt of her Nature:
is is the Cauſe ſhe is provocative
all them that are ſubject to her Cure,
Venus Works ſo that they may endure,
d ſhe completes her Courſes natural,
welve Months withoutten any fail.

Then paſt we to the Sphere of *Phebus bright*,
at luſty lamp, and Lantern of the Heaven:
d gladder of the ſtars with his clear Light,
d Principal of all the Planets ſeven,
d ſet in midſt of them all full even,
Roy royal rolling into his Sphere,
l pleaſantly into his golden Chair.

Whoſe Influence and Vertue excellent,
eth the Life to every earthly Thing:
ich Prince of every Planet precellent,
h foſter Flowers, and cauſeth Herbs to ſpring
ough the cold Earth, and cauſeth Birds to ſing:
his regular reigning in the Heaven,
ft under the Zodiack full even.

or to deſcrive his Diadem Royal.
dered about with Stones ſhining full bright:
golden Cart, or Throne imperial,
four Steeds that draweth it full right,
ve to Poets, becauſe I have no Slight:
of his Nature he is hot and dry.
pleating in one Year his Courſe truly.

hen up to *Mars* inby we haſted us,
der hot, and drier than the Thunder,
ace flaming as Fire furious,
oaſt and Brag more awful than an Hunder,
e all the Heaven moſt like to ſhake aſunder:
would behold his Countenance and Fear,
t call him well the God of Men of Were.

th Colour red, and Look malicious,
t Cholerick of his Complexion,
te, angry, ſweer and ſeditious,
ipal Cauſe of the Deſtruction
any good and noble Region,

Were not *Venus* his Ire doth mitigate,
This World of Peace would be right desolate.

The God of Grief withoutten sojourning,
In Years two his Course he doth compleat,
Then past we up, where *Jupiter* the King,
Sat in his Sphere right amiable and sweet,
Complexionate with Moistness and with Heat.
That pleasant Prince, fair, dulce and delicate,
Provoked Peace, and banished Debate.

The old Poets by Superstition,
Held *Jupiter* the Father principal
Of all these Gods, in Conclusion,
Of his Prerogative in special,
And by his Virtues into general,
To old Saturn he maketh Resistance,
When in his Malice he would work Vengeance.

Thus *Jupiter* withoutten sojourning,
Passeth through all the twelve Signs full even,
In Years twelve: Then without tarrying,
We past into the highest of the seven,
To *Saturnus*, which troubleth all the Heaven:
With heavy Chear, and Colour pale as Lead,
In him we saw but Dolor to the Dead.

And cold and dry is he of his Nature,
Foul like an Owl, of evil Condition,
Right unpleasant he is of Portraiture,
His intoxicate Disposition,
It puts all Things in Perdition:
Ground of Sickness and melanchollious,
Perverse and poor, both false and envious.

His Quality I cannot love but lack,
As for his moving naturally but Weer,
About the Signs of all the Zodiack,
He doth compleat his Course in thirty Year:
And so we left him in his frosty Sphere:
Upward we did ascend incontinent,
But rest, till we came to the Firmament.

The which was fixed full of Stars bright,
Of Figure round, right pleasant and perfite:
Whose Influence and right excellent Light,

And whoſe Number cannot be put in Writ,
Yet cunning Clerks do naturally indite,
How he doth end his Courſe withoutten Weer,
In the Space of an hundred and thirty Year.

Then the ninth Sphere and Mover principal
Of all the reſt, we viſit all the Heaven,
Whoſe daily Motion is continual,
Both Firmament, and all the Planets ſeven,
From Eaſt to weſt, making them go full even,
Into the Space of four and twenty Years,
Yet by the Mind of the Aſtronomers.

The ſeven Planets into their proper Spheres,
From Eaſt to Weſt they move naturally:
Some ſwift, ſome ſlow, as to their Kind effeirs,
As I have ſhown before eſpecially:
Whoſe Motion cauſeth continually,
Right melodious Harmony and Sound,
And all through moving of theſe Planets round.

Then mounted we with right fervent Deſire,
Up through the Heaven called the Cryſtaline:
And ſo we entred into the Heaven's Empire,
Which to deſcrive it paſſeth mine Engine,
Where GOD into his holy Throne divine,
Reigns in his Glory ineſtimable,
With Angels clear which are innumerable.

In Orders nine theſe Spirits glorious
Are divided, the which excellently,
Making loving with Sound melodious:
Seeing *Sanctus* right wonder fervently.
Theſe Orders nine they are full pleaſantly
Divided into Hierarchies three,
And three Orders in every Hierarchie.

The loweſt Order are the Angels bright,
As Meſſengers to this low Region:
The ſecond Order Arch-angels full of Might,
Vertues, Poteſtates, Principats of Renown.
The ſixth is called, Domination:
The ſeventh *Thrones*, the eighth high *Cherubim*,
The ninth and higheſt called, *Seraphim*.

And next unto the bleſſed TRINITIE,

In his triumphing Throne Imperial,
Three into one, and one Substance in three,
Whose indivisible Essence eternal,
The rude Ingine of Mankind is too small
To comprehend; whose Power infinite,
And divine Nature no Creature can write.

So mine Ingine is not sufficient
For to treat of His high Divinity:
All mortal Men are insufficient
To consider these three in Unity.
Such subtil Matter I must needs let be,
To study on my Creed it were full fair,
And let Doctors of such Matters declare.

Then we beheld the blest Humanity
Of CHRIST sitting upon His Seat Royal,
At the right Hand of the Divinity:
With an excellent Court celestial,
Whose Exercition continual
Was in loving their Prince with Reverence,
And on this wise they keeped Ordinance.

Next to the Throne we saw the QUEEN of Queens,
Well companied with Ladies of Delite:
Sweet was the Song of these blessed Virgins,
No mortal Man their Solace may endite.
The Angels bright innumerable infinite,
Every Order into their own Degree,
Were Officers unto the DEITY.

Patriarchs and Prophets honorable,
Collateral Counsellers in His Consistory:
Evangelists, Apostles venerable,
Were Captains unto the KING of Glory,
Which Chiftan-like had won the Victory
Of that triumphant Court celestial:
Saint *Peter* was Lieutenant General.

The Martyrs were as noble stalwart Knights
Discomfiters of cruel Battels three,
The Flesh, the World, the Fiend, and all their Mights,
Confessors, Doctors in Divinity,
As Chappel-Clerks unto his DEITY.
And last we saw infinite Multitude,

Making

Making Service unto his Celſitude.

Which by the high Divine Permiſſion,
Felicity they had invariable:
And of his GOD-head clear Cognition,
And complete Peace they had interminable.
Their Glore and Honor was inſeparable:
That pleaſant Place repleat of Pulchritude,
Unmeaſurable it was of Magnitude.

There is Plenty of all Pleaſures perfect,
And clear Brightneſs without Obſcurity,
Withoutten Dolor, Vulcor, and Delite:
Withoutten Rancour, perfect Charity:
Withoutten Hunger, Satiability:
O happy are the Souls predeſtinate,
When Soul and Body ſhall be glorificate.

Theſe marvellous Mirths for to declare
By Arithmetick, they are innumerable:
The Portraiture of that Palace preclare,
By Geometrie it is unmeaſurable,
By Rhetorick alſo inpronounceable:
There is no Ears may hear, nor Eyes may ſee,
Nor Heart may think this their Felicitie.

Whereto ſhould I preſume for to endite,
The which Saint *Paul*, that Doctor ſapient,
Cannot expreſs, nor into Paper write,
The high excellent Work indeficient,
And perfect Pleaſures ever permanent,
The Preſence of that mighty KING of Glore,
Which was and is, and ſhall be evermore.

At Remembrance I humbly did deſire,
That I might in that Pleaſure ſtill remain.
Said ſhe, againſt Reaſon is thy Deſire,
Therefore my Friend thou muſt return again
To the World, where thou muſt ſuffer Pain,
And thole the Death with cruel Pains ſore,
Ere thou begin to reign with him in Glore.

Then we returned, ſore againſt my Will.
Down through the Spheres of the Heavens clears:
My Commandment behoov'd I to fulfil,

With ſorry Heart, wot ye withoutten Weer,
I would full fain have ſtayed there all Year.
But ſhe ſaid to me, there is no Remead,
Ere thou remaineſt here firſt thou muſt be dead.

Said I, I pray you heartfully, Madame,
Since that we have ſuch Contemplation
Of heavenly Pleaſures; yet ere we paſs hame,
Let us have ſome Conſideration
Of Earth, and of her ſituation.
She anſwered and ſaid, That ſhall be done,
So were we brought into the Air full ſoon:

Where we might ſee the Earth all at one Sight,
But like a Mote ſo it appear'd to me,
In the Reſpect of the Heavens bright.
I have Marvel, ſaid I, how this may be,
The Earth it ſeems of a ſmall Quantity:
The leaſt Star fixed in the Firmament,
Is more than all the Earth by my Judgment.

She ſaid, Son, thou haſt ſhown the Verity,
The ſmalleſt Star fixt in the Firmament,
Indeed it is of greater Quantity
Than all the Earth, after the Intent
Of wiſe and cunning Clerks ſapient.
What Quantity is then the Earth? ſaid I,
That ſhall I ſhow, ſaid ſhe, to thee ſhortly.

After the Names of the Aſtronomers,
And ſpecially the Author of the Sphere,
And other divers great Philoſophers,
The Quantity of the Earth circular,
Is Fifty thouſand Leagues withoutten Weare,
Seven hundred and fifty and one mo,
Dividing ay one League in Miles two:

And every Mile in eight Stades divided,
Each Stade an hundred Pace twenty and five:
A Pace five Foot, who would them right divide:
a Foot four Palm, as I can right deſcrive:
A Palm four Inch. And whoſo would believe
The Circuit of the Earth paſs round about,
Muſt be conſidered in this wiſe, no doubt.

Suppose

Suppone that there were no impediment,
But that the Earth but Peril were and plain,
Then that the Person were right diligent,
And went each Day ten Leagues in certain,
He might pass round about, and come again
In fonr Years, aud fifteen Weeks, and Days two.
Go read the Author, and thou shalt find it so.

The Division of the Earth.

THen certainly she took me by the Hand,
And said, My Son, come on thy Way with me,
And so she made me clearly understand,
How that the Earth divided was in Three,
In *Africa*, *Europe* and *Asia*,
After the Mind of the *Cosmographours*;
That is to say, The two Worlds Descriptures.

First, *Asia* is contained in the *Orient*,
And is well more than both the other twain:
Africa and *Europe*, in the *Occident*,
And are divided by the Sea certain.
And that is called the Sea *Mediterran*;
Which at the Strait of *Marock* hath Entrie,
That is between *Spanie* and *Barbarie*.

Toward the South-west lieth *Africa*:
On the North-west *Europe* doth stand;
And all the East containeth *Asia*,
On this wise is divided the firm Land.
It were meikle for me to take in Hand,
These Regions to declare in special,
Yet shall I show their Names in general.

In many divers famous Regions,
Is divided this Part of *Asia*,
Well plenished with Cities, Towrs and Towns:
The great *Inde* and *Mesopotamia*,
Pentapolis, *Persia* and *Syria*,
Cappadocia, *Seres* and *Armenie*,
Babylon, *Chaldea*, *Parth* and *Arabie*.

Sydon, *Judea* and *Palestina*,
Upper *Scythia*, *Jure* and *Galilee*,
Iberia, *Bactria* and *Philestina*,

Hircania, *Campegina* and *Samaria*,
In little *Asia* stands *Galathie*,
Pamphilia, *Isauria* and *Lede*,
Rhegia, *Arthusia*, *Assyria* and *Mede*.

Secondly, we considered *Africa*,
With many fruitful famous Regions,
As *Ethiopie* and *Tripolitana*,
Zeuges, where standeth that triumphant Town,
Of noble *Carthage*, that City of Renown,
Garamantes, *Napaber* and *Lybia*,
Egypt also and *Mauritania*.

Fez, with *Numidie* and *Tingitane*,
Of *Africa* these are the Principal:
Then *Europe* we considered in certain,
Whose Regions shortly rehearse I shall:
These Principal I find above them all,
Which are *Spainyie*, *Italy* and *France*,
Whose sub-regions were meikle to advance.

Nether *Scythia*, *Thrace* and *Carmanie*,
Austria, *Histria* and *Pannonia*:
Denmark, *Gothland*, *Grunland* and *Almanie*;
Pole, *Hungarie*, *Boeme*, *Norica*, *Rhetia*,
Helvitia, and divers ma.
Also in four divided is *Italie*,
Toscane, *Hetruria*, *Naples* and *Campanie*.

And sub-divided sundry other Ways,
As *Lumbardie*, *Venice*, and other ma.
Calaber, *Romanes* and *Genoways*.
In *Greece*, *Epirus*, and *Dalmatia*,
Thessalia, *Africa* and *Illyria*,
Achaia, *Boetica* and *Macedone*,
Arcadie, *Pierie* and *Lacedemone*,

And *France* we saw divided into Three,
Belgica, *Celtica* and *Aquitane*:
And sub-divided in *Flanders*, *Picardie*,
Normandie, *Gascoin*, *Burgundie* and *Britain*:
And others divers *Dutcheries* in certain,
The which were too long for to declare;
Wherefore of them, as now, I speak no mare.

In

In *Spanie* lies *Caſtile* and *Arragone*,
Navar, *Galice*, *Portugal* and *Granate*:
hen ſaw we famous Iſles many one,
hich in the Ocean Sea were ſituate;
hem to deſcrive my Wit were deſolate:
f *Coſmographie* I am not ſo expert;
or I did never ſtudy in that Art.

Yet I ſhall ſome of her Names declare,
s *Madagaſcar*, *Gades* and *Taproban*,
nd other divers Iſles both good and fair,
ituate into the Sea *Mediterran*:
s *Cyper*, *Caddle*, *Corſica* and *Saban*,
rete, *Abydos*, *Thoes* and *Sicilia*,
apſus, *Eolie*, and many others ma.

Who would at length hear the Deſcription
f every Iſle, as well as the firm Land:
nd Property of every Region,
o ſtudy and to read muſt take in Hand,
ll the authentick Works to underſtand
f *Plinius*, and worthy *Ptolomie*,
ho were expert into *Coſmographie*.

There ſhall they find the Names and Properties
f every Iſle, and each Region:
hen I inquired of earthly Paradiſe,
f the which *Adam* loſt Poſſeſſion:
hen ſhew'd ſhe me the Situation
f that precelling Place full of Delite,
hoſe Properties were long for to endite.

Of PARADISE.

His Paradiſe of all Pleaſures perfect,
Situate I ſaw into the *Orient*:
That glorious Earth of every Flower doth fleet;
he luſty Liſſies, and Roſes redolent,
reſh wholſome Fruits indeficient.
oth Herb and Tree there groweth ever green,
hrough Vertue of the temperate Air ſerene.

The ſweet wholſome Aromatick Odors,
oceeding from the Herbs medicinal:
e heavenly Hew of thoſe fragrant Flowers,

In

It

It was a Sight wonder celeſtial,
The Perfection to ſhow in ſpecial,
And Joys of the Region divine,
Of Mankind it exceedeth the Engine.

And eke ſo high in Situation,
Surmounting the mid Region of the Air:
Where no Manner of Perturbation
Of Weather may aſcend ſo high as there.
For Floods flowing from a Fountain fair,
As *Tygres*, *Ganges*, *Euphrates* and *Nile*,
Which in the Eaſt tranſcurreth many a Mile.

The Country cloſed is about ful right,
With Walls high of hot and burning Fire,
And ſtraitly keeped by an Angel bright.
Since the departing of *Adam* our Grandſyr,
Which through his Crime incurred GOD's Ire,
And of that Place loſt the Poſſeſſion,
Both from himſelf, and his Succeſſion.

When this loveſome Lady, Remembrance,
All this foreſaid had caus'd me underſtand,
I prayed her of her Benevolence,
To ſhow to me the Country of *Scotland*,
Well ſon, ſaid ſhe, that ſhall I take in Hand:
So ſuddenly ſhe brought me in certain,
Even juſt above the broad Iſle of *Britain*,

Which ſtandeth North-weſt into the Ocean Sea,
And divided into famous Regions two:
The South-part *England* a full rich Countrie,
Scotland the North, with many Iſles mo,
By weſt *England*, *Ireland* doth ſtand alſo.
Whoſe Properties I will not take in Hand
To ſhow at length, but only of *Scotland*.

Of the Realm of SCOTLAND.

WHich after my ſimple Intendment,
And as Remembrance did to me report,
I ſhall declare the Truth and Veriment:
As I beſt can, and into Terms ſhort,
Wherefore effectually I you exhort,
Albeit my Writing be not to advance,

t where I fail, excuse mine Ignorance,
When that I had overseen this Region,
he which of Nature is both good and fair:
did propone a little Question,
eseeching her the same for to declare,
hat is the Cause our Bounds been so bare,
said I) or what doth move our Misery:
wherefore doth proceed our Poverty?

For through the Support of your high Prudence,
f *Scotland* I perceive the Properties?
lso consider by Experience,
f this Country the great Commodities:
irst, the Abundance of Fishes in our Seas,
nd fruitful Mountains for our Bestial,
nd for our Corn full many lusty Vail.

The rich Rivers pleasant and profitable,
he lusty Lochs, with Fishes of sundry Kinds:
unting, Hawking, for Nobles convenable,
orrests full of Doe, Roe, Harts and Hinds.
he fresh Fountains, whose wholsom Crystal Strands
efreshing so the flourishing green Medes,
lack we nothing that to Nature needs.

Of every Metal we have the rich Mines,
oth Gold and Silver, and Stones precious;
beit we lack the Spices and the Wines,
other strange Fruits delicious,
e have as good, and more needful for us:
eat, Drink, Fire, Clothes might there be caus'd a-
hich else is not into the Map found. (bound,

More fairer Men, nor of greater Ingine,
or of more Strength, great Deeds for to endure:
herefore, I pray you, that you would define
he principal Cause wherefore we are so poor?
or I marvel greatly, I you assure,
onsidering the People and the Ground,
hat Riches should not in this Realm abound.

My Son, said she, by my Discretion,
hall make Answer as I understand:
ay to thee, under Confession,
e Fault is not, I dare well take in Hand,

Neither

Neither into the People, nor the Land.
As for the Land, it lacks none other Thing
But Labor, and the Peoples Governing.

Then wherein lies our Inprosperity,
Said I, I pray you heartfully, Madam,
You should declare to me the Verity?
Or who shall bear of our Barran the Blame?
For by my Truth, to see I think great Shame,
So pleasant People, and so fair a Land,
And so few vertuous Deeds taken in Hand.

Said she, I shall, after my small Judgment,
Declare some Causes into general:
And into Terms short show mine Intent,
And then transcend unto more special,
So this is my Conclusion final,
Lacking of Justice, Policy and Peace,
Are Cause of this Unhappiness, alas.

It is difficile Riches to increase,
Where Policy maketh no Residence:
And Policy may never have Entress,
But where that Justice doth its Diligence.
To punish where there may be found Offence.
Justice may not have Domination,
But where Peace maketh Habitation.

What is the Cause, then would I understand,
That we should lack Justice and Policy,
More than doth *France*, *Italy* or *England*?
Madam, said I, show me the Verity?
Since we have many Laws in this Country,
Why lack we of Laws Exercition,
Who would put Justice to Execution?

Wherein doth stand our principal Remead?
Or who may make Amends for this Mischief?
Said she, I find the Fault into the Head:
For they in whom doth ly our whole Relief,
I find them Root and Ground of all our Grief:
For when the Heads they were not diligent,
The Members must of needs be negligent.

So I conclude, the Clauses principal.

f all the Troubles of this Nation,
re in the Princes into ſpecial,
he which have the Gubernation,
nd of the People Domination:
hoſe continual Exercition
ould be in Juſtice Execution.

For when the ſlothful Herd doth ſlug and ſleep,
aking no Care in keeping of his Flock:
ho would go ſearch among ſuch Herds, Sheep,
ay able find many poor ſcabbed Crock:
nd going wild at large withoutten Lock,
hen *Lupus* comes, and *Laurence* in a Lurg,
nd without Ruth the ſilly Sheep down thring.

But the good Herd wakeriſe and diligent,
oth ſo that all the Flock are ruled right,
o whoſe Whiſtel are all obedient:
nd if the Wolves do come by Day or Night
hem to devour, then they are put to Flight,
unted and ſlain by their well daunted Dogs,
are they ſure both of Ews, Lambs and Hogs.

So I conclude, through the Negligence
our fatuate Heads inſolent,
Cauſe of all this Realm's Indigence,
hich in Juſtice have not been diligent:
t to good Counſel diſobedient,
aving ſmall Eye unto the Common-weal,
t to the ſingular Profit every Deal.

For when theſe Wolves by Oppreſſion,
he poor People but Pity do oppreſs,
hen ſhould the Princes make Punition,
nd cauſe theſe Rebels for to make Redreſs,
hat Riches might buy, and Policy increaſe:
t right difficile it were to make Remead,
hen that the Fault is ſo into the Head.

The Complaint of the Common-wealth of SCOTLAND.

Nd thus as we were walking to and fro,
We ſaw a boiſtrous Beern come ore the Bent
But Horſe, or Foot, as faſt as he might go;

Whoſe

Whose Raiment was all ragged torn and rent,
With Visage lean as he had fasted Lent:
And forward fast his Way he did advance,
With a right melanchollious Countenance.

With Scrip on Hip, and Pike-staff in his Hand,
As he had purposed to pass from Hame:
Said I, Good-man, I would fain understand,
If that you please to show what were your Name?
Said he, my Son, of that I think great Shame:
But since you would of my Name have a Feel,
Forsooth they call me *John* the Common-weal.

Sir Common-weal, who hath you so disguised?
Said I, or what makes you so miserable,
I have Marvel to see you so surprised,
The which that I have seen so honourable:
To all the World you have been profitable,
And well honoured in every Nation:
How happens now your Tribulation?

Alas, said he, thou seest how it doth stand
With me, and how I am discherished,
Of all my Grace, and must pass from *Scotland*,
And go before where I was cherished,
Remain I here, I am but perished,
For there are few to me that taketh Tent,
Which makes me go thus ragged, riven and rent.

My tender Friends are all past to the Flight,
For Policy is fled again in *France*:
My Sister, Justice, almost hath lost her Sight,
That she cannot hold rightly the Ballance,
Plain Wrong is Captain of the Ordinance,
The which debarreth Lawty and Reason,
And small Remead is found for open Treason.

Into the South, alas, I was near slain,
Over all the Land I could find no Relief:
Almost between the *Mers* and *Lochmabane*,
I could not know a leel Man by a Thief.
To show their Reef, Theft, Murther and Mischief.
And vicious Works, it would infect the Air,
Also too longsom for me to declare,

In

Into the Highland I could find no Remead,
But ſuddenly I was put to Exile:
Thoſe ſweer Swingers they took of me no heed,
Nor among them let me remain a while.
Alſo in out-Iſles, and in *Argyll*,
Unthrift, Sweerneſs, Falſhood, Poverty and Striſe,
Put Policy in Danger of her Life.

In the Law-Land I came to ſeek Refuge,
And purpos'd there to make my Reſidence:
But ſingular Profit caus'd me ſoon delodge,
And did me great Injuries and Offence:
And ſaid to me, Soon, Harlot, hie thee hence,
And in this Country ſee thou take no Cures,
So long as mine Authority endures.

And now I may no longer make Debate,
For I know not to whom I ſhould me mean:
For I have ſought all the ſpiritual State,
Which took no Count for to hear me complain:
Their Officers they held me at Diſdain,
For *Simony*, he rules up all that Rout,
And Covetice that Churl caus'd bar me out.

Pride hath chaſed from them Humility,
Devotion is fled unto the Friers:
Senſual Pleaſure hath baniſht Chaſtity:
Lords of Religion they go like Seculiers,
Taking more Count in telling their Deniers,
Than they do of their Conſtitution:
Thus are we blinded by Ambition.

Our Gentle-men are all degenerate:
Liberality and Lawty both are loſt,
And Covetice with Lords laureate:
Knightly Courage turned to brag and boaſt:
The civil War miſguideth every Hoſt:
There is nought elſe but each Man for himſelf,
That makes me go thus baniſht like an Elf.

Therefore adieu, I may no longer tarry:
Farewell ſaid I, and with Saint *John* to borrow:
But wot ye well mine Heart was wondrous ſorry,
When Common-weal ſo ſupped was in Sorrow;
Yet after the Night, come the glad Morrow.

Wherefore,

Wherefore, I pray you ſhow me in certain,
When that you purpoſe for to come again?

That Queſtion it ſhall ſoon be decided,
Said he, There ſhall no *Scot* have Comforting
of me, untill I ſee the Country guided
By Wiſdom of a good and prudent King,
Which ſhall delight him moſt above all Thing,
To put Juſtice to Execution,
And on ſtrong Traitors make Puniſtion.

And yet to thee I ſay another Thing,
I ſee right well that Proverb is full true:
Wo to the Realm that hath too young a King.
With that he turn'd his Back, and ſaid, Adieu.
Over Firth, and fell, right faſt from me he flew:
Whoſe departing to me was diſpleaſand:
With that Remembrance took me by the Hand.

And ſoon I thought ſhe brought me to the Roch,
And to the Cave where I began to ſleep:
With that a Ship did ſpeedily approach,
Full pleaſantly ſailing upon the Deep:
And then did ſlack her Sails, and gan to creep
Toward the Land, anent where that I lay:
But wot you well, I got a fellon Fray.

All her great Cannons ſhe let crack at once,
Down ſhook the Streams from the top Caſtel:
They ſpared not the Powder nor the Stones:
They ſhot their Boats, and down their Anchors fell:
Their Mariners they did ſhout and yell,
Then haſtily I ſtart out of my Dream,
Half in a Fray, and ſpeedily paſt Hame.

And lightly Din'd with Liſt and Appetite:
Then after paſt unto an Orator:
I took my Pen, and there began to write
All the Viſion that I have ſhown before.
Sir, of my Dream, as now thou gets no more,
But I beſeech GOD for to ſend thee Grace,
To rule thy Realm in Unity and Peace.

The Exhortation to the King's Grace.

SIR, since that GOD of his Preordinance,
Hath granted thee to have the Governance
Of his People, and created thee a King,
Fail not to print in thy Remembrance,
That he would not excuse thine Ignorance,
If thou be careless in thy Governing:
Wherefore address thee above all other Thing,
Of his Laws to keep the Observance,
If thou think long in Royalty to reign.

Thank him that hath commanded Dame Nature,
To paint thee of so pleasant Portraitour:
Her Gifts they may be clearly on thee known:
To Dame Fortune thou needs no Procutor,
For she hath largely shown on thee her Cure,
Her Gratitude she hath unto thee shown:
And since that thou must reap as thou hast sown,
Have all thy Hope on GOD the Creator,
And ask him Grace, that thou may'st be His own.

And then consider thy Vocation,
That for to have the Gubernation
Of this Kingdom thou art predestinate.
Thou may'st well know by true Narration,
What Sorrow and what Tribulation
Hath been in this poor Realm infortunate,
Now comfort them that hath been desolate,
And of thy People have Compassion,
Since thou by God are so preordinate.

Take manly Courage, and leave Insolence,
And use Counsel of noble Dame Prudence:
Ground thee firmly on Faith and Fortitude:
Draw to the Court Justice and Temperance,
And to thy Common-wealth have Attendance.
And also I beseech thy Celsitude,
Hate vicious Men, and love them that are good:
And each Flatterer thou fleem from thy Presence,
And false Report out of thy Court exclude.

Do equal Justice both to great and small,
And be Example to the People all.

Exer-

Exercising virtuous Deeds honourable.
Be not a Wretch for ought that may befal:
To that unhappy Vice, if thou be thral,
To all Men thou shalt be abominable.
Kings nor Knights are never convenable
To rule the People, be they not liberal,
Was never yet no Wretch too honourable.

And take Example of the wretched Ending,
Which made *Midas* of *Thrace*, the mighty King,
That to his Gods made Invocation,
Through Greedineſs, that all ſubſtantial Thing,
That ever he toucht, ſhould turn, but tarrying,
Into fine Gold, he got his ſupplication:
All that he toucht without Delation,
Turned in Gold, both Meat, Drink and Clothing,
And died for Hunger without Recreation.

And I beſeech thy Majeſty ſerene,
From Lechery thou keep thy Body clean;
Taſte never that intoxicate Poiſon:
From that unhappy ſenſual Sin abſtain,
Till that thou get a luſty pleaſant Queen,
Then take thy Pleaſure with my Beniſon:
Take heed how prideful *Tarquin* loſt his Crown,
For the deforcing of *Lucrece* the Sheen,
And was deprived and baniſht *Rome*'s Town.

And in Deſpite of his lecherous Living,
The *Romans* would be ſubject to no King.
Many long Years, as Stories do record,
Till *Julius* by vertuous Governing,
And princely Courage gan on them to reign,
And choſen of Romans Emperor and Lord.
Wherefore, my Sovereign, in thy Mind remord,
That vicious Life makes oft an evil Ending,
Except it be by ſpecial Grace reſtor'd.

And if thou wouldſt thy Fame and Honor grew,
Uſe Counſel of thy prudent Lords rew:
And ſee thou not preſumptuouſly pretend
Thine own particular Will for to enſew.
Work with Counſel, ſo ſhalt thou never rew.
Remember of thy Friends the fatal End,

Which

ich to good Counsel would not condescend,
l bitter Death, alas, did them pursue.
m such unhappy, I pray, God thee defend.
nd finally, remember thou must die,
l suddenly pass from this mortal Sea,
lart not sicker of thy Life two Hours:
e there is none from that Sentence may flee,
g, Queen nor Knight, of low Estate nor hie,
all must thole of Death the bitter Showrs.
ere are they gone those Popes and Emperors?
hey not dead? So shall it fare on thee.
Remead, Strength, Riches and Honors.
And so with Conclusion,
Make your Provision,
To get the Infusion
Of his high Grace,
Which bled with Effusion,
With Scorn and Derision,
And died with Confusion,
Confirming your Peace.

Complaint of Sir DAVID LINDSAY *of* Mount, *Knight, directed to the King's Grace.*

R, I beseech thine Excellence,
Hear my Complaint with Patience:
My dolent Heart doth me constrain,
mine Infortune to complain,
eit I stand in great Doubtance,
om I shall blame of my Mischance,
ether *Saturnus* Cruelty,
gning in my Nativity,
ad Aspects which work Vengeance,
ther heavenly Influence:
f I be predestinate,
ourt to be Infortunate,
ch have so long in Service been,
inually with King and Queen,
entred to thy Majesty,
Day of thy Nativity:
rethrough my Friends been ashamed,
with my Foes I am defamed, Being

Seing that I am not regarded,
Nor with my Brethren of Court rewarded:
Blaming my ſlothfull Negligence,
That ſeeks not for ſome Recompence.
When divers Men do me demand,
Why gets thou not ſome Piece of Land,
As well as other Men have gotten?
Then wiſh I to be dead and rotten,
With ſuch extream Diſcomforting,
That I can make no Anſwering.
I would ſome wiſe Men did me teach,
Whether that I would flatter or fleach;
I will not flyte, that I conclude,
For crabbing of thy Celſitude:
And to flatter I am defamed:
Lack I Reward, then am I ſhamed:
But I hope thou ſhalt do as well,
As did the Father of *Famel*,
Of whom Chriſt maketh Mention,
Who for a certain Penſion,
Hired Men to work in his Vine-yard:
But who came laſt got firſt Reward.
Wherethrough the firſt Man were diſpleaſed,
But he them prudently appeaſed:
For though the laſt Men firſt were ſerved,
Yet got the firſt that they deſerved,
So I am ſure thy Majeſtie,
Shall once regard me ere I die,
And rub the Ruſt off mine Ingine,
Which is for Languor like to tine:
Although I bare not like a Bard,
Long Service yerneth ay Reward.
I cannot blame thine Excellence,
That I ſo long lack Recompence:
Had I ſolliſted like the Lave,
My Reward had not been to crave:
But now I may not underſtand,
A dumb Man yet was never Land:
And in the Court Men gets nothing
Without importunate asking.
Alas, my Sloth and Shamefaſtneſs
Debar'd me from all Greedineſs;

reedy Men that are diligent,
ight oft do obtain their Intent,
nd fail not for to conqueſs Lands,
nd namely at young Princes Hands.
ut I took never no other Cure
n Special, but for thy Pleaſure:
ut now I am no more deſpair'd,
ut I ſhall get princely Reward:
he which ſhall be to me more Glore,
han them thou didſt reward before.
hen Men do ask ought at a King,
ould ask his Grace a Noble Thing.
o his Excellence honorable,
nd to the Asker profitable.
hough I be in mine asking ſlidder,
ray thy Grace for to conſider,
hou haſt both made Lords and Lairds,
d haſt given many rich Rewards
o them which were full far to ſeek,
hen I lay nightly by thy Cheek:
ake the Queen's Grace, thy Mother,
Lord Chancellor, and many other,
y Nurſe, and thine old Miſtreſs,
ake them all to bear Witneſs:
l *Willie Dillie*, were he alive,
Life full well he could deſcrive,
w as a Chap-man bears his Pack,
are thy Grace upon my Back:
l ſometimes Stridlings on my Neck,
ncing with many Bend and Beck.
e firſt Syllabs that thou didſt mute,
s Pa-da-lyne upon the Lute.
n plaid I twenty Springs perqueer,
ich were great Pleaſure for to hear,
m Play thou letſt me never reſt:
Ginkerton thou lov'dſt ay beſt.
when thou cameſt from the School,
n I behoov'd to play the Fool:
at Length into my Dream,
ſundry Service did expream:
ugh it be better, as ſaith the Wiſe,
to the Court, than good Service:

I know thou loveſt me better then,
Than now ſome Wife doth her Good-man,
Then Men to other doth Record.
ſaid, *Lindſay* would be made a Lord,
Thou haſt made Lords, Sir, by Saint *Geil*,
Of ſome that hath not Serv'd ſo well.
To you, my Lords, that do ſtand by,
I ſhall you ſhow the Cauſes why:
If you liſt to tarry, I ſhall tell
How my Misfortune thus befel:
I prayed daily on my Knee,
My young Maſter that I might ſee,
Of Age in his Eſtate Royal,
Having Power Imperial:
Then truſted I without Demand,
To be promoved to ſome Land!
But mine asking I got too ſoon,
Becauſe the Eclipſe fell in the Moon,
The which all *Scotland* made on ſteer,
Then did my Purpoſe run areer,
The which were longſom to declare:
And eke mine Heart is wonder ſair,
When I have in Remembrance,
The ſudden Change of my Miſchance:
The King was but twenty Years of Age,
When new Rulers came in their Rage,
For Common-weal no taking Care,
But for their Profit ſingular:
Imprudently like witleſs Fools,
They took the young Prince from the Schools,
Where he underſtood Obedience,
Was learning Virtue and Science,
And haſtily put in his Hand,
The Governance of all *Scotland*:
As who would in a ſtormy Blaſt,
When Mariners been all agaſt,
Through Danger of the Sea's Rage,
Would take a Child of tender Age,
Which never had been on the Sea,
And to his Bidding all obey.
Give him the whole Governal,
To ſteer, Merchant and Marinal,

or Dread of Rocks, and for Land,
o put the Ruther in his Hand:
ithout GOD's Grace is no Refuge,
there be Danger ye may judge.
ive them to the Devil of Hell,
hat firſt deviſed that Conſel:
will not ſay it was Treaſon,
t I dare ſwear it was no Reaſon:
ray GOD let me never ſee reign
o this Realm ſo young a King.
ay not tarry to decide it,
w then the Church a while was guided,
them that partly took in Hand,
guide the King and all *Scotland*,
d eke longſome for to declare,
eir facund flattering Words fair;
(ſome would ſay) your Majeſtie
ll now go to your Libertie:
ou ſhalt to no Man be coacted,
to the School no more ſubjected.
think them very natural Fools,
at learns over meikle at the Schools.
you muſt learn to turn a Spear,
guide you like a Man of Wear:
we ſhall put ſuch Men about you,
tall the World, and mo ſhall doubt you,
n to his Grace they put a Guard,
ch haſtily got their Reward,
man after their Quality,
y did ſolift his Majeſty.
caus'd him revel at the Racket,
harl'd him to the Hurlie Hacket.
ſome to ſhow their courtly Corſes,
ld ride to *Leith* and run their Horſes,
mightily gallop over the Sands,
neither ſpared Spur nor Wands:
ng Gamonds with Bends and Becks,
Wantonneſs ſome broke their Necks:
e was no Play but Cards and Dice,
y Sir Flattery bare the Price,
ding and rouking one to another,
thou my Part (ſaid he) my Brother:

And make between us ſicker Bands,
When ought ſhall vaik among our Hands,
That each Man ſtand to help his Fellow;
I hold thereto, Man, by Alhallow,
So you fiſh not within my Bounds,
That ſhall I not by great Wounds,
Said he, but rather take thy Part.
So ſhall I do by my Heart.
And if the Treaſurer be our Friend,
Then ſhall we both get Tack and Teind:
Take he our Part, then who dare wrong us,
And we ſhall part the Pelf among us.
But haſte us while the King is young,
But let each Man keep well his Tongue,
And in each Quarter have a Spy,
Us to advertiſe haſtily,
When any Caſualities
Shall happen unto our Countries,
Let us make ſure Proviſion,
Ere he come to diſcretion.
No more he knows than doth a Saint,
What Thing it is to have or want:
So, ere he come to perfect Age,
We ſhall be ſicker of our Wage,
And then let each Carl crave another.
That Mouth ſpeak more, ſaid he, my Brother:
For GOD nor I rax in a Rope,
Thou mightſt give Counſel to the Pope.
Thus labor'd they within few Years,
That they became no Pages Peers:
So haſtily they made a Band,
Some gathered Gold, ſome conqueſt Land,
Sir, ſome would ſay, by Saint *Dennice*,
Give to me ſome fat Benefice,
And all the Profit you ſhall have:
Give me the Name, take you the Lave.
But by his Bulls were well come Hame,
To make Service he would think ſhame,
Then ſlip away withoutten more,
When he had gotten that he ſought for.
Methought it was a piteous Thing,

ſee that fair young tender King,
whom theſe Gallants ſtood none Aw,
play with him pluck at the Craw.
ey became rich, I you aſſure,
y the Prince remained Poor,
ere was few of that Garriſon,
at learned him a good Leſſon:
ſome to crack, and ſome to clatter;
me plaid the Fool, and ſome did flatter.
d one, Devil ſtick me with a Knife,
t (Sir) I know a Maid in *Fife*,
e of the luſtieſt wanton Laſſes,
ereto (Sir) by *Mary* ſhe paſſes,
ld thy Tongue, Brother, ſaid the other,
now fairer by fifteen for her.
when ye pleaſe, to *Lithgow* paſs,
ere ſhall you ſee a luſty Laſs.
w trittle trattle, trow low,
d the third Man, thou doſt but mow.
en his Grace comes to fair *Stirling*,
ere ſhall he ſee a Day's Darling.
(ſaid the Fourth) take my Counſel,
d go all to an high Bordel:
ere may ye lowp at Liberty,
thoutten any Gravity.
s every Man ſaid for himſelf,
d did among them part the Pelf,
l, alas, ere ever I wiſt,
s trodden down into the Duſt:
th heavy Charge withoutten more,
I knew never yet wherefore.
d haſtily, before my Face,
other ſlipped in my Place:
hich full lightly got his Reward,
d ſtiled was the ancient Laird.
at Time I might make no Defence,
took perforce in Patience:
ying to ſend them a Miſchance,
at had the Court in Governance:
e which againſt me did malign,
train the Pleaſure of the King.
well I know his Grace's Mind,

Was ever to me true and kind:
And contrair their Intention,
Caus'd pay me well my Pension:
Though I a while lacked Presence,
He let me have none Indigence.
When I durst neither peep nor look,
Yet would I hide me in a Nook,
To see these uncouth Vanities,
How they like many busie Bees,
Did occupy their golden Hours,
With help of these new Governours;
But my Complaint for to compleat,
I got the sowr, and they the sweet.
And *John Macverie* the King's Fool,
Got double Garments against Yool,
Yet in his most triumphant Glore,
For his Reward got the Glengore:
Now in the Court seldom he goes,
In dread Men tread upon his Toes.
As I that Time durst not be seen,
In open Court for both mine Een:
Alas, I have no Time to tarry,
To show you all the Feery Fairy,
How these that had the Governance,
Among themselves rais'd Variance,
And who most to my skaith consented,
Within few Years full sore repented,
When they could make me no Remead,
For they were hard'd out by the Head:
And others took the Governing,
Well worse than they in all kind Thing.
Those Lords took no more Regard,
But who might purchase best Reward:
Some of their Friends got Benefices,
And other some got Bishoprices:
For every Lord as he thought best,
Brought in a Bird to fill the Nest,
To be a Watch-man to his Marrow,
They gan to draw at the Cartharrow.
The proudest Prelates of the Kirk,
Were fain to hide them in the Mirk.
That Time so failed was their Sight,

ſyn they might not thole the Light
CHRIST's true Goſpel to be ſeen,
blinded are their corporal Een
ith worldly Luſts ſenſual,
king in Realms the Governal,
th guiding Court and Seſſion,
ntrair to their Profeſſion:
herefore I think they ſhould have Shame,
ſpiritual Prieſts to take the Name:
Iſaias into his Wark
lls them dumb Dogs that cannot bark,
at call'd are Prieſts, and cannot preach,
r CHRIST's Law to the People teach:
for to preach been their Profeſſion,
y ſhould they mell with Court or Seſſion?
cept it were in ſpiritual Things,
ferring unto Lords and Kings,
mporal Cauſes to be decided,
they their ſpiritual Office guided,
ch Man might ſay they did their Parts.
t if they can play at the Carts,
d mollet Moylie on a Mool,
hough they had never ſeen the School,
t at this Day, as well as then,
ill be made ſuch a ſpiritual Man.
inces that ſuch Prelates promoves,
count thereof to give behoves;
hich ſhall not paſs without Puniſhment,
cept that they mend and repent:
d with due Miniſtration,
ork after their Vocation.
¶ I wiſh the Thing that will not be,
e perverſe Prelates are ſo hie:
hen onoe that they be called Lords,
ey are Occaſion of Diſcords:
d largely will Propines height,
cauſe each Lord with other fight,
for their Part it may avail;
to the Purpoſe of my Tale,
at Time in Court roſe great Debate,
ord did ſtrive for State,
Realm migh[illegible]ke no R[illegible]

Till on each Side there was Blood ſhedding.
All fielded other in Land or Burgh,
At *Lithgow*, *Melroſe*, and *Edinburgh*,
But to deplore I think great Pain,
Of Noble Men that there were ſlain:
And as longſome to be reported,
Of them which to the Court reſorted,
As Tyrants, Traitors and Tranſgreſſors,
And common publick plain Oppreſſors,
Men-murtherers, and common Thieves,
Into that Court got their Relieves.
There were few Lords in all theſe Lands,
But to new Regents made their Bands,
Then roſe a Reck ere ever I wiſt,
The which could all their Bands birſt.
Then they alone which had the Guiding,
They could not keep their Feet from ſliding:
But of their Lives they had ſuch Dread,
That they were fain to trot over *Tweed*.

¶ Now potent Prince, I ſay to thee,
I thank the holy TRINITIE,
That I have liv'd to ſee the Day,
That all the World is went away,
And thou to no Man art ſubjected,
Nor to ſuch Counſellers coacted,
The four great Vertues Cardinals,
I ſee them with the Principals:
For Juſtice holds her Sword on hie,
With her Ballance of Equitie.
And in this Realm hath made ſuch Order,
Both through the Highland and the Border,
That Oppreſſion and all his Fellows,
Are hanged high upon the Gallows.
Dame Prudence hath thee by the Head,
And Temperance doth thy Bridle lead.
I ſee Dame Force makes Aſſiſtance,
Bearing the Targe of Aſſurance,
And luſty Lady Chaſtity,
Hath baniſht Senſuality.
Dame Riches takes on thee ſuch Cure,
I pray GOD that ſhe long endure,
Of that Poverty dare not be ſeen,

nto thine House for both her Een:
ut from thy Grace fled many Miles,
mong the Hunters in the Isles.
iſſimulance dare not show her Face,
hich wont for to beguile thy Grace.
olly is fled out of the Town,
hich ay was contrary to Reason.
olicy and Peace begins to plant,
hat vertuous Men can never want,
nd all slothful idle Lowns,
all scattered be in the Galeyons.
bn-upon-land been glad, I trow,
ecause the Rush-bush keeps his Cow:
is there nought I understand,
ithout good Order in this Land,
xcept the Spirituality,
aying thy Grace there to have Eye:
ause them make Ministration,
nform to their Vocation:
o preach with unfained Intents,
nd truly use the Sacraments,
fter CHRIST's Institutions,
aving their vain Traditions,
hich do the silly Sheep illude,
r whom CHRIST JESUS shed his Blood:
nd superstitious Pilgrimages,
aying to graven Images,
xpress against the LORD's Command:
o thy Grace to understand,
thou to Mens Laws assent,
gainst the LORD's Commandement,
Jeroboam and many mo,
inces of *Israel* also,
onsenters to Idolatry,
hich punisht were right piteously,
nd from their Realms rooted out,
shalt thou be withoutten Doubt,
th here and there withouten more,
nd lack the everlasting Glore.
nd if thou wilt thine Heart incline,
nd keep his blessed Law Divine,
did the faithful Patriarchs,

Both in their Words, and in their Works:
And as did many faithful Kings
Of Israel, during their Reigns;
As King *David* and *Solomon*,
Who Images would suffer none,
In their rich Temple for to stand,
Because it was not GOD's Command:
But destroyed all Idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thou mayest see,
Whose rich Reward was heavenly Bliss,
Which shall be thine thou doing this.
Since thou hast chosen such a Guard,
Now I am sure to get Reward:
And since thou art the richest King,
That ever in this Realm did reign,
Of Gold and Stones precious,
Most prudent and ingenious,
And hast thine Honour done advance,
In *Scotland*, *England*, and in *France*,
By martial Deeds honourable,
And are to every Vertue able,
I know thy Grace will not misken me,
But thou wilt either give or lend me:
Would thy Grace lend me to a Day,
Of Gold a thousand Pound or tway,
And I shall fix with good Intent,
Thy Grace a Day of Payment,
With sealed Obligation,
Under this Protestation:
When the *Bass* and the Isle of *Mail*,
Beis set upon the Mount *Sinai*.
When the *Lowmond* beside *Falkland*,
Beis lift up to *Northumberland*.
When Church-men earns no Dignity,
Nor Wives no Sovereignty:
Winter without Frost, Snow, Wind or Rain,
Then shall I give the Gold again,
Or I shall make to thee Payment,
After the Day of Judgment.
Within a Month at the least,
When Saint *Peter* shall make a Feast
To all the Fishes of *Aberlady*,

o thou have mine Acquittance ready:
ailing thereof by Saint *Philan*,
hy Grace gets never a Groat again.
f thou be not content of this,
must request the King of Bless,
hat he to me have some Regard,
nd cause thy Grace thee to reward:
or *David* King of *Israel*.
ho was the great Prophet Royal,
ith, GOD hath whole at his Command,
he Hearts of Princes in his Hand;
hen as he lists them for to turn,
hat must they do without Sojourn:
me to exalt in Dignity,
nd some deprived in Poverty.
metimes of low Men to make Lords,
nd sometimes Lords to bind in Cords,
nd them all utterly destroy,
s pleaseth GOD that noble Roy:
or thou art but an Instrument,
f that great GOD Omnipotent.
o when it pleaseth thine Excellence,
hy Grace shall make me Recompence,
r he shall cause me stand content,
f quiet Life and sober Rent,
nd take me in my latter Age,
nto my simple Hermitage,
nd spend what mine Elders have won,
s old *Diogenes* in his Tun.
f this Complaint, with Mind full meek,
by Graces Answer, Sir, I beseek.

Quod Lindsay *to the King.*

The

The Tragedy of the Umquhil most Reverend Father David, *by the Grace of* GOD, *Cardinal and Arch-Bishop of Saint* Andrews, *&c. Compiled by Sir* David Lindsay *of the* Mount, *Knight, alias, Lyon King of Arms.*

Mortales cum nati sitis, supra Deum ne vos erexeritis.

THE PROLOGUE.

NOt long ago, after the Hour of Prime,
Secretly sitting in mine Oratorie,
I took a Book to exercise the Time,
Where I found many Tragedy and Story,
Which *John Boccas* had put in Memory:
How many Princes, Conquerors and Kings,
Were dolefully depoſed of their Reigns.

How *Alexander* the potent Conqueror,
In *Babylon* was poiſoned piteouſly,
And *Julius* the mighty Emperor,
Murthered at *Rome*, cauſeleſs and cruelly:
Prudent *Pompey* in *Egypt* ſhamefully,
He murthered was, what needeth Proceſs more,
Whoſe Tragedies were pity to deplore.

I ſitting ſo upon my Book reading,
Right ſuddenly before me did appear,
A wounded Man abundantly bleeding,
With Viſage Pale, and with a deadly Chear,
Seeming a Man of two and fifty Year,
In Raiment Red, clothed full courteouſly,
Of Velvet and of Satin cramoſie.

With feeble Voice, as Men oppreſt with Pain,
Shortly he made me Supplication,
Saying, My Friend, go read, and read again,
If thou canſt find by true Narration,
Of any Pain like to my Paſſion:
Right ſure I am, were *John Boccas* alive,
My Tragedy at Length he would deſcrive.

Since he is gone, I pray thee to endite,
Of mine Infortune ſome Remembrance:

Or

at the leaſt my Tragedy to write,
I to thee ſhall ſhow the Circumſtance,
Terms ſhort of my unhappy Chance,
ce my Beginning to my fatal End,
hich I would to all Creatures were kend.

Can I (ſaid I) make ſuch Memorial,
t of thy Name I had Intelligence?
m *David* that careful Cardinal,
hich do appear (ſaid he) to thy Preſence,
at ſometime had ſo great Preeminence.
en he began his Deeds for to endite,
d ye ſhall hear, and I begin to write.

The Tragedy of the Cardinal.

David Beaton, ſometimes Cardinal,
Of noble Blood by Line I did deſcend:
During my Time I had no Peregal,
t now, alas, is come my fatal End.
Gree by Gree upward I did aſcend,
that into this Realm did never reign
great a Man as I under a King.

When I was a young gallant Gentleman,
nces to ſerve, I ſet my whole Intent:
ſt to aſcend to *Arbroth* I began,
Abbacy of great Riches and Rent.
that Eſtate yet was I not content;
get more Riches, Dignity and Glore,
ne Heart was ſet, alas, alas therefore.

I made ſuch Service to our Sovereign King,
did promove me to more high Eſtate:
Prince above all Prieſts for to reign,
ch-Biſhop of Saint *Andrews* conſecrate:
that Honor when I was elevate,
prideful Heart was not content at all,
ll that I create was a Cardinal.

Yet preaſt I to have more Authority,
d finally was choſen Chancellor:
d for upholding of my Dignity,
s made Legate, then had I no Compare,
urchaſt for my Profit ſingular,

My Boxes and my Treasures to advance,
The Bishopriek of *Mirepoise* in *France*.

Of all *Scotland* I had the Governal,
But mine Advice concluded was nothing:
Abbot, Bishop, Arch-Bishop and Cardinal,
Into this Realm no higher could I reign;
But if I had been Pope, Emperor or King,
For Shortness of the Time I am not able,
At length to show mine Acts honorable.

For through my Princely Prodigality,
Among Prelates in *France* I bare the Prise:
I show my lordly Liberality,
In Banqueting, playing at Cards and Dice,
Into such Wisdom I was holden wise,
And spared not to play with King nor Knight,
Three thousand Crowns of Gold upon a Night.

In *France* I made four honest Voyages,
Where I did Acts dign of Remembrance:
Through me were made triumphant Marriages,
To our Sovereign both Profit and Pleasance.
Queen *Magdalen* the first Daughter of *France*,
With great Riches was into *Scotland* brought,
That Marriage through my Wisdom was wrought.

After whose Death in *France* I past again,
The second Queen homeward I did convoy:
That lusty Princess Mary of *Lorain*,
Which was receiv'd with great Triumph and Joy,
So served I out right redoubted Roy:
Soon after that *Henry* of *England* King,
Of our Sovereign desired a Communing.

Of that Meeting our King was well content,
So that in *York* was set both Time and Place:
But our Prelates and I would never consent,
That he should see King *Henry* in the Face:
But we were well content, albeit his Grace
Had sailed the Sea to speak with any other,
Except the King, who was his Mother's Brother.

Whereby there rose great War and mortal Strife,
Great Herships, Hunger, Dearth and Desolation:

On

n either Side did many lose their Life:
I would make a true Narration,
caused all that Tribulation:
or to take Peace I never would consent,
xcept the King of *France* had been content.

During this War were taken Prisoners,
f Noble Men fighting full furiously,
any a Lord, Baron and Batchellers,
herethrough our King took such Melancholly,
hich drave him to the Death right dolefully:
xtream Dolor did so overset his Heart,
hat from this Life alas he did depart.

But after that both Strength and Speech are lesed,
Paper blank I made his Grace subscrive,
to the which I wrote all that I pleased,
fter his Death, which long were to descrive:
hrough that Writing I purposed believe,
ith Support of some Lords Benevolence,
this Region to have Preeminence.

As for my Lord, our righteous Governor,
I would shortly show the Verity,
o him I had no Maaner of Favour,
uring that Time I purposed that he
ould never come to no Authoritie;
r his Support therefore he brought among us,
rth of *England* the noble Earl of *Angus*.

Then was I put aback from my Purpose,
nd suddenly cast in Captivity:
y prideful Heart to daunt, I do suppose,
evised by the high Divinity;
et in mine Heart sprang no Humility:
t now the Word of GOD full well I know,
ho doth exalt himself, GOD will bring low.

In the mean Time, when I was so subjected,
mbassadors were sent into *England*,
here they both Peace and Marriage contracted:
nd more surely for to observe that Band,
ere promised divers Pledges of *Scotland*,
f that Contract I was nowise content,
r ever would thereto give my Consent.

To Captains that keeped me in Ward,
Gifts of Gold I gave them great Plenty;
For to the future Time I had Regard:
Wherethrough I scaped from Captivity:
But when I was free at my Liberty,
Then like a Lion looſed from his Cage,
Out-through the Realm I gan to rail and rage.

Contrair the Governour and his Company,
Oftentimes made I Inſurrection:
Purpoſing for to have him haſtily
Subdued unto my Correction,
Or put him to extream Subjection:
During this Time, if it were well decided,
This Realm by me was utterly divided.

The Governor purpoſing to ſubdue,
I rais'd an Hoſt of many a bold Baron:
And made a Rade that *Lithgow* yet may rew,
For he deſtroyed a Mile about the Town:
For that I got many a black Maliſon:
Yet contrair to the Governor's Intent,
With our young Prince we unto *Stirling* went.

For high Contemption of the Governour,
I brought the Earl of *Lennox* out of *France*,
That luſty Lord living in great Pleaſure,
Did loſe that Land and honeſt Ordinance:
But he and I fell ſoon at Variance:
And through my Counſel, was within ſhort Space
Forfault and fleem'd, he got no other Grace.

Then through my Prudence, Practick and Ingine,
Our Governour I cauſed to conſent,
Full quietly to my Counſel incline,
Whereof his Nobles were not well content:
For why, I caus'd diſſolve in Parliament,
The Band of Peace contracted with *England*.
Wherethrough came Harm and Herſhip to *Scotland*.

The Peace broken, aroſe new mortal Wears
By Sea, and ſuch Reaf without Relief,
Which to report my frayed Heart effears:
The Verity to ſhow in Terms brief,
I was the Root of all this great Miſchief.

The

he South Country may ſay it had been good,
hat my Nurſe had ſmor'd me in my Cood.

I was the Cauſe of meikle more Miſchance,
or th' Uphold of my Glore and Dignitie,
nd Pleaſure of the potent King of *France*,
ith *England* would I have no Unitie,
t who conſider would the Verity,
e might full well have liv'd in Peace and reſt,
ine or ten Years, and then plaid looſe or faſt.

Had we with *England* keeped our Contracts,
ur Noblemen had liv'd in Peace and Reſt,
ur Merchants had not loſt ſo many Packs,
ur common People had not been oppreſt,
n either Side all Wrongs had been redreſt:
t *Edinburgh* ſince, then *Leith* and *Kingborn*,
hat Day and Hour man ban that I was born.

Out Governour, to make him to me ſure,
ith ſweet and ſubtil Words I did him ſile,
ll I his Son and Heir got in my Cure:
o that Effect I found a crafty Wile,
hat he no Manner of Way might me beguile,
ien leugh I when his Lieges did alledge,
w I his Son had gotten into Pledge.

The Earl of *Angus* and his *German* Brother,
urpos'd then to make them loſe their Life:
ght ſo to have deſtroyed many other,
me with the Fire, ſome with the Sword and Knife:
ſpecial many Gentlemen in *Fife*:
d purpoſed to put to great Torment,
l Favourers of the old and new Teſtament.

Then every Man they took of me ſuch Fear,
hat Time when I had ſo great Governance;
eat Lords dreading I ſhould do them Dear,
ey durſt not come to Court without Aſſurance,
ce then there hath not been ſuch Variance.
w to our Prince, Barons obediently,
ithout Aſſurance come full courteouſly.

Mine Hope was moſt into the King of *France*,
gether with the Pope's Holineſs,

More

More than in GOD, my Worſhip to advance:
I truſted ſo into their Gentleneſs,
That no Man durſt preſume me to oppreſs,
But when the Day came of my fatal Hour,
Far was from me their Support and Succour.

Then to preſerve my Riches and my Life,
I made a Strength of Walls high and braid:
Such a Fortreſs was never found in *Fife*,
Believing there no Man durſt me invade:
Now find I true the ſame which *David* ſaid;
Except GOD of an Houſe be Maſter of Wark,
He works in vain, though it be never ſo ſtark.

For I was through the whole Power divine,
Right dolefully beat down among the Aſh,
Which could not be through mortal Man's Ingine.
But as *David* did kill the great *Golias*,
Or *Holifern* by *Judith* killed was,
In midſt among his triumphant Army,
So was I ſlain into my chief City.

When I had greateſt Domination,
As *Lucifer* had in the Heaven's Empire,
Came ſuddenly my Deprivation,
By them which did my dolent Death conſpire:
So cruel was their furious burning Ire:
I got no Time, Leiſure nor Libertie
To ſay, *In manus tuas, Domine.*

Behold my fatal Infelicity,
I being in my Strength incomparable:
That dreadful Dungeon made me no Supply:
My great Riches and Rents profitable,
My Silver-work, Jewels ineſtimable.
My papal Pomp of Gold, my rich Treaſure,
My Life and all I loſt in half an Hour.

To the People was made a Spectacle
Of my Death and deformed Carion.
Some ſaid, It was a manifeſt Miracle.
Some ſaid, It was divine Punition,
So to be ſlain into my ſtrong Dungeon.
When every man had judged as he liſt,
They ſalted me, then clos'd me in a Cheſt.

I lay

I lay unburied five Months and more,
re I was born to Cloſter, Church or Queer:
n a Dung-hill, great Pity to deplore,
Without Suffrage of Chanon, Monk or Frier.
ll proud Prelates at me my Leſſons lear,
Which reign'd ſo long, and ſo triumphantly,
Then in the Duſt dung down ſo dolefully.

To the Prelates.

O Ye my Brethren, Princes of the Prieſts,
I make to you hearty ſupplication:
Both Night and Day revolve into your Breaſts,
The Proceſs of my Deprivation.
Conſider what been your Vocation,
To follow me, I pray you, not pretend you,
ut read at length this Schedule that I ſend you.

Ye know how JESUS his Diſciples ſent
mbaſſadors to every Nation,
To ſhow his Law and his Commandement,
To all People by Predication:
Therefore to you I make Narration,
nce ye to them are very Succeſſors,
e ought to do as did your Predeceſſors.

How dare ye be ſo bold to take in Hand,
or to be Heraulds to ſo great a KING;
To bear his Meſſage both to Burgh and Land,
e being dumb, and can pronounce nothing:
ike Menſtrils that can neither play nor ſing?
r why ſhould Men give to ſuch Herds an Hire,
That cannot guide their Flock about the Mire?

Aſhame ye not to be CHRIST's Servitors,
nd for your Hire have great temporal Lands,
nce of your Office ye cannot take the Cures,
s Canon Law, and Scripture you commands?
e will not lack Teind-ſheaf nor Offerand,
Teind-wool, Teind-lamb, Teind-calf, Teind-gryſe and (Gooſe,
To make Service ye are all out of Uſe.

My dear Brethren, do not as ye were wont,
mend your Lives now while your Days endures,
Truſt well ye ſhall be called to your Count,
f every thing belonging to your Cures:

Leave

Leave Hasartry, your Harlotry and Whores,
Remembring on mine unprovided Dead,
For after Death may no Man make Remead.

Ye Prelates that have Thousands for to spend,
Ye send a simple Frier for you to preach:
It is your Craft, I make it to be kend,
Your selves into your Temple for to teach:
But marvel not though silly Friers sleach;
For if they plainly show the Veritie,
Then will they want the Bishop's Charitie.

Wherefore is given to you such royal Rent,
But for to find the People spiritual Food;
Preaching to them the old and new Testament?
The Law of GOD doth plainly so conclude:
Put not your Hope into vain worldly Good,
As I have done: Behold my great Treasure,
Made me no help at mine unhappy Hour.

That Day when I was Bishop consecrate,
The great BIBLE was bound upon my Back:
What was therein I little knew, GOD wot,
More than a Beast bearing a precious Pack:
But hastily my Covenant I brake:
For I was oblisht with mine own Consent,
The Law of GOD to preach with good Intent.

Brethren, right so, when ye were consecrate,
Ye oblisht you upon the self-same Ways:
Ye may be called Bishops counterfeit,
As Gallants busked for to make a Guise.
Now think I, Princes ate not to prise,
To give a famous Office to a Fool,
As who would put a Mitre on a Mule.

Alas, if ye that sorrowful Sight had seen,
How I lay bullering bathed in my Blood,
To mend your Lives it had Occasion been,
And leave your old corrupted Consuetude,
Failing thereof: Then shortly I conclude,
Except ye from your Ribaldry arise,
Ye shall be served on the self-same Wise.

To the PRINCES.

IMprudent Princes, without Diſcretion,
Having on Earth Power imperial,
Ye have have been Cauſe of this Tranſgreſſion,
I ſpeak unto you all in general,
Which do diſpone all Office ſpiritual,
Giving the Souls which are CHRIST's Sheep,
To blind Paſtors but Conſcience to keep.

When the Prince doth lack an Officer,
A Baker, Brewer, or a Maſter-Cook,
A trim Taylor, a cunning Cordiner,
Over all the Land at length he will cauſe look,
Moſt able Men ſuch Offices to brook.
A Brewer that can brew moſt wholſome Ale,
A cunning Cook that beſt can ſeaſon Kail.

A Taylor who hath foſtered been in *France*,
That can make Garments of the gayeſt Guiſe:
Ye Princes are the Cauſe of this Miſchance,
That when there doth vaik any Benefice,
Ye ought to do upon the ſelf-ſame Wiſe.
Cauſe ſearch and ſeek both in Burgh and Land,
The Law of GOD who doth beſt underſtand.

Make him a Biſhop that prudently can preach,
As doth pertain to his Vocation:
A Parſon who his Pariſhin can teach,
Cauſe Vicars make due Miniſtration,
Alſo I make you Supplication:
Make you Abbots right religious Men,
Which to the People CHRIST's Law can ken.

But not to Rebels new come from the Roſt,
Not of a Stuffet ſtoln out of a Stable:
The which into the School made never no Coſt,
Nor never was to ſpiritual Science able,
Except the Cards, the Dice, the Cheſs and Table,
Of *Rome*-Rakers, nor of rude Ruffians,
Of Calſay-Packers nor of Publicans.

Nor of fantaſtick fained Flatterers,
Moſt meet to gather Nettles into *May*,
Of Cowhubies, not of Clatterers,

That

That in the Church can neither ſing nor ſay,
Though they be cloked up in Clerks Array,
Like doated Doctors new come out of *Athens*,
And mumble over a pair of mangled Matins.

Not qualified to keep a Benefice,
But through Sir *Simon's* Solliſtation:
I was promoved on the ſelf-ſame Wiſe,
Alas through Princes Supplication,
And made at *Rome* through falſe Narration,
Biſhop, Abbot, but no religious Man:
Who me promov'd, I now their Bones do ban.

Albeit I was Legate and Cardinal,
Little I knew therein what ſhould be done:
I underſtood no Science ſpiritual,
No more than did blind *Allan* of the Moon.
I dread the KING that ſitteth high aboon,
On you, Princes, ſhall make more Puniſhment,
Right ſo on us through righteous Judgment.

On you, Princes, for undiſcreet Giving
To Ignorants ſuch Offices to [illegible]
And we for our importunate Aſking,
Which ſhould have done ſuch Dignity refuſe.
Our Ignorance hath done the World abuſe,
Through Covetiſe of Riches and of Rent,
That ever I was a Prelate, I repent.

O Kings! take ye no Care to give in Cure,
Virgins profeſt into Religion,
Into the keeping of a common Whore;
To make, think ye not great Deriſion,
A Woman Parſon of a Parochin,
Where there is two thouſand Souls to guide,
That from Harlots cannot their Hips hide?

What if King *David* lived in thoſe Days?
Or out of Heaven what if he looked down,
The which did found ſo many fair Abbays,
Seeing the great Abomination,
In many Abbays of this Nation?
He would repent that narrowed ſo his Bounds,
Of yearly Rent Threeſcore of thouſand Pounds.

Where-

herefore I counsel every Christian King
ithin this Realm making Reformation,
o suffer no mo Rebels for to reign,
bove CHRIST's true Congregation:
iling hereof I make Narration,
hat the Princes and Prelates all at once,
all buried be in Hell, Soul, Blood and Bones.
That ever I keeped Benefice, sore I rew,
to such Height so proudly did pretend:
must depart, therefore my Friends, adieu,
here-ever it pleased GOD, now must I wend;
pray thee to my Friends me recommend,
d faitzie not at Length to put in Write
Tragedy, as I have done indite.

The Deploration of the Death of Queen Magdalen.

O Cruel Death, too great is thy Puissance,
Devourer of all earthly living Things:
Adam, we may blame thee of this Mischance,
thy Default this cruel Tyrant reigns,
d spareth neither Emperor nor Kings;
d now, alas! hath reft forth of this Land.
e Flower of *France*, and Comfort of *Scotland*,
Father *Adam*, alas, that thou abusedst
y Free-will, being disobedient:
ou choosedst Death, and lasting Life refusedst,
y Succession, alas that may repent,
at thou hast made Mankind so impotent,
at it may make to Death no Resistance,
ample of our Queen, the Flower of *France*.
O dreadful Dragon with thy doleful Dart,
ich did not spare of *Feminine* the Flower:
cruelly did pierce her through the Heart,
d wouldst not give her Respite for an Hour,
remain with her Prince and Paramour,
at she at Leisure might have tane Licence,
land on thee may cry aloud Vengeance.
Thou let *Methusalem* live nine hundred Year,

Three-

Threescore and nine: But in thy furious Rage,
Thou didst devour this young Princess but Wear,
Ere she was compleat seventeen Year of Age:
Greedy Gormond, why didst thou not assuage,
Thy furious Rage contrair this lusty Queen,
Till we some Fruit had of her Body seen?

O Dame Nature, thou didst no Diligence,
Contrair this Thief who all the World confounds,
Hadst thou with natural Targes made Defence,
That Briber had not come within her Bounds,
And had been saved from such mortal Stounds,
This many a Year, but where was thy Discretion
That let her pass, till we had seen Succession?

O *Venus*, with thy blind Son *Cupido*,
Fy on you both, that made no Resistance:
Into your Court you never had such Two,
So leel Lovers without Dissimulance,
As *James* the fifth, and *Magdalen* of *France*,
Descending both of Blood imperial,
To whom in Love I find no Peregal.

For as *Leander* swam out through the Flood,
To his fair Lady *Hero* many Nights:
So did this Prince through bullering Streams wood,
With Earls, Barons, Squiers, and with Knights,
Contrair *Neptune* and *Eole* and their Mights,
And left this Realm into great Desperance
To seek his Love, the first Daughter of *France*.

And the like prudent Queen *Penelope*,
Right constantly will change him for none other,
And his Pleasure, left her own Countrie,
Without Regard to Father and to Mother,
Taking no Care of Sister or of Brother,
But shortly took her Leave, and left them all,
For Love of him, to whom Love made her thral.

O Dame Fortune, where was thy great Comfo
To her to whom thou wast so favourable?
Thy sliding Gift made to her no Support,
Her high Linage nor Riches intellable,
I see thy Puissance is but variable:
When her Father the most dear Christian King,

o his dear Child might make no Supporting.
The potent Prince her lusty Love and Knight,
ith his most hardy Nobles of *Scotland*:
ntrair that bailful Briber had no Might,
hough all the Men had been at his Command,
f *France*, *Flanders*, *Italy* and *England*,
ith fifty thousand Millions of Treasure,
ight not prolong that Lady's Life one Hour.

O *Paris*, of all Cities Principal,
ho did receive our Prince with Laud and Glory;
lemnedly through Arches triumphal,
hich Day been digne to put in Memory.
or as *Pompey* after his Victory,
as into *Rome* received with great Joy,
thou receiv'dst our right redoubted Roy.

But at his Marriage made upon the Morn,
ch Solace, and Solemnisation,
as never seen before since CHRIST was born,
or to *Scotland* such Consolation:
here sealed was the Confirmation
f the well keeped ancient Alliance
ade between *Scotland* and the Realm of *France*.

I never did see a Day more glorious,
many in so rich Abullements
f Silk and Gold, with Stones precious,
ch Banqueting, such sound of Instruments,
ith Song and Dance, and martial Ornaments.
t like a Storm after a pleasant Morrow,
on was our Solace changed into Sorrow.

O Traitor Death, whom none can contramand,
hou mightst have seen the Preparation
ade by the Three Estates of *Scotland*,
ith great Comfort and Consolation,
every City, Castle, Tower and Town,
nd how each Noble set his whole Intent,
o be Excellent in Abullement.

Thief, saw'st thou not the great Preparatives
f *Edinburgh*, that noble famous Town:
hou saw'st the People labouring for their Lives,
o make Triumph with Trump and Clarion:

Such Pleasure was never seen in this Region,
As should have been the Day of her Entress,
With great Propines given unto her Grace.

Thou saw'st making right costly Scaffolding,
Depainted well with Gold and Azure fine:
Ready prepared for the Upsetting,
With Fountains flowing Water clear, and Wine,
Disguised Folk, like Creatures divine,
On each Scaffold to play a sundry Story,
But all in weeping turned thou their Glory.

Thou saweſt full well many fresh Galland,
Well ordered for receiving of their Queen,
Each Craftſ-man with his bent Bow in his Hand,
Right gallantly in short Clothing of Green,
The honeſt Burgeſs clad thou shouldſt have seen:
Some in Scarlet, and some in Cloth of Green,
For to have met their Lady Sovereign.

Provoſt, Baillies, and Lords of the Town,
The Senators in Order subsequent,
Clad into Silk of Purple, Black and Brown:
Then the great Lords of the Parliament,
with many a knightly Baron and Barent,
In Silk and Gold, in Colour comfortable:
But thou, alas, all turned unto Sable.

Then all the Lords of Religion,
And Princes of the Prieſts venerable,
Full pleasantly in their Proceſſion:
With all cunning Clerks honorable,
But Thiftously thou Tyrant treasonable,
All their great Solace and Solemnities,
Thou turned into doleful Dirigies.

The next in Order passing through the Town,
Thou shouldſt have heard the Noiſe of Inſtrument
And Tabern, Trumpet, Shalm and Clarion,
With Reed resounding through the Elements:
The Heraulds with their awful Veſtiments,
With Maces upon either of their Hands,
To rule the Preaſs with burniſht Silver Wands.

Thou laſt of all in Order Triumphand,

hat moſt illuſtrious Princeſs honorable,
ith her the luſty Ladies of *Scotland*,
hich would have been a ſight moſt delectable:
er Raiment to rehearſe I am not able:
f Gold, and Pearl, and precious Stones bright,
winkling like Stars into a froſty Night.

Under a Pale of Gold ſhe ſhould have paſt,
Burgeſſes born, clothed in Silks fine:
he greateſt Maſter of Houſhold at the laſt,
ith him in Order all the King's Train,
hoſe Ornaments were longſom to define:
n this Manner ſhe paſſing through the Town,
ould have received many Beniſon.

Of Virgins and of luſty Burgeſs Wives,
hich ſhould have been a ſight celeſtial:
ive *la Royn*, crying for their Lives,
ith an harmonious Sound angelical:
every Corner Mirth muſical:
t thou Tyrant, in whom is found no Grace,
r Alleluia hath turned in Alas.

Thou ſhouldſt have heard the ornate Orators,
aking her Highneſs Salutation,
oth of the Clergy, Town and Counſellors,
ith many notable Narration.
hou ſhouldſt have ſeen her Coronation,
the fair Abbay of the *Holy-Rood*,
Preſence of a mirthful Multitude.

Such Banqueting, ſuch awful Ornaments,
Horſe and Foot that Time which ſhould have been
ch Chappel Royal, with ſuch Inſtruments,
nd crafty Muſick ſinging from the ſpleen,
this Country was never heard nor ſeen,
t all this great Solemnity and Game,
hou turned haſt *in requiem æternam*.

Unconſtant World thy Friendſhip I defy,
ce Strength, nor Wiſdom, Riches and Honour,
rtue nor Beauty none may certify,
ithin thy Bounds for to remain one Hour,
hat avails to be King or Emperour,
ce princely Puiſſance may not be eſteemed

From Death, whose Dolor cannot be expreemed.

Since Man on Earth hath no Place permanent,
But all must pass by that most horrible Port:
Let us pray to the LORD Omnipotent,
That doleful Day to be our great Comfort,
That in this Realm with him we may resort:
Which from the Hell with His Blood ransom'd bee
With *Magdalen* sometime of *Scotland* Queen.

O Death, though thou Body may devour
Of every Man, yet hast thou not Puissance,
Of their Vertue for to consume their Glore,
As shall be seen of *Magdalen* in *France*,
Sometime our Queen, whom Poets shall advance,
And put her in Imperial Memory,
So shall her Fame of thee have Victory.

Though thou hast kill'd the heavenly Flower of *Fran*
Which impted was into the Thistle keen:
Wherein all *Scotland* saw their whole Pleasance,
And made the Lion rejoiced from the Spleen:
Though the Root be pulled from the Leaves gree
The Smell of it shall in Despite of thee,
Keep ay two Realms in Peace and Amitie.

The Answer which Sir David Lindsay *made to t*
King's Flyting.

REdoubted Roy, your Ragement I have read,
Which doth perturb my dull Intendement
From your Flyting would GOD that I were f
Or else some Tygers Tongue were to me lent.
Sir, pardon me, though I be impatient,
Which am so with your pruncing Pen detracted,
And rude Report, from *Venus* Court dejected.

Lusty Ladies that on your Libel looks,
My Company do hold Abominable:
Commanding me bear Company with Cooks,
Most like a Devil they hold me detestable:
They banish me, saying, I am not able
Them to complease or please to their Presence:
Upon your Pen I cry a loud Vengeance,

We

Were I a Poet I should preass with my Pen,
To wreck me on your venemous Writing:
But I most do as Dog doth in his Den,
Hold both my Feet, or flee far from your Flyting:
The meikle Devil may not endure your Dyting;
Therefore *Cor mundum crea in me* I cry,
Proclaiming you the Prince of Poetry.

Sir, with my Prince pertains me not to ply,
But since your Grace hath given me such Command
To make Answer, I must it needs obey:
Though ye be Strong now like an Elephand,
And into *Venus* works most Valiand,
The Day will come and that within few years,
That ye will draw at Leasure with your Fears.

What can ye say further, but I am fail'd
In *Venus* works? I grant Sir, that is true,
The Time hath been I was better artailed
Than I am now; but yet full sore I rew,
That ever I did Mouth-thankless so pursue:
Therefore take Heed, and your fine Powder spare,
And waste it not, but if ye know well where.

Though you run rudely like a restless Ram,
Shooting your Bolt at many sundry Shells;
Believe right well it is a biding Game;
Therefore beware with doubling of the Bells,
For many one do haste their own Souls Knels:
And specially when that the Well goes dry,
Men cannot get again such Stuff to buy.

I give your Counsel to the Fiend of Hell,
That would not of a Princess you provide,
Suffering you run shooting from Shell to Shell,
Wasting your Corps, letting your Time overslide:
Or like a busteous Bull you run and ride,
Lotously like a rude Rubiator,
Or sucking like a furious Fornicator.

On Ladrons for to loup you will not let,
How ever the Caribalds cry the *Corinbugh*:
Remember how beside the Masking-Fat,
You cast a Quean overthwart a stinking Trogh:
That Fiend with fusling on her rosted Hogh.

Caſt down the Fat wherethrough Drink, Draf and Jugs
Came rudely running down about your Lugs.

Would GOD the Lady that loved you beſt,
Had ſeen you there ly ſwattering like a Swine:
But to endite how that Duddron you dreſt,
Drouped with Dregs whimpring with many Whins
That Proceſs to report it were a Pain
On your Behalf, I thank GOD Times ten-ſcore,
That you preſerv'd from Gout and from Grandgore.

Now, Sir, farwel, becauſe I cannot Flyte:
And though I could, I were not to advance
Againſt your ornate Meeter to endite:
But beware with labouring of your Lance:
Some ſays there comes a Buckler out of *France*,
Which will endure your Dints though they be dure,
Farewell of flowing Rhetorick the Flower.

Quoad Lindſay *in his Diting*
Againſt the King's flyting

The Complaint and publick Confeſſion of the King's old Hound called Baſh, *directed to* Bawty, *the King's beſt beloved Dog, and his Companion, made at Command of King* James *the fifth, by Sir* David Lindſay *of the* Mount, *Knight*, alias *Lyon King of Arms.*

ALas, to whom ſhould I complain,
In mine extream Neceſſity?
Or to whom ſhould I make my Moan?
In Court no Dog will do for me:
Beſeeching ſome for Charity,
To bear my Supplication,
To *Sceldler*, *Lufra* and *Bawty*,
Now ere the King paſs from the Town.
I have followed the Court ſo long,
While in Good-faith, I may no mair:
The Country knows I may not gang,
I am ſo crooked, Old and Sair,

hat I know not where to repair:
or when I had Authority,
thought me so familiar,
never dread Necessity.
rew the Case that *Geordy Steel*
ought *Bawty* to the King's Presence,
pray GOD let him never do well,
nce that I got no Audience:
or *Bawty* now gets such Credence,
hat he lies on the King's Night-gown,
here I perforce for mine Offence,
ust in the Close ly like a Clown:
or I have been ay to this Hour,
Wirrier of Lamb and Hog,
Tyrant and a Tuleyour,
Murtherer of many a Dog.
ve Fowls I chas'd out through a Scrog,
herefore their Mothers did me warie,
r they were all drown'd in a Bog,
ear at *John Gordon* of *Pitcarrie*,
hich in his House did bring me up,
nd used me to kill the Deer:
weet Milk and Meal he made me sup,
hat Trade I learned soon perqueer.
ll other Vertue ran areer.
hen I began to bark and Flyte:
or there was neither Monk nor Frier,
or Wife nor Child, but I would Byte.
hen to the King the Case was known,
f mine unhappy Hardiness,
nd all the Sooth unto him shown,
ow every Dog I did oppress:
hen gave his Grace Command express,
should be brought to his Presence:
otwithstanding my Wickedness,
Court I got great Audience,
shew'd my great Ingratitude
o the Captain of *Badeno*,
hich in his House did find me Food
wo Years with other Hounds mo:
t when I saw that it was so,
hat I grew high into the Court,

For his Reward I wrought him Wo,
And cruelly I did him hurt.
So they that gave me to the King,
I was their mortal Enemy.
I took Cure of no Kind of Thing,
But to pleaſe the King's Majeſty.
But when he knew my Cruelty,
My Falſhood and my plain Oppreſſion,
He gave Command that I ſhould be
Hanged without Confeſſion.
And yet becauſe that I was old,
His Grace thought Pity for to hang me,
And let me wander where I would,
Then ſet my Foes for to fang me.
And every Butcher's Dog down dang me.
When I trow'd beſt to be a Laird,
Then in the Court each Wight did wrong me,
And this I got for my Reward,
I had Wirried black *Mackeſon*,
Were not the Rebels came and red:
But he was ſteemed from the Town,
When once the King ſaw how I bled,
He caus'd lay me upon a Bed,
For with a Knife I was miſchieved.
This *Mackeſon* for Fear he fled,
A long Time ere he was relieved.
And *Patrick Sterling* in *Argyle*,
I bare him backward to the Ground,
And had him ſlain within a while,
Were not the helping of an Hound:
Yet got he many a bloody Wound,
As yet his Skin will ſhow the Marks.
Find me a Dog where ever ye found,
Hath made ſo many bloody Sarks.
Good Brother *Lanceman Lindſay's* Dog,
Which ever hath kept thy Lawtie,
And never wirried Lamb nor Hog,
Pray *Eufra*, *Scudler* and *Bawty*,
Of me *Baſh* for to have Pity,
And provide me a Portion
In *Dumfermling* where I may dree
Penance for mine Extortion.

Ge

Get by their Soliſtation,
A Letter from the King's Grace,
That I may have Collation,
With Fire and Candle in the Place,
But I will live ſhort Time, alas!
Lack I good freſh Fleſh for my Gums,
Betwixt *Aſh-wedneſday* and *Paſch*,
I muſt have Leave to wirry Lambs.
Bawty conſider well this Bill,
And every Point thereof fulfil,
And read this Schedule that I ſend you,
And now in Time of *Maſs* amend you.
I pray you, that you not pretend you,
To climb too High nor do no Wrong:
But from your Foes with Right defend you,
And take Example how I gang.
I was that no Man durſt come near me,
Nor put me forth of my Lodging:
No Dog durſt from my Dinner ſkar me,
When I was Tender with the King.
Now every Tyk doth me down thring,
The which before by me was wronged:
And ſwears I ſerve no other thing,
But in an Halter to be hanged.
Though ye be homely with the King
Ye *Scudler*, *Luſira* and *Bawty*,
Beware that ye do not down thring
Your Neighbour through Authority,
And your Example make by me;
And believe well you are but Dogs:
Though ye ſtand in an high Degree,
Se ye bite neither Lambs nor Hogs:
Though ye have now great Audience,
See that by you none be oppreſt,
Ye will be puniſht for your Offence,
When once the King be well conſoſt:
There is no Dog that hath tranſgreſt
Through Cruelty, if he may fang him,
His Majeſty will take no Reſt,
Till on a Gallows he cauſe hang him,
I was once as far ben as ye are,
And had in Court ſuch Audience,

And ay pretended to be higher:
But when the King's Excellence
Did know my falſet and Offence,
And my prideful Preſumption,
I got no other Recompence
But hoyd and hunted out of the Town,
Was never ſo unkind a Corſe,
As when I had Authority:
Of my Friends I took no Force,
The which before had done for me,
This Proverb is of Verity,
Which I had heard red in a Letter,
The higheſt in the Court neareſt the Widdy,
Except he guide him all the better,
I took no more Thought of a Lord,
Than I did of a Kitchin Knave,
Though every Day I made Diſcord,
I was ſet up above the Lave,
The gentle Hound was to me ſlave,
And with the King's own Fingers fed,
The ſilly Raches would I reave,
Thus for mine ill Deeds I was dread.
Therefore, *Bawty*, look beſt about,
When thou art higheſt with the King:
For then thou ſtandſt in greateſt Doubt,
Be thou not good in Governing.
Put no poor Tyke from his Steeding,
Nor yet no ſilly Raches reave;
He ſits above that ſees all Thing,
And of a Knight can make a Knave,
When I came ſtepping ben the Floor,
All Raches great Room to me red:
I of no Creature took Cure,
But lay upon the King's own Bed:
With Cloth of Gold though it were ſpread,
For fear each Freek would ſtand on far:
With every Dog I was ſo dred,
They trembled when they heard me nar:
Good Brother *Bawty* hear thee even,
Though with thy Prince thou be potent:
It cries a Vengeance from the Heaven,
For to oppreſs the Innocent:

In Wealth be thou most diligent,
And do no Wrong to Dog nor Bitch,
As I have, which I now repent.
No Meſſan reave to make thee rich,
Nor for augmenting of thy Bounds,
Ask no Reward, Sir, at the King,
Which may do Hurt to other Hounds:
Expreſs againſt GOD's own Bidding.
Chaſe no poor Tyke from his Midding,
Through caſt of Court, nor King's Requeſt:
And of thy ſelf preſume nothing,
Except thou be a brutal Beaſt,
Truſt well there is none Oppreſſor,
Nor Butcher's Dog, Drawer of Blood.
A Tyrant nor a Tranſgreſſor,
That ſhall now of the King get Good,
From Time forth that his Celſitude
Doth clearly know the Veritie,
But he is fleem'd: For to conclude,
Or hanged high upon a Tree.
Though ye be cupled altogether,
With Silk and Sooles of Silver fine,
A Dog may come out of *Balwhidder*,
And make you lead a lower Train:
Then ſhall your Pleaſure turn in Pine,
When a ſtrong Hunter blows his Horn,
And all your Credence make you Tyne.
Then ſhall your Labor be forlorn.
I ſay no more, good Friends adieu,
In dread we never meet again:
That ever I knew the Court I rew,
Was never Wight ſo well of Wane.
Let no Dog now ſerve our Sovereign,
Except he be of good Condition:
Be he perverſe, I tell you plain,
He hath need of a good Remiſſion.
That I am on this wiſe miſchieved,
The Earl of *Huntly* I may warnie,
He ween'd that I had been relieved;
When to the Court he caus'd me carrie.
Would God I were now in *Fifeyrie*.
Becauſe I have been ſo ill deeme:

Adieu

Adieu, I dare no longer tarry,
I dread I wave into a Widdie.

A Supplication directed for Sir David Lindſay *of the* Mount, *to the King's Grace, in Contemption of ſide Tails, and muzzled Faces.*

SIR, though your Grace hath put good Order,
Both in the High-land and the Border,
Yet I make Supplication,
To have ſome Reformation,
Of a ſmall Fault which is no Treaſon,
Though it be contrary to Reaſon;
Becauſe the Matter been ſo vile,
It may not have an ornate Stile:
Wherefore I pray your Excellence,
To hear me with great Patience:
Of ſtinking Weeds maculate,
No Man may wear a Roſe Chaplate.
Sovereign, I mean of theſe ſide Tails,
Which through the Duſt and Dubs trails,
Three Quarters long behind their Heels,
Expreſs againſt all Common-weals:
Though Biſhops in their Pontificals,
Have Men to bear up their ſide Tails,
For Dignity of their Office:
Right ſo a Queen or an Emprice,
Albeit they uſe ſuch Gravity,
Conforming to their Majeſty,
Though their Robs Royals be upborn,
I think it but a very Scorn,
That every Lady of the Land,
Should have her Tail ſo ſide trailand;
Albeit they be of high Eſtate,
The Queen they may not counterfeit:
Where ever they go, it may be ſeen,
How Church and Cauſey they ſweep clean.
The Images into the Kirk,
May think of their ſide Tails great Irk:
For when the Weather been moſt fair,
The Duſt flies higheſt in the Air,

A

And all their Faces doth begarie.
If they could speak, they would them wary.
To see I think a pleasant sight,
Of *Italie* the Ladies bright,
In their Clothing most triumphand,
Above all other Christian Land:
But when they travel through the Towns,
Men sees their Feet beneath their Gowns,
Four Inches above their proper Heels,
Circulate above as round as Wheels:
Wherethrough there doth no Powder rise,
Their fair white Limbs for to surprise.
But I think most Abusion,
To see Men of Religion,
To bear their Tails through the Street,
That Folks may behold their Feet:
I trow Saint *Bernard*, nor Saint *Blaise*,
Caus'd never Man bear up their Glaise,
Peter nor *Paul*, nor Saint *Andrew*,
Caus'd ne'er bear up their Tails I trow.
But I laugh best to see a Nun,
Cause bear her Tail above her Bun,
For nothing else, as I suppose,
But for to show her lillie white Hose:
In all their Rules they will not find.
Who should bear up their Tails behind,
But I have most into Despite,
Poor Clagocks clad with Raploch hite,
Which have scarce two Merks of Fees,
Will have two Ells beneath their Knees:
Kittoch that cleeked was Yestreen,
The Morn will counterfeit the Queen.
A Moorland *Meg* that milks the Yows,
Clagged with Clay above the Hows:
In Barn or Byre she will not bide,
Except her kittle Tail be side.
In Borrows wanton Burgess Wives,
Who may have sidest Tails strives,
Well bordered with Velvet fine,
But following them it is a Pine.
In Summer when the Streets Drys,
They raise the Dust above the Skys.

None

None may go near them at their Eaſe,
Except they cover Mouth and Neeſe,
From the Powder to keep their Een:
Conſider if their Cloves be clean.
Between their Cleaving and their Knees,
Who would behold their ſweaty Thies,
Begaried with Dirt and Duſt,
It were enough to ſtanch the Luſt
Of any Man that ſaw them naked:
I think ſuch Giglots are but glaiked,
Without Profit to have ſuch Pride,
Harling their clagged Tails ſo Side.
I would the Borrowſtoun Bairns had Breeks,
To keep ſuch Miſt from Makin's Cheeks,
I dread rough Makin die for Drouth,
When ſuch dry Duſt blows in her Mouth:
I think meſt Pain after a Rain,
To ſee them touked up again;
Then when they ſtep out through the Street,
Their folding Flaps about their Feet:
Their loathly Lyning forthwith flyped,
That hath the Muck and midding wiped:
They waſte more Cloth within few Years,
Than would clothe fifty ſcore of Friers.
When *Marion* from the Midding goes,
From her Morn-darg ſhe ſtrips the Noſe,
And all the Day where-ever ſhe go,
Such Liquor ſhe licks up alſo.
The Turcums of her Tail I trow,
Might be a Supper to a Sow.
I know a Man which ſware great Oaths,
How he did lift a *Kittock*'s Clothes;
And would have done I wot not what,
But ſoon Remead of Love he gat:
He thought no ſhame to make it written,
How her ſide Tail was all beſhitten.
Of Filth ſuch Flowr ſtrake to his Heart,
That he behoov'd for to depart.
Said ſhe, good Sir, me think you rew.
Said he, Your Tail caſts ſuch a Stew,
That by Saint *Bride* I cannot bide it:
You were not wiſe that would not hide it,

Of Tails I will no more endite,
For dread some Durdon me despite:
Notwithstanding I will conclude,
That of side Tails there comes no Good,
Sider than can their Hanclets hide,
The Remanent proceeds of Pride,
And Pride proceedeth of the Devil:
Thus always they proceed of Evil.
Another Fault, Sir, may be seen,
They hide their Face all but the Een,
When Gentlemen bids them Good-day,
Without Reverence they slide away:
That none may know, I you assure,
An honest Woman by an Whore.
Except their naked Face I see,
They get no more Good-days of me.
Hailse a *French* Lady when ye please,
She will discover Mouth and Neese,
And with a humble Countenance,
With Visage bare make Reverence.
When our Ladies do ride in Rain,
Should no man have them at Disdain:
Though they be covered Mouth and Neese,
In that Case they will none displease,
Nor when they go to quire Places,
I them excuse to hide their Faces,
When they would make Collation
With any lusty Champion:
Though they be hid then to the Een,
Ye may consider what I mean.
But in the Church and Market Places,
I think they should not hide their Faces:
Except these Faults be sure amended,
My Flyting, Sir, shall never be ended,
But would your Grace my Counsel take,
A Proclamation you should make,
Both in the land and Borrowstouns,
To show their Face and cut their Gowns.
None should from them exceemed be,
Except the Queen's Majestie;
Because this Matter is not fair,
Of Rhetorick it must be bair.

Women will say, this is no Bourds,
To write such vile and filthy Words:
But would they cleanse their filthy Tails,
Which over the *Myre* and *Midding* trails,
Then should my Writing ended be,
No other Mends they got of me.
The Truth should not be holden close,
Veritas non quærit angulos,
I know good Women that been Wise,
This rural Rime will not dispise.
None will me blame, I you assure,
Except a wanton glorious Whore,
Whose Flyting I fear not a Flee.
Farewel, ye get no more of me.

Quod Lindsay, *in Contempt of side Tails, That Duddrons and Duntibouts through the Dubbs trails.*

KITTIES CONFESSION

Compyled (as is belived) by Sir DAVID LINDSAY *of the* Mount, *Knight*, &c.

The Curate and Kittie.

THe Curate, *Kittie* would confess,
And she told on both more and less:
When she was talking as she wist,
The Curate, *Kittie* would have kist;
But yet a Countenance he bure,
Digest, devout, daia, and demure;
And yet began her to exame:
He was best at the after Game.
Said he, Have ye any wrongous Gear?
Said she, I stole a Peck of Bear.
Said he, that should restored be:
Therefore deliver it to me.
Tibbie and *Peter* bade me spear,
By my Conscience they shall it hear.
Said he, Live ye in Lecherie?
Said she, *Willie Leno* mow'd me.
Said he, His Wife that shall I tell,
To make my Quaintance with her sell.

Said

Said he, Know ye no Hereſie?
I know not what this is, ſaid ſhe.
Said he, Heard ye no *Engliſh* Books?
Said ſhe, My Maſter on them looks.
Said he, The Biſhop ſhall not know;
For I am ſworn that for to ſhow.
Said he, What ſaid he of the King?
Said ſhe, Of Good he ſpake nothing.
Said he, His Grace of that ſhall wit,
For he ſhall loſe his Life for it.
When ſhe in Mind did more revolve,
Said he, I cannot you abſolve:
But to my Chamber come at Even:
Abſolved for to be and ſhriven.
Said ſhe, I will paſs to another,
And I met with Sir *Andrew*'s Brother,
And he full cleanly did me ſhrive,
But he was ſomewhat talkative:
He asked many a ſtrange Caſe,
How that my Love did me embrace?
What Day, how oft, what Sort, and where?
Said he, I would I had been there.
He me abſolved for a Plack,
Though he with me no Price would make,
And meikle *Latine* he did mumble,
I heard nothing but Humble Bumble.
He ſhew me nothing of GOD's Word,
Which ſharper is than any Sword,
And deep into our Hearts doth print
Our Sins, wherethrough we do repent.
He put me nothing into Fear,
Wherethrough I ſhould my Sins forbear.
He ſhew me not the Malediction,
Of GOD for Sin, nor the Affliction,
And in this Life the great Miſchief
Ordain'd to puniſh Whore and Thief.
He ſhew me not of the Hell's Pain,
That I might fear, and Vice refrain,
He counſell'd me not to abſtain,
And lead an holy Life and clean;
Of CHRIST's Blood nothing he knew,
Nor of His Promiſes full true,

That

That saveth all that will believe,
That Satan shall us never grieve.
He teached me not for to traist
The Comfort of the holy Ghaist;
And bade me not to CHRIST be kind,
To keep his Law with Heart and Mind,
And love and thank his great Mercy,
From Sin and Hell that saved me,
And love my Neighbours as my self.
Of this nothing he could me tell:
But gave me Pennance every Day,
An *Ave Maria* for to say,
And *Fridays* five no flesh to eat,
But Butter and Eggs is better Meat;
And with a Plack to buy a *Mess*,
From drunken Sir *John* Latinless.
Said he, A Plack I will cause *Sandie*
Give thee again at Handie Dandie:
Then into Pilgrimage to pass,
The very Way to Wantonness.
Of all this Pennance I was glad,
I had them all perquire, I said,
To mow, and swear I knew the Price,
I shall it set on Cinque and Syce:
But he my Counsel could not keep,
He made him by the Fire to sleep,
Then cried, Collops, Beef and Coals,
Hose and Shoes with double Soals,
Cakes and Candle, Grease and Salt,
Coorns of Meal, and Handfuls of Malt,
Woolen and Linnen, Warp and Woft,
Dame, keep the Keys of your Wool-Loft:
Though Drink and Sleep made him to rave,
And so with us they play the Knave.
Friers swear by their Profession,
None be safe without Confession,
And make all Men to understand,
That it is GOD's own Command:
Yet it is nothing but Man's Dream,
The People to confound and shame:
It is nought else but Man's Law,
Made Mens Minds for to knaw,

Where-

Wherethrough they file them as they will,
And make their Laws conform theretil,
Sitting in Mens Conscience,
Above GOD's Magnificence,
And doth the People teach and tyst,
To serve the *Pope* and *Antichrist*.
To the great GOD Omnipotent,
Confess thy Sins, and thee repent,
And trust in CHRIST, as writeth *Paul*,
Which shed his Blood to save thy Saul,
For none can thee absolve but He,
Nor take away thy Sins from thee.
If of good Counsel thou hast need,
Or hast not learned well thy Creed,
Or wicked Vices reign in thee,
The which thou canst not mortifie,
Or be in Desperation,
And would have Consolation;
Then to the Preacher true thou pass,
And show thy Sin and thy Trespass:
Thou needs not for to show him all,
Nor tell thy Sins both great and small,
Which is impossible to be,
But show the Vice which troubles thee,
And he shall of thy Fault have Rueth,
And thee instruct into the Truth:
And with the Word of Veritie,
Shall comfort and shall counsel thee:
The Sacraments show thee at length,
Thy little Faith to firm and Strength,
And how thou shouldst them rightly use,
And all Hypocrisie refuse.
Confession first was ordain'd free,
In this Sort in the Church to be:
So to confess as I describe,
Was in the Church primitive,
So was Confession ordained first,
Though *Godrus* Kyte should cleave and burst.

THE

THE JUSTING,

Between JAMES WATSON, *and* JOHN BARBOUR, *Servitors to King* JAMES *the fifth, Complyed by Sir* DAVID LINDSAY *of the* Mount, *Knight*, alias, *Lyon, King of* Arms.

IN Saint *Andrews* on *Whitsonmonday*,
Two Champions their Man-hood to essay,
Fast to the Barrace enarmed Head and Hands:
Was never seen such Justing in no Lands,
In Presence of the King's Grace and Queen,
Where many lusty Lady might be seen,
Many Knight, Baron, and Barent,
Came forth to see that awful Tornament,
The one of them was gentle *James Watson*,
And *John Barbour* that gentle Champion:
Unto the King they were Familiars,
Of his Chamber both Cubicularis.
James was a Man of great Intelligence,
A Medicine full of Experience:
And *John Barbour* he was a noble Leech.
Crooked Carlings he would cause them get Speech.
When once they entred were into the Field.
Full womanly they weelded Spear and Shield,
And wightly waved in the Wind their Heels,
Hobling like Cadgers riding on their Creels:
But either ran at other with such Haste,
That they could never their Spear get in the rest.
When gentle *James* trow'd best with *John* to met,
His Spear did fall among his Horse's Feet.
I am right sure, good *James* had been undone,
Were not that *John* his Marks took by the Moon.
My Spear is good, now keep thee from my Knocks,
Said *John*, albeit thou thinks my Legs like Rocks.
Tarry a while, said *James*, for by my Thrift.
The fiend a thing can I see but the List.
No more can I, said *John*, by *Mary* bread,
I see nothing, except the Steeple-head:
Yet though my Brans be like two Barsow-trams,

Defend

Defend thee Man, then ran to like Rams:
At that rude Rink, *James* had been stricken down,
Were not that *John* for Fiercenes fell in sown:
And right so *James* to *John* had done great Dear,
Were not among his Horse-feet broke his Spear.
Said *James* to *John*, yet for our Ladies sakes,
Let us together strike three Market Strakes.
I hold, said *John*, that shall on thee be wroken.
But ere he spur'd his Horse, his Spear was broken.
From time with Spears none can their Marrow meet,
James drew a Sword with a right awful Sprit,
And ran to *John*, and would raught him a Rout:
John's Sword was rusted, and would no ways come out,
Then *James* let drive at *John* with both his Fists:
He mist the Man, and dang upon the Lists:
And with the Stroke he trow'd the Man was slain:
His Sword stack fast, and got it never again.
By this good *John* had gotten out his Sword,
And ran to *James* with many awful Word:
My Furiousnes forsooth now shalt thou find.
Striking at *James*, his Sword flew in the Wind.
Then Gentle *James* began to crack good Words:
Alas, said he, this Day, for Lack of Swords,
Then either ran at other with new Races,
With Gloves of Plate they beat all others Faces.
Who wan the Field, no Creature could name,
Till at the last *John* cry'd, Red, for shame,
Yea, Red, said *James*, for it is my Desire,
It is an Hour since I began to tyre.
So by they had ended that Royal Rink,
Into the Field might no Man stand for stink,
Then every Man that stood on far, cry'd, Fy:
Saying, Adieu; for Dirt parts Company.
Their Horse-harnes, and all things were so Good,
Loving to both, that Day was shed no Blood.

FINIS

Quod LINDSAY *at Command of King* JAMES *the fifth.*

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